Tony
Christmas 1944
from Father

AN ENGLISHMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD 1792—1828

J. B. SCOTT OF BUNGAY. 1816.

AN ENGLISHMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD 1792 — 1828

WITH SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON: *BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARIES OF* J. B. SCOTT *OF BUNGAY, SUFFOLK* ~ *WITH AN APPENDIX. EDITED BY* ETHEL MANN: *WITH A FOREWORD BY* LILIAS RIDER HAGGARD ~ ~ ~

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The interview with Napoleon at Elba, published many years ago in "Temple Bar," is included in these Recollections by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan

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FOREWORD

THE history of Bungay, a small town in Suffolk, lying in the hoop of the Waveney, on the edge of common and marsh, stretches far back into the dimness of forgotten things—long before the Normans ever set foot upon our land. The tales of those days, except for some brief fragment here and there, are lost to us, but from 1100 onwards the little border town played no inconsiderable part in the doings of the "North Folk and the South Folk".

In those turbulent days, Bungay Castle, built and owned by the great family of Bigot, was garrisoned by five hundred men, and Earl Hugh thought himself strong enough to laugh at the King of the Cockney (Henry II), when he demanded tribute.

The sad end of his ill-advised mirth is to be found in the old ballad which is given in full in Suckling's *History of Suffolk*. Earl Hugh found himself besieged and cut off from all supplies, so he

> "Took three score sacks of gold,
> And flung them over the wall,
> Said—Go your ways in the Devil's name
> Yourself and your merry men all!
> But leave me my Castle of Bungay,
> Upon the river Waveney,
> And I'll pay my shot to the King of Cockney."

Bungay also had other claims to importance. There was a flourishing Benedictine Nunnery, founded by Roger de Glanville and Gundreda, his wife, in 1160, which owned much property in its neighbourhood.

A few fragments of this and parts of the Guest House, opposite St Mary's Church, still remain. Also the town had various industries, and was famous some time in the Middle Ages for the copper bottoming of ships, a fact which would suggest that the Waveney was tidal much farther up the river than it is now.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the various water rights, to do with the town and river, were the cause of the most bitter controversy between the neighbouring great families. Their acrimonious complaints against each other figure largely in the Parliamentary Rolls of the period in the form of petitions. Water power is apt to be a great breeder of strife, and echoes of those wordy wars may be heard even to this day.

The Middle Ages and the days of the Tudors were gathered into the past: the Commonwealth came and went, leaving a terrible and still visible trail of destruction in the great churches of Suffolk. Through all the difficult years after, Bungay remained much the same, suffering only two great disasters—a severe outbreak of the plague, and a fire which destroyed the greater portion of the town in 1688.

So we come down the centuries to the time when these diaries were written, and see the home of John Barber Scott as it was something more than a hundred and twenty years ago.

Suffolk is no great upholder of things modern, and the town where he was born in 1792 has not changed so greatly since the small boy "rode out upon his hobby", and duly recorded the fact in his journal!

Most of the bow-fronted shops have become plate-glass windows. The Corn Cross, with the stocks below, has vanished from the Market Place; but the Butter market dome, topped with the figure of Justice,

still remains, with the whipping posts against one of the pillars.

In the main streets, some Victorian inspirations in architecture replace at intervals the dignified old houses shown in prints, while on the mellow face of others there protrudes, like some strange eruption, the windows of a modern Bank or Store, in all its up-to-date blatancy. But wander in the side streets and backways, and you will find just that dignity and repose, which rises, like the fragrance of some old scent jar, from the pages of this book.

The diaries from which *An Englishman at Home and Abroad* has been compiled were found in a dark corner of an attic in Waveney House, Bungay—a forgotten inheritance, pushed away amongst old boxes and broken chairs, the discarded household gods of many generations.

One day curious hands fitted the key, and the drawers revealed a completely unexpected collection of treasures, the more intimate family possessions of J. B. Scott. A piece of his mother's wedding dress—the most exquisite embroidery worked by his grandmother and great-grandmother in the days of the Restoration—old silver, snuff-boxes and miniatures; every one carefully labled and laid by.

The shabby volumes in the bottom drawer, filled with crabbed and faded writing, were pushed aside, together with the packets of family letters which were with them. The real treasure which they contained has been revealed with the passing of years, and lies between the covers of this book for all who take it up to gather.

John Barber Scott was born at Bungay in 1792, his father being a man of considerable wealth and influence. When quite a child he started to keep a diary, and all through a long and busy life he never quite neglected this habit.

When he was seventeen, his mother, to whom he was devoted, died of scarlet fever. It seems to have taken him months to recover from her death; indeed, the shock, coming as it did when he was ill himself, nearly proved fatal to the boy, who must have been sensitive and high-strung to a degree.

At eighteen he went to Cambridge, where his natural ability in classics and mathematics won great opinions from his tutors. The path of learning at the University (to one of his impressionable and pleasure-loving nature) was, he found, strewn with distractions. He danced, raced, played cards all night, and visited with a gay and idle crowd, until even his generous old father was driven to remonstrate in terms that his son speaks of as "just and tender", while regretting the fact that he had cast the letter to the flames!

He writes of himself at this time as "constantly suspended between virtue and industry, idleness and dissipation, attracted alternately by the good and bad."

Afterwards, we see the boy's gradual development into the man, high-minded, over-serious at times, scholarly, and, when he had finished the travels of his youth, devoted to his native town and everything connected with its advancement.

Through his eyes we obtain that which is most essential, a real and intimate insight into the lives and customs of a past generation; a generation who lived at a time when half the world was convulsed by the ambition of Napoleon—the fat, commonplace-looking little man whose shadow darkened the whole of Europe.

Memoirs are many and varied, but seldom do we find such a remarkable picture of that overwhelming personality as is given in Mr Scott's description, faithful in every detail, of Napoleon as he was at Elba.

Calm and apparently content with his shabby retinue and make-believe state; placidly interested in his cows and his poultry, or a few moments' conversation with an idle visitor, in which he jestingly refers to the fortunes of those countries whose law had been his lightest whim. The only sign that the dynamic force which would have conquered the world was not sleeping seems to have been a certain inner restlessness which was beyond his genius to control.

Colonel Campbell reported that he "sometimes walks in his room for two or three hours together", or he rose at dawn and rode for miles about the island, until his companions were wearied out. The "heart of steel" kept its own counsel, feeding upon dreams of a day when, once more, Napoleon, the Emperor, should play with thrones as one who jerks the puppets on a string.

It is a remarkable account of a less spectacular side of Napoleon's character, the more interesting because but little noticed by historians.

Thus we come to the writer's later years. Having leisure and a considerable fortune, he attacked abuses and initiated reforms of all sorts, in a most determined manner, quite regardless of their popularity. His chief efforts were directed towards promoting education among the poorer classes, which was then practically non-existent.

He was one of the original supporters of the National Schools in Bungay. Later, he became a most efficient manager, and to the pupils a kind and watchful friend, always ready to recognise talent and sparing no expense in its development.

I have found none who remember him, but apparently he was a man of striking appearance, fully six feet two in height, though he walked with a slight stoop. His hair was dark, and he owned a pair of particularly piercing black eyes.

All his life a student and an analytical observer of men and events, the world is the richer for his diaries, with their shrewd opinions and truthful pictures of the times in which he lived. They carry us back to the days of our great-grandfathers, an unmechanical age when modern reforms were in their infancy, to the days of coaches and Sedan chairs, when education and travelling were the luxuries of the rich, and death was the penalty for a trifling theft.

Mr Scott died unmarried at Waveney House, Bungay, the 10th of September, 1862, in his seventy-first year, and was buried in the north-east corner of St Mary's Churchyard, with the other members of his family.

LILIAS RIDER HAGGARD.

Ditchingham House.

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PART ONE

1792 to 1810

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BUNGAY CASTLE, (old print)

AN ENGLISHMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD

I WAS born at Bungay, in the County of Suffolk, February 24th, 1792, in the old house at the foot of the County Bridge. This house was standing at the time of the great fire of Bungay, when the town was almost entirely destroyed. In the fireplace of one of the rooms is the date of that event, which took place in 1688. It was then an inn, known as the "Cock", but later became the residence of Mr Reeve, from whom it was purchased by my grandfather, about the year 1762. It has been endeared to me as the place of my birth, of my mother's death, and my father's home for over sixty years.

In 1782, John Scott senior entered into partnership with his younger brother Samuel. They were largely engaged in importing goods from Russia and in purchasing wool and timber, for which purpose they employed agents all over Norfolk and Suffolk.

In Bungay, they had tanneries on both sides of the river Waveney, near the County Bridge, which was built in 1720. In 1800, Samuel Scott married his second wife, Sarah Jecks, of Henley (he had no children by his first wife), and at the same time it was agreed between the brothers that a private dissolution of partnership should take place. Samuel lived at Waveney House, from 1811 until his death in 1825. He left one son, Samuel, and two daughters, Sarah and Charlotte—the cousins frequently mentioned in these pages.

1795

February 10*th*:—My mother records that we had the greatest flood ever known in Bungay and the surrounding districts.

1796

Miss Arnold, of Beccles, used often to stay with my mother, with whom she was a great favourite. I was taken, several times, to see her at Beccles. She died in a consumption about this time. She was sister of the talented naturalist, Dr Arnold, who died at Sumatra.[1]

February 12th.—Bridge House was broken into and robbed of 20 guineas. It was advertised in the Ipswich *Journal* on the 20th February and a reward offered. On the 27th, the perpetrators were discovered. Both the prisoners addressed letters to my father, praying him to soften the evidence so that their lives might be spared. They were tried at the Bury Assizes before Judge Mingay. My father's servant Jonas Catchpoll was acquitted. John Kettle was convicted and sentenced to death.

1797

Many failures and much scarceness of specie occurred in this period, and even the long-established bank of Gurney and Turner fell into suspicion of insolvency. My father, in this emergency, gave the kindest counsel and aid, and by his example did much to re-establish confidence in his Bankers. Two Banks broke at this time at Bury, and Foster & Co., at Cambridge.

Dutch Sailors.—The sum subscribed for the wounded Dutch sailors in Yarmouth, by the town

[1] See Appendix, p. 236.

of Bungay, in December of this year was £18 12s. 5d.

This was the era of the British Volunteers. Bungay[1] like other towns had its red-coated soldiers, and it was a great delight to me to see them exercise on the Common. Regular troops also were often passing through the town and remaining in it for a few days. Their baggage was piled up under the Old Corn Cross and guarded by sentries.

On the 4th of June, the Volunteers celebrated the King's Birthday by dining at the old Theatre.

In May of this year I began to keep a journal under the guidance of my dear mother. The influence of this early habit has continued throughout my life—"Riding out on my hobby" became an almost daily entry.

Education.—Removed from the dame's school kept by Mrs Baker, where I had been two years, to the Bungay Grammar School, of which the Rev. Mr Houghton was Master. Amongst my school-fellows were George Norman of All Saints, George Day of Earsham, Bloomfield and J. B. Wilkinson, later Rector of Holbrook. The last named has been my friend through life. This year my father purchased the farm in the Hamlet of Bungay of which he had been previously tenant.

1800

A general Fast. At this time and for several years previously distress prevailed all over the Empire. The necessaries of life had enormously increased and in December of this year we find the prices of corn were as follows—Wheat 120/. to 150/. Rye 70/. to 80/., Barley 60/. to 84/., Beans 70/. to 76/. White Peas 90/. to 100/., per quarter, Malt 42/. per coomb, Best Flour 111/., Standard 106 per sack, Coals 42/. per chaldron, Butter 56/. per firkin.

[1] See Appendix, p. 229.

In March of the following year, wheat rose to 180/. per quarter but fell to 120/. at the end of June. On a house in Bungay, at one time a coachbuilder's, facing Ditchingham maltings, is a stone inserted in the wall and on it is the following :

Built 1795
Wheat 52/. a comb.

Still to be seen 1930.

Duke of Norfolk. January 8th.—The old Duke of Norfolk came to Bungay to stay with Mr Ives, in the ancient house in Bridge Street, and on the 9th I went to the Play, "The Heir at Law", bespoke by his Grace, whose great bulk and fatness and blueish pepper and salt coat did not give me very noble ideas of the Premier Peer of the land.

Militia. January 27th.—The East Norfolk Militia, with their smooth black velvet facings, left Bungay, and were succeeded by the 49th.

I went this summer with my school fellows to a tea and cake party at Miss Buckles, at Ditchingham House [now Lady Haggard's]. We sat in the Hall and thought it a formal dull affair for we were not allowed to play games.

1801

In the beginning of October, Peace with France was proclaimed. At Christmas Mr Houghton was compelled to leave Bungay on account of debts, and was succeeded by the Reverend Richard Page, to whose care I was transferred.

1802

Mayor's Feast. June 22nd.—I was taken by my parents to Norwich to dine at the Mayor's Feast at St Andrew's Hall, Sir Roger Kerrison being Mayor.

This gorgeous scene, the portraits, and 800 guests, made a vivid impression on my young memory and imagination.

In this year I begin Cornelius Nepos and Virgil and Boncastle's Arithmetic.

November 13th.—This day the Prince of Wales came to Bungay, and took fresh horses at the Tuns Inn, for Halesworth. A great concourse of people attended in the Market Place to see him.

1803

In May I began the Greek Testament, and in August to learn French under poor Monsieur Morell.

1804

Went weekly to the Assembly Rooms at the Tuns to learn dancing of Noverre. Father gave me a gold watch, which cost £22, but as it involved giving up my old pinchback one which had been my mother's, I accepted the change with tears.

1805

Among my excursions this year was one with my parents to the contested Norfolk Election, between Tho. William Coke of Holkham, Mr Windham, and Col. T. Woodhouse. County elections lasted fifteen days at this time. My father was the enthusiastic supporter of Woodhouse, and opponent of Coke, and his energies were for the time almost wholly absorbed by the contest. He repeatedly sent voters to Norwich and canvassed most actively far and near, but without feeling or exerting any of that personal hostility which so often arises on such occasions, and which prevailed at this election, even to the extent of much violence and riot.

I was invited to dinner by the Reverend Dr Sandby of Denton, both with my father and mother and also alone. On one occasion I did not ride over to dine with him because it rained so hard. When I called next day to state the reason, he said, "Are you made of sugar or salt that you thought the rain would destroy you." The effect of this reproof has remained all my life and helped to make me faithful to engagements in spite of wind and weather. I used to ride over every Sunday with my tutor, Mr Page, who was curate to Dr Sandby. I called one week-day morning at the venerable Doctor's, and found him, then in his 90th year, reading Homer.

To this period belong my frequent visits to the Shell Grotto in the words at Denton (Mrs Henleys) to the Bath Hills and to the Earsham Woods, with the pretty Temple on the hill.

Trafalgar.—News of Nelson's death and victory of Trafalgar were communicated by Turner, Town Reeve, at his house (now Camerons) in the Earsham Street, then partly occupied by poor Morell, the French Master, whilst Colven, Brettingham and I were taking our French lesson.

I began drawing under Ladbroke for a master, at a guinea a quarter. I was put on with indiscreet rapidity for I began Demosthenes and Juvenal before the end of the term. At Christmas Mr Page gave up the Bungay Grammar School, and removed to Beccles. I passed part of my Christmas holidays with my father's cousin (Thomas Scott) and his son John at Sotterly and at the romantic old Shaddingfield Hall.

Shaddingfield.—It was in the mullioned and quarried window of the bay of its study that I read the awful details of the battle of Jena, and the exploits of Alexander of Russia & the victories of the French

THE OLD HALL, SHADDINGFIELD, IN 1806

armies. Our evenings at the Hall were merry with Christmas games & dances and tales. This old house was long the residence of the Cuddon family, and was a handsome pile of red brick, which had much architectural beauty.

There is a good drawing of it in Suckling's *History of Suffolk*. It was demolished about this time, and a modern house built near its site by T. C. Scott.

1806

January 1st.—On New Year's Day I went for a week's visit to Bracondale, at Mrs Brownsmith's, the aunt of my school-fellow Richard, where the beautiful grounds of the "Wilderness" delighted me. We had much gaiety. To a Ball of 80 at Mr Francis's, to an exhibition, to the Blind Hospital. My merry vacation ended on the 19th.

In January, as a private pupil, together with James, Henry and William Yeames and Richard Brownsmith, I followed Mr Page to his newly purchased house in Bridge Street, Beccles, which once belonged to Mr Purvis, since the Bacons and Howmans, and later owned by Mr Crowfoot. £105 per annum was paid for my tuition, board and lodging, besides extras.

April 17th.—My tutor, Mr Page, now does duty at three Churches, and being very fatigued after services to-day, he mounted his hobby without examining the girths which were very loose, the consequence of which was that the saddle turned just as he was putting the hobby into a gallop. He was thrown off and pitched on his head, but was not hurt much; the hobby ran two miles and was stopped after knocking down a man, a horse and a child without doing them any harm.

Mr Page has advised Yeames and myself not to play cards at ye Portreeves Feast, to which we are invited on Thursday, as we do not know sufficiently how to play, to be able to set down our cards at such a publick place. I have bought a new white waistcoat, and Yeames is lending me silk stockings for this and Miss Elmy's party on Saturday.

April 21st.—This Thursday, the morning of the Portreeves Feast, the bells, guns and the garlands that were thrown about the streets, very early reminded us of the day that I may call the grandest in Beccles. At ½ past 1 o'clock, the corporation went to Church and heard an excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr Penn; they afterwards adjourned to the King's Head upon business, and at 3 o'clock they (together with the party who dined with them) went in procession to the Assembly Room. At this time there was such a crowd as I did not think Beccles could have been capable of collecting together. At 7 o'clock, pursuant to ye invitation Yeames and I went to the King's Head to tea, where we were an hour and a half amongst fifty ladies and not a single gentleman, as the men did not rise from dinner till ½ past 8; but when they did come in, the room was so completely filled that it was most uncomfortable from the excessive heat and crowding. Without exaggeration the number of persons was not less than 120. We did not play cards, although we were much pressed to it. I think we were more comfortable than those who did, such was the noise and confusion created by the gentlemen who were mostly intoxicated. We left the room at ½ past 10, and all *that* party dispersed. The gentlemen then returned to the Assembly Room, and did not entirely break up till 8 the next morning. Tea, coffee, wine, etc.,

were continually handed about our room, though we did not regularly sit down to tea.

June 28th.—In my summer holidays, my parents being anxious to fix my inclinations either for or against college life, took me up to Cambridge with the idea that I might thus judge for myself. On the 28th I started from Bungay in the gig with the servant, George Cole. On the 30th my father and mother overtook me at Bury and we proceeded together to Cambridge.

July 1st.—Rain was falling on the morning of the 1st July as we passed the fine old elm tree then standing near the Barnwell entrance to the town. So fanciful was my imagination that I saw in this rain the emblem of the science and learning which should afterwards be showered upon me on the banks of the Cam.

Cambridge.—We fixed our quarters at the Hoope Inn. Mr Gilbert of Emmanuel called and gave us very kind assistance in seeing the University. It was Commencement week. Everything appeared in gala dress. I was sure to like Cambridge under such circumstances.

We were introduced to the Master of Emmanuel, Dr Cory, and went to a Fête in Christ's Gardens given by Lord Merton, the nephew of the great Nelson.

Lord Palmerston and Lord Henry Petty were there, as rival M.P.'s for the University, dancing themselves into favour in the country dance with the daughters and sisters of their constituents. Lord Althorpe [later Earl Spencer] was there too. John Cooper, late of Cove, and T. Leathes, now of Herringfleet, both then of the University, shewed us kind attention. I was shown King's Chapel and the Trinity Library, and was in the Senate House when C. J. Bloomfield [afterwards Bishop of London]

recited his Greek Ode on Nelson's Death, and Edward Alderson [now Baron of the Exchequer] his Latin one.

I was enchanted with this visit and with all I saw and heard; but among the enchantments was the pretty little bar-girl of the Hoope (Miss Curtis) who made the leaving Cambridge quite painful to me.

August.—I had been returned to my studies and schoolfellows less than a month when the three Yeames were suddenly recalled, by their father, to Russia. They left Beccles on the 12th August. My father kindly allowed me to go to London, with my mother, to see the last of my dear young friends during their sojourn in England. We left Bungay at 6 p.m. on Thursday, the 21st, travelled the whole way in post-chaises, reached Bury at midnight and slept there. On 22nd breakfasted at Sudbury, passed through Braintree and Ingatestone, dined at Romford at half-past 3 and reached London at 6. We lodged at the Suffolk House, the Green Dragon in Bishopsgate Street, where we met the Yeames. As we entered the courtyard, a strolling musician was grinding the first hand-organ I had ever seen.

The persevering, *un*melodious strains mixed with the civilities of Landlady, Waiters and Chambermaids, and bustle of Hostlers, Postillions, Porters and Coachmen, long continued associated with my first visit to London.

Our whole party went the same evening to the brilliant gaieties of Vauxhall, where we were joined by an artillery officer named Gomm, and from whence we returned to our inn at 3 o'clock in the morning.

London. August 23rd, Saturday.—We visited St Paul's, the Royal Exchange and the Bank; in the evening went to the Haymarket Theatre, where we saw de Camp, Liston, C. Matthews, Fawcett and

Theatre-Royal, Hay-Market.

This Evening, SATURDAY, August 23, 1806.

Will be Presented a Dramatick Piece, call'd

Sylvester Daggerwood.

Sylvester Daggerwood, Mr. DE CAMP.
Fustian, Mr. LISTON. Servant, Mr. JOHNSTON.

After which (29th Time) The New Comedy, in Three Acts, call'd

FIVE MILES OFF;

Or, The Finger-Post.

The Characters by

Mr. CHAPMAN, Mr. GROVE,
Mr. FAWCETT,
Mr. RAE, Mr. DE CAMP,
Mr. MATHEWS,
Mr. DENMAN, Mr. NOBLE,
Mr. LISTON, (With a Song) Mr. HATTON.
Mr. MENAGE, Mr. JOHNSTON,
Mrs. POWELL, Mrs. MATHEWS,
Mrs. GIBBS,
Miss TYRER. (With a Song).

The Epilogue by Mr. FAWCETT, Mr. LISTON, Mr. MATHEWS, and Mrs. GIBBS.

End of the Comedy (3rd Time this Season) A Farce, in One Act, call'd

Mrs. WIGGINS.

Old Wiggins, Mr. MATHEWS. Young Wiggins, Mr. JOHNSTON.
Mr. Postup, Mr. GROVE. Trip, Mr. PALMER. Jun.
Waiters, Messrs. KEAN and GOODWIN, jun. Servant, Mr. PARSLOE.
Mrs. Wiggins, Miss LESERVE. Mrs. Tom Wiggins, Mrs. KENDALL.
Mrs. Chloe Wiggins, Mrs. POWELL.

To which will be added the Comick Opera of

The REVIEW;

Or, The Wags of Windsor

A Military Overture and New Musick by the late Dr. ARNOLD.

Mr. Deputy Bull, Mr. GROVE. Captain Beauguard, Mr. KING.
Caleb Quotem, Mr. FAWCETT.
Looney Mactwolter, Mr. DENMAN.
John Lump, Mr. LISTON. Charles Williams, Mr. DE CAMP.
Dubbs, Mr. KEAN. Serjeant, Mr. MENAGE.
Grace Gaylove, Mrs. GIBBS.
Lucy, Miss TYRER. Phœbe Whitethorn, Miss GRANT.

On Monday (1st time at this Theatre) the Comedy of The WILL FOR THE DEED; after which A Comick Sketch call'd BLUE DEVILS; with (for this Night only) imitative Specimens of VENTRILOQUY;—to which will be added the Favourite Ballet of PAUL and VIRGINIA, and the Musical Entertainment, call'd OF AGE TO-MORROW, for the Benefit of Mr. MATHEWS.

A NEW FARCE, in two Acts, is in preparation.

T. Woodfall, Printer to the Theatre, Villiers-Street,

Mrs Gibbs, in Sylvester Daggerwood, and Five Miles Off in the Finger Post; also Matthias Abel of Bungay, under the assumed name of "King", in the character of Capt. Beauregard in the Revue on "Wags of Windsor."

August 24th.—My friends the Yeames took a long farewell of us and proceeded to Gravesend and embarked for Russia. My mother and I went to the Church of St Stephens, Walbrook, and St Michaels, and at 5 p.m. to Hyde Park. At 7 to the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital.

On Monday the 28th we again visited St Paul's, and also the Tower and the Bank and Westminster Abbey, and in the evening walked in St James's Park.

26th, Tuesday.—We went to the Royal Circus.

27th.—Left London by coach at 6 a.m., reaching Bury at 6 p.m. and from thence we proceeded in a hired carriage and 4 to Harleston, and then by chaise to Bungay where we arrived at midnight.

1807

9th January.—My father went to London and during his stay called on Nathaniel Godbold, who by great vegetable syrups had raised himself from a humble baker at Bungay to a wealthy man in London, with two "town" houses and a country house at Godalming.

Elections.—Elections going on all over England in May. *The* great contest in the West Riding of Yorkshire between Henry Lascelles, Wilberforce, and Lord Milton, especially attracted interest.

Game.—In those days when game could not be sold, great was the interchange of presents. My mother records in this year as received from various neighbours 44 Partridges, 16 Pheasants and 15 Hares.

June 10*th*.—I left Beccles finally, Mr Page, my tutor, having sold his house and removed to St Helens, Ipswich, where I followed him. I was allowed to take my mare with me.

Ipswich, 27*th*.—Mr J. Morrice, recently married, came to Ipswich, White Horse, with his bride and took me with them to Harwich. Troops were being embarked there. They went off in capital spirits, cheering and being cheered. Their destination unknown, but it turned out to be Copenhagen. The slinging of the horses amused me much. One beautiful charger got loose from the slings and swam, I think, quite a mile.

I was now 15, near 6 ft. high, thin and dark and bright-eyed. I received much kind hospitality in Ipswich. I was allowed to read the Newspapers this Autumn at the Subscription Rooms. In September we had a pleasant Ball at Lower Hill House, Miss Costerton's, 80 present and dancing till 2.

The Reviews soon attracted my attention as well they might. Between 2,000 and 3,000 Cavalry and Artillery were constantly exercised on Rushmere Heath, under Lord Paget, and the 15th Hussars were often headed in their Charge by their Colonel, the Duke of Cumberland [later King of Hanover] in person.

October 4*th*.—Rode to Woodbridge, saw the Dukes of York and Cumberland inspect the Troops at the Barracks, and on the 5th was present at their reviewing 9,000 men on Rushmere Heath.

A comet excited much attention this month. An officer of the 10th Hussars was committed to Ipswich gaol for stealing bell handles and knockers.

October 29*th*.—Louis XVIII, under the title of Count de Lille, arrived off Yarmouth, in a Swedish frigate, from which he landed November 2nd. The Dukes D'Angoulême and de Berri accompanied him,

besides several other noblemen. Monsieur came from London to meet him. This is the first time a French King has been in England since the battle of Poictiers, in 1356.

November 3rd.—Louis XVIII visited Ipswich. He had landed at Yarmouth on the 2nd, and was now on his way to Gosford Hall, in Essex, which had been lent him by the Marquis of Buckingham.

I closed this year with a ball at Halesworth, where the eccentric Capt. Bridges of hunting, dancing and tandem driving celebrity, astounded the natives by his indefatigable pirouettes and entreclats.

1808

Bungay.—In January, Fisher and Scroggs Company afforded me much amusement at the Old Theatre on the Bungay Castle hills.

On the 13th, my dear old bay mare continuing lame, my father bought me a chesntut horse from Simonds for £48. He was well bred and swift. I called him Zephyr.

Ipswich. February 27th.—Up to this time I had been a perfectly fearless rider, but my horse was at times rather too much for me, and on the 16th March, by one of his sudden whirls he threw me on the Wherstead road, and on the 25th and 26th, much to my annoyance, he again unseated me.

March 24th.—The parishioners of St Lawrence elected a perpetual Curate—my Tutor was a candidate; great was the canvassing, in which I joined —the votes were Ford 44, Page, 34. Clarke Abel was now apprentice pupil with Mr Priest, surgeon at Harleston. We corresponded. His letters, though non-sensical and full of vivid excitement, even then displayed the Natural Historian's love of classification, oddly mixed with the romance of the poet.

Long after as *Doctor* Clarke Abel, Physician to the Ambassador of China, Lord Amherst, and as the independent practitioner at Brighton, he showed these two opposite qualities in full development.

April 15th.—Rode Zephyr to Ufford and thence to Bungay.

April 17th.—Easter Sunday. Attended Ditchingham Church chiefly to see the pretty E.B. On the 18th returned my high lanky chesnut horse, Zephyr, as unsound, and with my favourite bay mare returned to Ipswich.

R. Kerrison.—Sir Roger Kerrison, after having appeared in his usual health, died suddenly in March at Norwich, and the Bank suspended payment. My father lost £2,432. Debts of £60,000 were proved against the House.

Clarke Abel. May 18th.—My friend, Clarke Abel, not yet 18, married to Miss Martha Poole of Harleston. His letters now are full of wild excitement and affection.

June 18th.—I breakfasted with him on my way back to Bungay. During the vacation, Utting Brettingham and S. Reeve were my companions. I went to routs at the Forsters, Wilsons, Holmes, Camels, Bohuns, Reeves, Walkers, etc., and dined at Capt. M. Suckling's at Barsham. I had lovely walks this summer to my favourite haunts, but the pretty Temple on the hill in front of Earsham Hall had been demolished.

July 13th.—A tremendous hot day. The thermometer stood at 97, the highest probably ever known. Many horses died from excessive heat.

July 14th.—We went to Mr Garney's auction at Hedenham Hall. 16th. I saw a camping match on St Andrew's Common and tea'd with Mr Charles Day

at St John's. 20th, to a dinner at the Bath House by the invitation of Mrs Butcher, and on the 26th to Ipswich, where I resumed my studies in the pleasant house of St Helens.

We had glorious news at this time of Sir Arthur Wellesley's defeating Junot, in Portugal.

Roger Kerrison.—The assignees of Sir Roger Kerrison offered the next term of the living of Hedenham for sale for £2,500. Mr Chambers became the purchaser.

Ipswich. September 27th.—I was at a Ball at Mrs Costerton's and on the 28th at another at Mr Sparrow's, in the old carved house in the Buttermarket. The 14th and 17th Dragoons had succeeded the 7th, 10th and 15th at Ipswich and Woodbridge. More Balls in October. I was now enthusiastically fond of dancing and was generally one of the last to leave.

On 30th October, I went with Edgar Rust to his father's house at Abbots Hall, Stowmarket.

31st.—Went out shooting, and on 1st November a-coursing and returned home that evening. On the 2nd to a Ball at Colonel Stisteds. On the 3rd to my first Subscription Assembly Ball at the Old Ipswich Assembly Rooms. The 12th to a Ball at Captain Studds, dancing much with Miss Studds. [Afterwards Countess of Linsingen.] My favourite bay mare fell dead lame at the end of November, and I sent her home.

December 1st.—At the Ipswich Assembly Rooms I was desperately delighted with Miss Dagmer, a most elegant dancer—my constant partner.

I went to Bungay for the Winter vacation, where I attended parties at the Routhes, Lewises, Manns, Kerrisons, Benefets, Vyatts, Sucklings, Forsters, Reeves, Bohuns, Coopers, etc.

On the 23rd with Mrs. Birch and her daughter Charlotte to a Ball in Norwich, which continued till the next morning's breakfast. On the 28th to a Christmas Ball at the Assembly Rooms at Halesworth.

1809

Battle of Corunna. January 24th.—To Ipswich by coach. Dined at Cap. Studds on the 28th. I had received a letter written by Mr Matthias Kerrison to my father, informing him of Colonel Kerrison's safety after the battle of Corunna, except a broken arm, and that he was on board H.M.S. *Le Tonnent.* Admiral de Courcy was paying him every attention. I was charged to convey the news to his Ipswich friends, which made me of much importance in theirs and my own eyes.

In February my name was put upon the boards of Emmanuel College as a Pensioner.

Mrs Seaman died and Mrs Seaman Holmes succeeded to her Brooks and Howe estates.

Ipswich. May.—A private soldier of the 84th Regiment (Irish) was murdered on the 10th May by two soldiers of the same regiment, and on the 11th one of the German Legion was killed at a Review. The Military funeral of the former was exceeding solemn. It was the first time I had heard the "Dead March in Saul". It was played by Fifes only.

May 23rd.—There was a musical funeral of the Clerk of St Clements, by German and Derby Bands and many singers taking part in it.

June 2nd.—During a hurricane there was a fire at Braintree to which I rode. Eleven thatched houses were destroyed and a woman burnt to death.

3rd July.—To Ipswich race course, to see a race between Baron Schernedem of the 7th Hussars and

Capt. Porter of the 1st German Legion Light Dragoons. The 4th, the King's Birthday, we had an exceedingly Grand Review and Field Day on Rushmere Heath. The 2nd and 3rd, Light Dragoons of the King's German Legion, and divisions of Artillery, horse and foot; the 2nd, 63rd, 76th and 84th Regiments of the Line; the Northumberland, Derby, Wilts, East and West Norfolk and West Yorkshire Regiments of Regular Militia, the Suffolk local Militia and Ipswich Volunteers—in all 12,000 men were under arms.

July 8th.—I went to a concert and dance given by the German officers—Partners, Miss Studd, Miss Stisted, etc.

July 11th. Sunday.—My Tutor preached at St Clements, for the sufferers by the Braintree fire, and I held the plate. £19 12. 3 was collected.

13th.—Rev. Dr Stevens of Panfield died, by which the Rev. R. Page succeeds to the living, on the presentation of his brother, Capt. Page.

16th.—The Rev. Fletcher, father of Sir Roland, dines with us and gives us the doggerel lines of the "Monks of Salerno", himself quite a model of a 'bon vivant ecclesiastic' of the preceding century. I returned to Bungay the day following. I have no record of work done in the last 5 months, and indeed my gaieties and flirtations had I fear rendered me rather less industrious than in preceding half year.

June 20th.—I went to Bracondale, dined at St Andrew's Hall, where 640 guests were present on the invitation of the Mayor (Back) and where I saw a Common Councilman spit out in great alarm, saying he had burnt his mouth.

During this vacation, I visited all my usual

friends—William Edge and Brettingham were much with me. I returned to Ipswich on the 26th July.

Ipswich. August 7th.—I went to an amateur play and pantomime at Mrs Cobbold's of the Cliff. She composed the words and the music and painted the scenery, and her children were the performers.

8th.—I went down the Orwell to Harwich with some friends, on a sailing packet. We went on board the *Vengeur*, 74 gun-ship, whose vast bulk and grandeur astonished me. We also explored the Marcello Tower and returned home at 10.

Panfield. September 2nd.—With my Tutor and Mrs Page set out in a chaise for Colchester, Braintree and his new Living of Panfield. We tea'd at the old Parsonage and slept at Braintree; attended Church at Panfield on Sunday, and planned alterations there. At this time I had been suffering with a bad cough and some fever which returned after this excursion.

Ipswich. September 8th.—I was lying on the sofa in the St Helen's drawing-room, feeling very depressed, when Mrs Page entered and told me a messenger was arrived from Bungay, announcing that my mother was very ill and desiring that I should immediately set out in a chaise for my home. I was dreadfully alarmed. Mrs Page tried to calm my fears and said, "While there is life there is hope."

I started at 7 p.m. and had proceeded only as far as Rushmere when one of the horses fell down with staggers. I went on in a gig and the post lad drove me to Ufford. Here Mr Barber met me and drove me to Yoxford where I did not arrive till midnight. Dr Lewis was there with a chaise, awaiting my arrival. He told me my mother was very dangerously ill, that her disease was scarlet fever

but that she was more quiet when he left. He pretended to sleep as soon as we got into the chaise, and I could get but little further information from him.

Bungay.—On arriving at Bungay, he told me I must sleep at the Tuns (it was now between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning) as I should disturb the house and do harm if I went down, and he would let me know how my mother was by 7. So I was constrained to follow his advice and being very tired soon fell asleep. Dr Lewis sent a message to me at 7 to get up and he would then come to me and we would go down to the house together.

September 9th.—I had no sooner dressed than he came, but it was to tell me that *my mother was dead!* In one moment I was plunged from happiness into the deepest misery, and this in early youth when all seemed so bright and fair around me.

London.—After this I was very ill, and my dear father took me by short stages to London, and on the 28th September, Dr Pemberton says my complaint is inflammation of the lungs and orders me to be bled. Such was my father's anxiety for my comfort that he sent for my friend T. C. Brettingham from Bungay to be with me. He joined us at the end of September, and continued with me till the 25th of January following.

We were staying at one of the most fashionable hotels in London, "Thomas's" in Berkeley Square, my father hoping thus to give change and excitement to my thoughts and feelings. Dr Pemberton's kindness at this time was very great and he alone could make me cheerful.

October 10th.—Dr Pemberton considers me sufficiently recovered to set out for Devonshire. Stonehenge excited my attention on my journey

more than any object since my mother's death. Its extreme antiquity and its solidity, which promised a duration co-existent with the earth itself, seemed to elevate my mind from my own cares and sorrows and to be a kind of stepping-stone to eternity.

Tiverton.—We settled at Tiverton and took rooms at the "Three Tuns" Inn. My health was better but I was very weak, and my father's constant anxiety and referring to me about everything worried me, and my voice was so feeble and he at times rather deaf, so that I could not always make him hear. All this vexed us both.

October 25th was the Grand National Jubilee in honour of George III having reigned 50 years. Towards the end of this month, my father became acquainted with Mr and Mrs Barnes of New Place.

Tiverton.—Brettingham and I went into lodgings at Salters in the Tivert Street on the 31st October, and my father left Tiverton for Bungay on the 5th November. At this time Mr and Mrs Barnes's kindness was such that they almost took the place of parents to me.

The old house in St Helens at Ipswich was let in November to Capt. W. Heston for £40 a year, and Mr Page hired a house and 2 acres of meadow of Mrs Blencowe at Rayne, by Braintree, to which he moved with his household.

In December, Tiverton air having been considered too damp and cold for me, I removed to Exmouth.

Exmouth. Christmas Day.—With more than 300 communicants, I received the Sacrament.

December 31st.—Dear father arrived from Bungay, having been away from me for eight weeks.

PART TWO

1810 to 1811

From Tiverton back to London : The old Bungay Corn Cross taken down and sold : Cromer : Rt. Hon. Hookham Frere : Sale of pure Southdown sheep, 25/- to 40/- per head : I go to Cambridge University : Emmanuel College : Dr Cory : Furnishing my rooms : Tempted from study : Supper and cards till 5 a.m. : Billiards at Chesterton's : Tandem to Saffron Walden : London again, heard Kemble in " Way to Pay Old Debts " at Covent Garden : The " Beauties " of the Lyceum : Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden in Yarmouth : My father lends him £40 as he had no money : Saw Mrs Jordan at the " Bristol " theatre as " Lady Teazle " : Fat and fifty, yet still charming : The village of Cheltenham : I visit Oxford : Prince of Orange, later King of Hanover : Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden : I coach to Cambridge in 9½ hours : Huntingdon Ball with Miss Carnac : Bathing, Riding, and Dancing at Cambridge : Start in a Gig for Chester : I buy a horse for 60 guineas and sell it for 50 : Start at five and reach Birmingham on third evening : Saw MacCreedy perform " George Barnwell " : Shrewsbury and heard Dr Butler : Reached Chester on sixth day, to stay with my friend Jones : City Walls in the second stories of the houses : Returned to Cambridge, 25 June, 1811 : Duke of Gloucester installed as Chancellor : Balloon Ascent : My rooms in Emmanuel destroyed by fire : My loss £400 : I leave Cambridge by the " Cheap and Nasty " coach for Bury : Mail to Norwich and walk home : Ball given by Sir George Leeds at Croxton : Bible Society introduced.

1810

Exmouth.—My friend Brettingham had been constantly with me since my illness. He was a kind, cheerful, consoling companion; but I felt that I was keeping him from his duties and also causing my father unnecessary expense. I therefore proposed his return to Bungay. We accompanied him to Exeter and he left Devonshire on the 26th January.

I was at this time, alas! often hasty and unkind in my manner to my father and he felt it deeply. We were always cordially affectionate in reality, but each was worn down by sorrow and there were times when we added much to, instead of diminishing from each other's distress, so that I believe being together at this time was injurious to us both.

February 14th.—We acted as sponsors with Mrs Farren and Miss Charlotte Baker at Tiverton Church for Ann Scott Barnes. We returned to Exmouth that evening, and at 5 the following morning my father left me for London and Bungay. I now took up my residence with our friends, Mr and Mrs William Mitchell, who were then 27 years of age. This was to me a valuable asylum. They were quiet cheerful people and fond of reading, and I now resumed study and general reading and commenced Hebrew. Mitchell was a good and bold rider, and we had almost daily rides over the country for many miles round.

April 24th.—To Tiverton where I spent a week with my friends the Barnes at New Place.

I remained with the Mitchells till the 9th May. On the 14th I was in London, where my father met me at Dr Pemberton's. I remained in "town" till the 18th, when I went to Braintree and walked out to Rayne where I was affectionately received by the Pages. He was the kind but injudicious director and friend of my youth. He continued to press for my name, which now stood on the list of pensioners at Emmanuel, being transferred to that of Fellow Commoner.

My friends believed that my health required the more comfortable rooms and the greater luxury allotted to the latter position. I still considered that my chances of reading would be better as a Pensioner, but yielded to my Tutor's opinion, and my name was transferred.

Bungay. May 25th.—I left Rayne for Bury and arrived in Bungay on the 26th. The numerous friends in Bungay and its neighbourhood were very kind to me. I visited the Brettinghams at their farm at Mundham, and went with my cousin, John T. Scott to his father's home at South Cove, and stayed at the pretty parsonage of Barsham with the Sucklings, where I first developed a desire to understand Botany.

June 14th.—The old Bungay Corn Cross taken down and sold. [1]

June 18th.—I went to Bracondale, to Mrs Brown-Smiths, and laid a stone of the Bridge then being built at Carrow Abbey. Drove Mrs Page to Archdeacon Gooch's parsonage at Saxlingham.

June 19th.—To Cromer. The Rt. Hon. Hookham Frere, so unfavourably known as late English Ambassador in Spain, in reference to the history of Sir

[1] See Appendix, pp. 229, 230, 231.

John Moore and his army, was our fellow lodger at Tucker's Hotel.

Rayne, August 8th.—Went to Rayne near Braintree to pass two months in the family of my late tutor. On the 16th I stayed at Bury with my father during the Assizes, and on the 26th I rode to Malden to visit Mrs Barnes's (of Tiverton) brother J. Baker. With these exceptions I was very studious at Rayne. Such was my tutor's confidence in me that even at this early period of my life he named me as one of the Executors of his Will.

August 30th.—I rode this morning to see 1050 pure Southdown sheep sold by auction at Gosfield Park, the Marquis of Buckingham's. Many of the first agriculturalists of Essex were assembled and about 50 of them dined together: it is an unusual affair. The Wether lambs sold from 25/ to 26/ per head, the Ewes from 22/ to 29/, the year-old ewes from 36/ to 39/, two-year dit. from 36/ to 40/, three-year old, much the same. Six Rams, at three guineas each. After viewing the Marquis's good old house, beautiful park, etc. (the premises which Louis ye 18th and the French Royal family lately occupied), I accepted Mr Leeke's invitation to take pot-luck with him and returned to Page's in the evening.

October 7th.—To Bungay. My father ill with inflammation in his leg and fever. He was confined to his room, but was better on the 14th when I left him for Panfield, where I packed up my books and luggage, and with Mr Page (my tutor) travelled in a chaise by Linton, to Cambridge.

Cambridge. October 18th.—The aspect of the college pleased me. The tone of Emmanuel society at that time was gay, gentlemanly and classical. The senior Tutor, Samuel Blackhall, was eminently so. The

kindness, mildness and quiet piety of the other Tutor, James Slade, won my affection and respect. Of the Fellows, "Old Holmes", though "crusty", had much manliness of character and gentlemanly feeling, and Pemberton was all mirth and activity. The Master, Dr Cory, was timid, unused to the world, troublesomely conscientious, but very kindly disposed. I met Algernon Pepton with his two voices, Roberts, son of a wealthy stockbroker, and S. R. Gaussen, at my first Hall dinner.

The bustle and importance of furnishing my rooms excited and amused me, but when on the third day Mr Page set out for Panfield, I felt low and lonely. This did not last long. Fresh acquaintances full of youthful joy and energy poured daily into my rooms. Sir Busick Harwood, Professor of Anatomy, invited me to a supper party of 20 and there I found myself unexpectedly popular. All tempted me away from study. Blackhall, after examining me, pronounced me first in mathematics, not only of the new men of my own year but of those of the year above me. Slade also reported favourably of my classical acquirements. I was told I did not want to read for lectures, and that I could answer all Lecture Room questions without study. I soon became gay and idle. Invitation followed invitation. I gave a supper to 22 before the end of the term, and sat playing cards till 5 in the morning.

I resumed my old love for dancing both at the Cambridge and Huntington County Balls, from the latter of which I returned only in time to attend morning chapel. I joined too in gallops on hired hacks over the Gogmagogs with large parties, and played Billiards at Chestertons with my companions. I felt that my surpassing the men of the 2nd year in my own freshman's term, was a proof "not so much of any great proficiency" of mind, as of that lament-

able idleness and consequence ignorance which so shamefully prevailed among my companions.

Occasionally, therefore, I *did* read but without a guide, and often again I joined in Rows and Larks after the best of studious resolves. The poor old Methodist preacher "Johnny" was a favourite butt of our rowing gownsmen this term.

December 19*th*.—Metcalfe and I drove tandem to Saffron Walden and from there I went on more steadily to Panfield. I remained there till the 28th.

December 29*th* to London. Fixed at the Grecian Coffee House in the Temple, saw my first Panorama "Flushing", and went the first time to Covent Garden, where I heard Kemble in the "Way to Pay Old Debts."

30*th*.—From Hewlett at the Foundling Hospital, I heard a most solemn, feeling, energetic sermon, which awfully affected me and produced many good resolves, which again were replaced on the day following by very different feelings as I admired the "Beauties" of the Lyceum.

31*st*.—Father meets me the last day of the year at Basinghall Street.

King of Sweden.—From the 15th to the 19th November, my father was in Yarmouth. He writes thus: "The King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, was there two hours before me and was drawn in a chaise from the jetty, where he landed, by the populace. His Majesty was much affected by the attention paid him, poor man. He shed tears: he cannot speak English. He had changed his apparel by the time I arrived. Our rooms communicated, and as the doors opened to each, I had a view of him for a considerable time. The same dinner served us both. He set off soon after for Town, his suite, only three,

in two post chaises. He had no money, consequently my commission agent advanced £40 for his assistance. He wore old plain blue trousers and jacket like a common sailor, with a sword by his side, and an old dark-coloured great-coat. He made respectful bows to the sentinels who guarded him right and left. A whole regiment was called out as soon as he had permission from Government to land, which was quickly communicated by telegraph. He has left his Queen and three young children in Sweden. He had a narrow escape, was within ten minutes of being taken, and was frequently shot at by his pursuers."

1811

January.—[1] I began this year by looking at the late Joseph Windham's (of Earsham) Library soon for sale at Leigh and Sothebys, London, and by guiding a poor captured French merchant who could speak no English to the Alien Office. He was penniless and the assistance I gave him excited the most cordial gratitude.

Mrs Jordan. January 21st.—I saw Mrs Jordan at the Bristol Theatre. She performed "Lady Teazle" in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, and "Roxalana" in the *Sultan*. For natural sprightliness of acting, for perfect naiveté in comic scenes, she far surpassed my expectations. In graver parts, she falls off. She is now fat and they say more than fifty, her voice harsh and yet she is charming. This is her last engagement on the Stage.

Monmouth. Oxford. January 26th.—To Monmouth to make the acquaintance of my mother's uncle, the Rev. W. Roberts, and thence to Cheltenham then a mere village and on to Oxford. I found here

[1] See Appendix, p. 231.

EARSHAM HALL, 1780

Built by John Buxton who afterwards sold it to the Wyndhams whose residence it was at this time.

Facing page 48

my old school-fellow, Edward Day, now a Pensioner of Trinity. I took lodgings at Greens in the High Street, read Hydrostatics in the mornings and passed the evenings with E. Day and Mills, of Trinity, the latter are old Ipswich acquaintances, and with Hurst, Ogle, Buckle of Wrentham and others to whom they introduced me. Saw in their company all the Lions of Oxford and Blenheim, and at a concert saw the Prince of Orange, now King of Hanover.

February 13th.—I left Oxford and fixed for the first time at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden.

Cambridge. February 16th by coach in 9½ hours to Cambridge, and resumed my employments and amusements at Emmanuel.

February 20th.—My father's man, West, arrived about this time with a grey mare of Mr Barker's, which he lent me for this term, my own having met with an accident. He brought also a very kind letter from my parent, containing his most earnest dissuasions from vice, especially those vices which he believed me to be most prone to. So just and tender were his observations that I regret I have thrown them to the flames. Would that his advice had been more fully followed and acted upon. But at this period I was constantly suspended as it were between virtue and industry, and idleness and dissipation, attracted alternately by the good and the bad.

I attended Harwood's Lectures on anatomy and Blackhall's on optics. Rode to races on the hills, in fact was thoroughly inconsistent in my thoughts and actions during the whole of this term. The 11th April rode from Cambridge to Bottesdale, and thence next morning to Bungay, where I stayed with my poor old father for ten days. He was very sad and ill the whole time.

I now packed off all my library to Cambridge.

Dr Parr. May 1st.—I passed three most amusing and instructive hours on Sunday evening in the Emmanuel Combination, with the famous but rude Grecian scholar and violent Politician, Dr Parr. He had been of Emmanuel, but wrote his name off in a pet. "I have been sorry for it ever since," he told us. He rattled on very rapidly with his alternate lisping and thundering utterances and assumed a tone of dictation on all points. To P.d.m. he said, "Your uncle was a fool, sir, I knew him very well."

Speaking of George Canning he told us: "He was making one of his flowery speeches in the House of Commons; he looked up to the gallery and caught my eye—Sir, he was dumb in a moment!" To a humble enquiry of mine whether he read Hebrew with or without points, Dr Parr replied, "Both with and without, Sir, but they are surreptitous and of no authority."

"In the pronunciation of words derived from Hebrew and Greek, I always follow the original," he said to Slade. "I say Samaria, Zebūlon, but Hebrew words are variously pronounced according to the different methods of reading. All written Hebrew vowels I pronounce long; whether the supplied ones should always be pronounced short I have considered much, but have not yet made up my mind." Slade mentioning a Hebrew Grammar by Wilson of Aberdeen, Dr Parr said, with a laugh, "I don't go to Aberdeen to learn Hebrew." Speaking of Homer, "The Book which we *call Homer*, though I have my doubts on the subject whether Homer ever wrote it."

Huntingdon Ball. May 21st.—I went to the Huntingdon Ball where Miss Carnac was one of the Belles I danced with, and the next day dined with

the Earl of Hotham. The following day Jones and I had a delightful ride to and from Stevenage, 54 miles in all, to visit our friend Gaussen who was doing duty as Captain of Local Militia in Hertfordshire.

Cambridge.—I continued passing my time very agreeably at Cambridge; bathing, riding, reading, dancing and visiting till the 1st of June, when I started in a gig with Jones, on our way to his mother's house at Chester. We gave 60 guineas for our horse and sold it when we arrived at Chester for 50. We drove alternately, our horse travelled well, and we had a most pleasant journey.

Journey to Chester. June 1st.—Starting at 5, we reached Kimbolton in time to see the Duke of Manchester's Castle. Next day, Sunday, we attended Morning Service at Wellinborough and afternoon at Northampton; slept at Daventry. We visited Rugby on Monday morning to see Nelson Jones then at school there, under Dr Wood, with about 260 school-fellows. The 4 mile avenue of Elm and Fir bid us to expect much at Coventry. The interior of the town disgusted us.

Birmingham.—We reached Birmingham the third evening, and at the theatre, an elegant building, but very ill attended, were much gratified by seeing a young man named MacCreedy perform George Barnwell. If he cultivates his natural talent for acting, he must become superior to any actor at this time on the English stage.

I bathed in the spacious swimming baths next morning, and we viewed some of the principal Factories—55,000 men, women and children are employed in making hardware, cutlery, buttons, and in glass polishing and other lines. Here there are but two churches, besides 8 or 9 chapels.

Driving through the Dusky land of Iron-works, through Wolverhampton and Sheffield, we next morning reached Shrewsbury, and heard Dr Butler speak in favor of relieving sufferers by great storms in this part of the country. By the Vale of Overton entered Wales, slept at Wrexham and next day reached Chester, and were introduced to Jones's mother and his good father-in-law, Dr Thackery.

Chester.—We explored the ancient and curiously built but not handsome town there. We walked all round the tops of the walls of the city—the foot-paths of the street are in the second stories of the houses, and are covered over just as if all the houses were gutted about 40 yards inwards. They are flagged, very convenient in wet weather, but so low I could not walk upright in some of them. The shops are made very dark by these means.

I returned to Cambridge on the 25th, in Mrs Thackery's carriage, with her, her sons, Maurice and Nelson Jones, and her daughter, stopping one night at Hinchley.

Installation of the Chancellor. June 27th.—The gaieties of the Installation of the Chancellor, Duke of Gloucester, began and continued for a whole week. Concerts, Orations, Balls, Dinners, Suppers and public Breakfasts, with speeches, odes, and University Ceremonies, at all of which crowds from all parts of Britain attended with great spirit and jubilee. It was the most agreeable gay week I ever passed. 800 breakfasted in the Cloisters of Nevells Court, Trinity. The singing of God save the King by the whole afterwards was one of the most impressive and inspiring things I have ever witnessed.

Dr Parr sat opposite the Duke. He asked for his pipe. Mr —— told him it would not be etiquette

to smoke before Royalty. So he called out to the Duke, "Your Royal Highness, Mr —— tells me I must not smoke *a* pipe before you, so please, your Royal Highness, I'll smoke *two*." He immediately put two pipes into his mouth and smoked them together for a time.

The breakfast in Sydney Gardens too was delightful. Sadlers Balloon ascent—grand! E. Alderson [since Judge], as members Prize-man, recited his Dissertation. Edward Bloomfield (the Bishop's brother) as Chamblin's Medallist had to follow him in the Rostrum. "Edward," said Alderson, "speak up—you can't be too loud, *I* was not loud enough." There was generous friendship between them.

When the installation week had passed away and our visitors departed, all seemed so flat and dull and sad as if no gaieties could ever equal them again. I remained in College till the 8th July, and then with Barling of Yorkshire and Grylls of Cornwall went in tandem to Bury. Next morning I went in "Kitty's" coach to Bungay.

In July attended the Marquis of Cornwallis's Sale of pictures at Broome.

Fire at Emmanuel College. October 16th.—Samuel Reeve came to tell me that the Westmoreland Buildings of Emmanuel, in which my rooms were situated, were wholly burnt down. It was a newspaper report, and it was not till the 17th that it was confirmed to me by a letter from H. Holland, one of the Fellows of the College, with the addition that "scarcely anything belonging to me had been saved." We had a dinner-party that day. I left at 6, slept at Bury, and reached the desolate scene at Emmanuel the next morning. The fire which had arisen in G. Thomas's rooms, probably in consequence of his dropping a spark from his candle into his portmanteau

which stood near the curtains, had entirely destroyed the fine range of buildings except the outer walls. Three days had elapsed since it was got under, but the ruins were still smouldering and smoking. I dug among the ruins in the forlorn hope of finding some of my property; but I could recognize nothing but a few stray leaves of Ainsworth's Dictionary and a pair of nut-crackers. I estimated my loss at £400. All my books, maps, pictures, busts, furniture, clothes and wine, were destroyed and nothing insured.

I chose rooms at the end of the "B——- Building" on the first floor, gave orders for furnishing them, and left Cambridge next day by the old coach styled the "Cheap and Nasty" for Bury, thence by Mail to Norwich, and after dining with the Pages and Brownsmiths at Bracondale, walked to Bungay.

November.—Left Bungay again for Cambridge in November, went into possession of my dull cold rooms on the 8th. All my former friends except Anderson and Mainwaring had returned. Among the new ones were Randal Burroughs, James Burroughs, Archdall, then fresh from captivity in France, now Master of Emmanuel, Price, the Welshman, Ireland, Douglas, Sir W. Kemp, John Holmes, and George Day (the less). But Charles Henly was this term my most intimate friend. Our Emmanuel misfortunes seemed to make us desperate. There was less of reading, more of idleness, dissipation and drinking than ever. We rebounded from sorrow to mirth with all the inconsiderate levity of boys.

A splendid Ball was given at Croxton by Mr, afterwards Sir George Leeds. Pemberton was commissioned to take two friends with him. He selected Gaussen and myself who were consequently quizzed as the "Elegant Extracts" of the College. It was the most splendid supper I had seen. One hundred

pines were ranged along the table and the costliest wines were uncommonly abundant. Poor Whitebread was of the party, a fine, handsome man, but even then he had a melancholy downcast look, precourser of his fatal end.

The Bible Society was introduced, advocated and opposed in the University this term with great warmth. Milner, Dean of Carlisle, was its most powerful supporter, Herbert Marsh its most distinguished opponent. The Christian Knowledge Society gained much in numbers and wealth, and the National Society for educating the poor was now first formed. All these Societies thrived by the opposition.

December.—I spoke an English Declamation in praise of Greek Heroes above those of Rome, and after the vacation was presented with an Oxford Homer as a College prize. The term ended December 16th. I had passed it gaily; pleasantly *but unprofitably*.

Letter to my father dated December 6th, 1811.

EMAN COLL.,
Dec. 6, 1811.

MY DEAR FATHER,

The Ball (to which I informed you I was going last Monday week) at Mr Leeds's was the most splendid thing of the sort I ever saw. Among the company (which was about 120) were Mr Whitbread and his wife, Lady Elizabeth W., the Earl & Countess of Carysfoot, the Lady Probyn, Lord Strathaven, Sir W. Duberly, etc. etc. The supper was served on a most superb service of plate: 100 pines were ranged along the table: Claret, Champagne, Barsac, Hock, Hermitage, Burgundy, & every sort of wine that could be procured in England were in the greatest abundance. Gaussen & I went in a chaise & had a most agreeable evening. Yesterday sennight I spoke a declamation in

chapel of my own composing, and had the pleasure of hearing it was well approved. I did not mention it to you previously as I thought it might agitate you.

I flatter myself my dinner on Tuesday was very handsome. The first course consisted of Fish and Soups only ; the second of Turkey, Roast Beef, Haricoes, Curry, etc. etc. ; the third of game & sweets. The party was Messrs Fox, Hardy, Jones, Gaussen, Blackall, Moore, Whish, Preston, Douglas & Wrey of this College, Browne F. C. of Sidney & Holmes of Bungay : received excuses from six others. Butcher's port was universally & highly praised : in fact they liked it so much that I feel inclined to request you will order 3 or 4 dozen more of the same sort. I am in no hurry about this however : do it when *convenient* to you. After a few bottles of port I introduced your Claret,[1] and to my surprise it was so much liked that every drop of it i.e. 11 bottles was drank. If you can procure any more on the same terms as the last, I should be glad to receive it, but not otherwise. Having a hare and a leash of birds to spare, I gave a supper last night to 8, which also passed off pleasantly : they were Ireland, Pearson, Brett, Fowel & Burroughs (grandson of Negus's) of this College, Stevens of Jesus Coll., & Browne of Caius (Capt. Suckling's son or grandson). I had excuses from 4 others for the supper. I am this evening going to dine at Jones's & to-morrow at Sir Wm. Berneys & Merrys. I am happy to hear your health is so good. Mr Glover says you look *very much* better than when he saw you last spring.

I fear poor Wm. Able's journey to Exmouth will be in vain. My best regards to Mitchell when you see him.

Your enclosing a £50 note in your next letter will oblige.

Your very affectionate & dutiful son,

J. B. SCOTT.

[1] See Appendix, p. 231.

PART THREE
1812 to 1814

House of Lords debate the Death Penalty : I hear Lord Byron speak against it : I see Shakespeare's " Julius Caesar " : John Kemble, and Charles : Spencer Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer, assassinated : Louis XVIII visits the University : Lord Liverpool's Administration : Wellington's victory at Salamanca : Wilberforce at a Bible Society meeting : Yeames returns from Russia : Hear Lord Byron speak at Drury Lane New Theatre : Sidney College, Cambridge, set on fire : I hear my first opera : Catholic Emancipation Bill : I meet Mme de Stael : I visit Portsmouth : On board the *Puissant :* See Nelson's ship, the *Victory :* Splendid news of glorious victories : Reading hard now : I become 6th Senior Optime : Severe weather of 1814 : Kean in " Shylock and Richard III " : John Kemble as Brutus and Charles Kemble as Mark Anthony : The Thames is frozen over and a Fair held : I am offered a company in the 2nd East Suffolk Militia and pay £10 for my share of the band : Peace follows before we are called out : Capture of Paris : Peace Demonstration in Piccadilly : My father consents to my journey to France : Rev. J. R. Wilkinson agrees to go with me : We land at Dieppe 9th May, 1814 : Toulon : Palm trees, Vines, Olives, Oranges and Lemons : Quail used as decoys : Hyeres Islands : We discuss Buonaparte : Barbary Corsairs : Genoese coral fisheries : Nice as the first town of the Sardinian Dominions : Monaco : The Prince and his 9,000 subjects : News of Napoleon : San Lorenzo : Fleas : Leghorn : Fine street and canals : Wonderful alabaster : Women of Leghorn and Provence : " Gray Friar's " cattle : Indian Corn : Pisa and its wonders—galley slaves, churches, mosaics, Baptisterio, Campo Santo, and Campanile : Armour for 300 men : More news of Napoleon : We embark for Elba.

S.E. END OF THE REV. C. J. IVES' HOUSE IN BRIDGE STREET, BUNGAY WHERE CHATEAUBRIAND STAYED IN THE WINTER OF 1795.

From a painting by Charlotte Ives.

January 14th.—The Rev. John Clement Ives of Bungay dies, suddenly, at his house in Bridge Street, aged 68. He was the friend and patron of Chateaubriand, when exiled in England in 1793.[1]

February.—In the evening of the 27th I was in the House of Lords—the subject of debate was whether or no Death should be made the punishment of the convicted Luddites and Nottingham rioters. I heard Lords Liverpool, Harrowby and Eldon speak *for*, and Grosvenor *against* the proposed bill for making the offence capital. It was, I believe, the only time that the celebrated poet, Byron, ever spoke in the House of Lords. He was embarrassed and hesitated much, but his voice was most pleasing in its tone and his language eloquent and feeling. His fine head and face, his youth, and even his hesitation, told much in his favour, and he was loudly cheered by Lord Holland and others of the Opposition.

Kembles.—On the 29th, I saw Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* splendidly acted—John Kemble was Brutus; Young, Cassius; and Charles Kemble, Mark Antony. It was one of the finest performances I have ever heard.

Murder of Spencer Perceval.—Spencer Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was assassinated on the 11th May, by a Liverpool broker named Bellingham. I heard the Earl of Dumfries say, "It was

[1] See Appendix, pp. 231-235.

an interposition of Providence to save the country." This Earl is now the Tory Marquis of Bute.

Belzoni. May 15th.—I saw Belzoni exhibit feats of strength and dexterity at the Exhibition Room at Cambridge. His fame as an Egyptian discoverer and antiquarian was not then foreseen.

Louis XVIII.—On May 26th, Louis XVIII of France, then calling himself Comte de Provence, visited the University. As brother to the beheaded Louis XVI, he was, to the gownsmen, an object of great interest and respect. He seemed much pleased with the colleges and with the attention he received. When he saw Mr Pitt's room at Pembroke College, he appeared wrapt in admiration and said to us gownsmen who were standing round, "*Look at that room.*" He could speak but little English, and evidently meant by this short speech to tell us to admire the character, and follow the example of that excellent statesman.

Lord Liverpool's Administration. June 8th.—Lord Liverpool's administration came into power after a month's negociation since Perceval's assassination.

Sir Sidney Smith's Marine Cottage. July 14th.—Went with my tutor, W. Hustler, a fellow of Jesus, and several friends to Dover. We took possession of Sir Sidney Smith's marine cottage, contiguous to the East Jetty, under the Castle. It was an oddly arranged combination of small buildings, formed of stone and roofed principally with old boats. My two rooms were in a separate turret, my sitting room fitted up like the interior of a Turkish tent, through whose opening I passed by door-windows on to a Balcony, from which at early morning I could run to the Pier and plunge into 12 ft. of water. William Hustler was our Tutor and Chief.

While in Dover, we were rejoiced by the news of Wellington's victory over Marmont at Salamanca, and his entry into Madrid and much other good news, Spanish, Russian and American. Several times on still evenings I viewed numerous fleets under convoy, sailing up the Thames from the East and West Indies; magnificent sights!

Bible Society Meeting.—A Bible Society Meeting presided over by the Earl of Liverpool took place while we were at Dover. Wilberforce, was present, infirm, and not intending to speak; but he was enthusiastically called for as the Liberator of Africa, and he spoke beautifully. His two elder sons were with him and shewed the most affectionate and boyish delight. Notwithstanding our various amusements and employments, we contrived to read Mathematics, the object which brought us here.

October: My old friend and schoolfellow James Yeames had arrived in London from Petersburg, and on 14th October, after a six years absence, we had a joyful meeting at St Paul's Coffee House. Next day he moved to the Tavistock. We continued here till the 19th. Heard Lord Byron's Address on the opening of Drury Lane New Theatre. At a Bookseller's shop in Holborn during my stay in Town, I met with a copy of that day's published *Rejected Addresses*. I opened accidentally on this passage which fixed itself and the attendant circumstances on my mind:—

> "All hail to this twelfth of October,
> One thousand eight hundred and twelve;
> Let Sobriety cease to be sober
> And Labour to dig and to delve."

Cambridge. October.—I returned to Cambridge on the 23rd, and entered upon my third year and third set of rooms (the founders). I was more

regularly industrious this term than in any of the preceding ones.

Our Dover party used to breakfast at each other's rooms in rotation every Sunday morning during the term after our return to Cambridge.

Panfield.—On Christmas Eve, having hired a horse of Sparrow for my whole excursion, I rode from Cambridge to Panfield, 33 miles without stopping. I passed the last seven days of the year there with my old Tutor.

1813

January 1st.—Rode to Chelmsford and next day to Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, London, where I continued with James Yeames till the 14th, frequenting theatres and seeing the sights of the Metropolis. Poor old Mrs Harrison of the Tavistock, though too fond of the brandy bottle, was very kind in looking after us young men who were her guests.

Sidney College set on fire.—On the 15th, back to Cambridge. On the night on which the B.A. degrees were conferred, Sidney College was set on fire, and Kendall, who had that day taken his degree, was accused and committed for the crime. He was son of Admiral Kendall, and member of Sidney and heir to £3,000 a year.

Trial of Kendall.—The trial took place on the 16th March. I was there six hours. He was defended by Sir W. Garrow, and acquitted amidst the cheers of both Gown and Town. He had been firm till this moment, but was thoroughly overpowered by the sympathy.

London. April 20th.—I went to London, and with Yeames heard my first opera. He introduced me

next morning to the two great "Lions" of the day —a Russian officer who had gone through the whole of the campaign of 1812-1813, and his Cossack orderly. On the 22nd, I went to my friend Gaussen's place at Brooknams near Hatfield. 5,000 acres of land belonged to it. He farmed 300 of them himself. Our party consisted of 14. Mrs Canning, aunt to George Canning, and Miss Gaussen were of the number.

On the 23rd and 24th we went to the races held in the Hoo, the park of Mr Brande, M.P. for Hertfordshire. We formed part of the 400 guests who dined in his house the first day. On the 26th returned to London and on the 27th to Cambridge.

The Bill for Catholic Emancipation was the great political agitating subject of the year; but it was lost in the Commons.

Mr & Mrs Thompson Bonar, Yeames's most intimate London friends, were murdered this month.

Mme de Staël. July 1st.—I met Mme de Staël at her Bookseller's in Bond Street. I had asked for her not yet published *Essay on Suicide*. It was already printed and she said to the Bookseller, "Let the gentleman have one."

Portsmouth. July 4th, 5th & 6th.—I stayed at Portsmouth, and with Captain B. N. Page and Mrs Page went on board the *Puissant* at Spithead. I saw the Block Machinery, attended a court-martial on a sailor who had mutinied on board the *Gladiator*, and lunched on board the *Royal Oak*, with Lord A. Beauclere (now Captain) and Earl Spencer, Sir R. Breherton, Sir P. Parker, Admiral Foote, etc. I went to Ryde on the evening of the 6th, Newport and Cowes on the 7th. I had engaged John Altz, of Jesus College, for my private tutor for this long vacation. Musgrave of Cork Co. and Caius College,

J. Holmes of Benet College, and Bungay, Archdall of Emmanuel, G. Pearson of Litchfield, and Randall Burroughs of Emmanuel were Altz's other pupils. He engaged a house, lately occupied by the Marquis of Wellesley, at Cowes. Our reading campaign began in earnest on Monday the 12th. I aimed at a good Senior optime and no more.

On the 24th Altz, Holmes, Burroughs and I took a boat to Southampton, and on the 25th, Sunday, had a delicious walk through Lyndhurst and the 500 year old *New* Forest to Lymington, whence we returned by boat to Cowes.

August 22nd.—Holmes and I went to Spithead and lunched on board the *Puissant.*

Yeames continued in London all this summer, perseveringly soliciting the Consul-Generalship of the Russian Ports in the Black Sea for his father.

October 11th.—We all visit the Portsmouth dockyards. 4,000 men are employed in Portsmouth dock, only about 50 in the block machinery. Steam engine which works the whole is a 30 horse-power engine. Largest anchor now making is 96 cwt. Rope house 1095 ft. long. Saw *Victory*, Nelson's ship, etc.

Holmes went on to Bungay, the rest of us returned to Cowes. We left on the 15th October.

On the whole, our three months residence there had been very agreeable and profitable. We had varied study by pleasant excursions, boatings, bathing, and occasional balls at Cowes and Ryde, at one of which the beautiful Countess of Craven greatly pleased us. By Southampton mail we travelled to London. I passed the 16th with Yeames, and at 5 o'clock next morning was in my rooms at Cambridge.

All this summer, autumn and winter were a tide of news of the most glorious victories. That of Leipsig on the 19th October, reached us on the 4th

of November. On the 1st I dined in Trinity Hall with 250. I sat next Spencer Perceval, the amiable son of the murdered minister.

London. December.—On the night of the 15th, I went up to London by mail with Altz, spent the 16th with Yeames, and saw the Indian Jugglers and went to Drury Lane theatre.

December 17th.—With about 150 other University men in procession in our caps and gowns to Carlton House, to present to the Prince Regent an address of congratulation on the splendid victories of 1813. We were received by the Regent on his throne, surrounded by the Duke of Clarence, Lords Liverpool, Castlereagh, Hertford, etc. We had in our train the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Palmerston, etc., etc. Dr Rutzen was my companion in the procession. I returned to Cambridge on the 18th with him and "Old Holm" of Emmanuel. I bathed in the cold bath in Peter House Garden almost daily in November and December. Often the mat was frozen to the ground whilst I was bathing.

1814

January.—In the 2nd week of this year, I was reading hard and was a prey to headaches in consequence. Sometimes I felt so fagged that I could not look at a book. The week before the exam. my head-ache and languor increased so much that I had actually determined not to go to the Senate House. Happily my friends dissuaded me, and induced me to relax from reading during the latter part of that week and take my chance. I did so and regained strength and firmness by the Monday morning, the first day of the examination. The cold was most severe this week, and such quantities

of snow had fallen that letters were delayed four and even five days.

I was cool—mentally, I mean—certainly we were all cool enough in body, in the fireless Senate House. I did as nearly as possible what I expected, and Saturday the 22nd declared I was 6th Senior Optime; 25th of the Honours. Considering in what idle and dissipated society I was thrown, against my own inclination, by being sent up as a Fellow Commoner of Emmanuel with almost unlimited command of money, and how idle I consequently was for two years after I came to Cambridge, I felt and still feel that I had good cause to be satisfied. My father was disappointed, having had most extravagant expectations of what I was to accomplish.

January 13th was a day of general thanksgiving for the victories of the past year.

The severe weather and masses of snow confined me at Cambridge till the 2nd February. I then went with Yeames to London. The theatres were particularly interesting at this period. I saw Kean in Shylock and Richard III—his two best characters. On the 4th, John Kemble as Brutus, C. Young as Cassius and Charles Kemble as Mark Antony. It was one of the finest personifications I ever saw.

February 4th.—We walked across the Thames on the ice! There was a Fair on it. I attended at Chapel Royal on the Sunday mornings to the Prince and the Court. On the 23rd Yeames and I went to a Theatrical Dinner of Performers. It was forced and flat in its wit and speeches.

About this time T. S. Gooch, M.P., and Colonel elect of the 2nd East Suffolk Local Militia, offered me a company in his Regiment which I accepted. I received my Commission and bought a portion of my equipment, and paid £10 for my share of the

Band. But peace followed so soon that we were never called out.

Cambridge. March 1st.—I went from London back to Emmanuel, where the Master and Fellows offered me the use of my rooms in College for two terms after my degree, a peculiar mark of kindness which I gladly accepted.

April 6th.—As I was walking before breakfast, this bright Spring morning, on the Trumpington Walks, I heard the clashing of St Mary's Bells and eagerly ran to my rooms to see the News. It was nothing less than the capture of Paris by the Allied Armies. From this moment we were all intoxicated with delight. I immediately looked forward to a visit to Paris.

April 18th. Easter Sunday.—My American friend, Emlen, now returned as promised Secretary of Embassy to England, dined with me in Emmanuel Hall this day. On the 19th to London to get requisite information about a trip to France. On the 20th I was present at one of the most heart-stirring scenes I have ever witnessed. Yeames and I, with a vast crowd of most joyful spectators, were stationed in Piccadilly opposite to the Hotel on whose Balcony were the Princess Charlotte of Wales, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, the Duchess d'Angoulême, sister of the Emperor Alexander, many of the Royal family of England, Madame Moreau, etc., etc. Here we saw Louis XVIII and the Prince Regent (George IV.) enter London in the same carriage; one of the most exhilarating triumphs ever witnessed. Every one wore a white cockade in respect to the restored Bourbons.

At Bungay. April 19th.—A grand dinner and ball at the Tuns Inn to commemorate the downfall of

Tyranny and Bounaparte, and the Restoration of the Bourbons. At the dinner, just 100 gentlemen and tradesman sat down. At the Ball there were about 120 of all ranks present. The whole went off with great harmony and sociability. The Stewards were John James Bedingfield, Esq., Capt. Beauchamp, John Cooper and P. L. Powell, who presided at the Dinner tables. Mr Bedingfield and Mrs Powell opened the Ball.

On the 23rd, I went from London to Bungay, but stayed only until the 27th with my father, who gave his full consent to my journey to France. The interval from the 28th April to the 6th May was spent in making preparations for my Tour. I was in London, at the Tavistock. The Rev. J. R. Wilkinson and I met, found our views were similar, agreed to travel together, and on the 6th May went by Lewes to Brighton and on the night of the 7th we embarked for Dieppe, where we landed on the morning of the 9th. From this day to the 25th October, I was in France or on the Mediterranean, or in the North-west of Italy. I kept a detailed journal of the whole of this delightful Tour.

[*Editorial Note.*—
Of this detailed journal, the first three books are missing, the fourth commences on the evening of September 5th.]

September 5th.—After dining at the Table d'Hote of the Cruix de Malte, we agree for horses to take us to the Cistat, and leave Toulon at 5 o'clock in the morning of Tuesday the 6th.

Our horses were "Mauvais criquets" and our walking guide led the way with ease. We passed through a succession of beautiful vallies surrounded with lofty barren rocks, through the openings of which we had occasional fine views of the dark blue sea. I saw a few palm trees for the first time, but the

mingled hues of vines, olives, mulberries, orange and lemon and capers, delighted the eye on every side. We stayed in a vineyard to eat grapes and see quail catching. Numbers of quails, whose eyes are put out to prevent them being afraid to chirp, are kept in cages attached to lofty poles in the centre of an enclosure. Around these are other poles to which are suspended very fine nets. The nets, scarcely visible, are hung in folds, and are about 15 feet high. The quail catchers brush the adjoining grounds, and the quails, alarmed by the noise and attracted on the other side by the chirping of the call birds, fly into the nets, in the folds of which they are instantly entangled.

We were at 10 o'clock still an hour's ride off La Cistat, where we were surprised by seeing Watson, and one, Captain Jarabolle, at the village of Lecques. The ship was brought up here to receive us. We bathed, dined, and laid in our stock for the voyage and embarked at 3 o'clock. At a quarter before 4, we weighed anchor with a fair wind, and at 9 were in the midst of the Hyères Islands, having traversed a space of sea well known to the English Fleet. La Cistat, a small town which we left to the west, has docks for building merchant-men and even frigates.

The crew of our ship consisted of 11 Genoese, and we were 16 passengers—one English, 2 Scotch, 3 French, one German, 2 Russians, 2 Romans and 5 Greeks. The latter were sailors from the Morea, habited in a kind of short petticoat tied at the knees, no stockings, a close fitting vest of brown cloth, and short linen jacket over it, red caps and checked kerchiefs on their heads. They squat down in Turkish fashion, and when they eat from the dish of mingled fish, herbs and oil, placed in the middle of them, each helps himself with his fingers. Two Italian Officers, a French architect and his family

going to Elba to settle there, and a Tuscan priest and his élève, were the most prominent of my companions. We had debates this evening upon the military and political character of Buonaparte. The Italians sang, and are cheerful, good-humoured fellows. Our vessel is called a tartane, has three masts, and is rigged with latteen sails—she is about 40 tons burden.

Frejus. September 7th. Wednesday.—We find upon turning out at 6 o'clock that we were off Frejus, the spot where Buonaparte landed from Egypt and where he embarked for Elba. For fear of storms, and of Barbaresque corsairs, we always coast along near the shore, which is a flat rich valley for two miles, and then mounts into lofty rocks : in the rear, above a circle of clouds, are seen the snow-covered Alps Maritimes.

While we were enjoying the view and our tea and sausages, we passed some Genoese boats employed in the coral fishery. The fishermen grope about with a cross of iron, attached to a long stick till they entangle the cross ; they then draw it up with the hope of finding coral.

We pass the mouth of the Var, whose handsome bridge attracts our attention. The Var dividing France from Italy and Nice is the first town of the Sardinian dominions. Villefranche, which we gained by 2 a.m., has a fine harbour, capable of containing ships of 130 guns. A fishing boat passed us near Nice, bearing the flag of his Majesty the Emperor of Elba. It is white, with a broad red diagonal stripe, in which are three yellow bees. A contrary wind blew all night and the following morning we found ourselves at anchor in the harbour of Monaco.

Monaco. September 8th.—We landed at Monaco at 7, bathed in the sea under the shades of pome-

granates, and then set out to explore and breakfast. Monaco, and an extent of country ten miles long, containing the towns of Boule and Menton, is an independent principality. The whole state contains 9,000 inhabitants. The Prince, restored by the Peace of Paris, is about to return, and the people seem rejoiced and are making preparations to receive him. They are under the protection of France, they like the French, but hate the Piemontese and Savoyards. We visited the palace of Prince Joseph Grimaldi de Monaco. It is not very splendid, but contains some good rooms, all dismantled and now repairing. The walls of the grand courtyard were painted very gaily with Satyrs, Tritons, Nymphs, etc., from top to bottom. A handsome marble staircase, in the model of that at Fontainebleau, conducts to the grand apartments. We were shown a room of State in which the Duke of York died. The rooms of the Court ministers resemble the lodgings of the grooms in a gentleman's house in England. The inhabitants of this State are exempt from all taxes, except 25 sous per load of wheat and 25 sous per barrique of wine on importation. The Prince has always a French guard of 600 men, which is the whole amount of his army. The language here is a mixture of French and Italian. Upon entering the gate and drawbridge of Monaco our names and professions were demanded and registered, as well as our age, dwelling place, and places from whence we came and to which we were going.

A superb road which runs over rocks, and in one place under a rock, from Nice to Genoa, passes just above Monaco. It was constructed by Buonaparte, who probably did not fancy he was working for the King of Sardinia and the Prince of Monaco.

September 9th.—In the morning after breaking down our host's bill and abusing him, for which he

became ten times more civil, as is the case at French Inns in general, we embarked at 8. The wind was fair at first but soon changed, and we were obliged to put back to Monaco where we re-landed at 5 p.m. Our landlord's civility increased, and we remained there for another night.

September 10*th*.—We sail again from Monaco at 6. Passing Bordighiera at 1 p.m. about twenty large fish swim past us; our crew insist they are Dolphins. I think them Porpoises.

Albenga.—The wind failed at night, but not till we had come to the little island of Albenga. English frigates used frequently to land parties, destroy batteries and stores, and make prisoners on the coasts of Genoa, Tuscany, Corsica, etc. The prisoners being useless, they landed them on the Isle of Albenga, a barren rock, but within hail of terra ferma. One of our crew, the Corsican, was so served. The English, he says, treated him well, but the Albengetes would not bring him off the rock until they were convinced he had money enough to pay them.

Sunday.—We were still in sight of Albenga this morning, but a breeze springing up induced our Captain to go wide and strike across the Gulf of Genoa for Porto Fino.

We were just finishing our dinner when a black gathering of clouds to the North, and vivid flashes of lightning, announced an approaching storm. All our canvas was immediately taken in and our stay sails hoisted. We awaited the storm in silence. The thunder soon pealed awfully and the rain fell in torrents, but the odour of our crowded cabin was worse than the storm, which was over in an hour.

I wrapt myself up in my cloak and slept soundly on deck till midnight, when it blew a perfect hurricane and the sea dashed over our vessel.

These storms are very common in the Mediterranean, and the Captains, knowing the forerunners, precautions are almost always taken to prevent disaster, with success; but in Winter, the crew are often obliged to cast out a part of their merchandise.

At 9 the following morning we land at the town of Lerici. But little French is spoken here. There is a prevalent idea that the Genoese Republic is going to belong to England. The inhabitants are filthy, both in their persons and dress.

We made an excellent breakfast off golden mullet, an admirable fish, very common on this coast. An English transport entered the harbour at noon and landed a party of the 14th Regiment of Infantry, coming from Genoa, and also Lord Yoxford and Messrs Fowler and Blacker.

Buonaparte.—The Captain of the Transport carried over Madame Bertrand lately to Elba, and was at the General's to dinner with Buonaparte. Buonaparte was in good health and spirits and was very jocose upon his little kingdom. The sailors of the transport were waiting outside, hoping to see him. Buonaparte observed this, and immediately went out among them, and said to one in English, "You are an Englishman?" "No, sir, I'm an Irishman." "Ah, that's the same thing," said Buonaparte, and wished them good day.

We strolled about the town. There is nothing remarkable about it. Some very tasteful country residences in the mountains and a tannery in the town. Scarcely anything but Buenos Ayres hides are tanned here. The largest are tanned in 6 months. Cold water is used with the oak bark, and some chemical ingredients. I am told that the Royal Tannery at St Germains en Laye is the most celebrated in France. It possesses a chemical secret which tans with superior

goodness and rapidly, and a hide which raw weighs 120 pounds is finished in 15 days.

One of our Italian passengers, Molinari, ordered dinner at the Croix de Malta. The Parmesan eaten with vermicelli soup is a good dish. A salad composed of pounded walnuts, bread toasted and minced fine, garlic, onion and pepper and vinegar, pleased us much, as did the whole of our dinner. Molinari is well informed and always pleases except upon Military topics, on which he tells us most wondrous marvels. He said to-day that he saw 400,000 *men in single line at the Battle of Bautzen*. He also amused us with some rather novel accounts of the English Constitution. In the evening, we take a boat and row across the bay to San Lorenzo. It was a beautiful night and our party sang in unison, on this still lake, with delightful effect. The church of San Lorenzo, hung elegantly with crimson satin and gold, is very handsome. The people were singing their vesper hymn. We finish our evening by reading the Newspapers of Genoa, now again printed in Italian, and learn that Norway is in peace and Ferdinand restored to the Archdukedom of Florence.

Leghorn. September 13th, Tuesday.—We sailed this morning at 6½, in almost a dead calm, and at 2 get sight of the Isle of Elba. The wind was so faint that we did not anchor in the harbour of Leghorn till midnight. Such numbers of fleas invaded us, from a new imported blanket lying near me on the deck, that I literally did not close my eyes all night. I killed 19 at daylight and there were at least 50 more. The proverb "it is but a flea bite" is meant to express a trifling evil, but 50 incessant flea bites is a most serious torment. I anxiously watched the return of day and clean linen on shore.

September 14th, Wednesday.—At daylight I gradually discovered the forts surrounding the harbour and the numerous merchant ships in the roads and port.

At sunrise were hoisted from them the flags of England, Spain, Denmark, Sardinia, Turkey, Elba, etc. We soon prepared for debarkation. An Officer de Santé came on board and passed us in review, taking our certificates of our having come from a place free of plague and other contagious disorders. We were then conveyed to a kind of Lazaretto at the water's edge, and were obliged to remain in durance vile till our certificates were further examined and approved. All of us were then put under a military guard, and marched through the town to the Hotel of the Commissioner of police, to have our passports examined. We then walked quietly to the Hotel of the Black Eagle, and had a breakfast à l'Anglaise. Douglas found here an acquaintance, Major Maxwell, R.A., and Captain Smith, who joined us afterwards in our promenade. They are come from Genoa and are going to Elba to see Buonaparte. We endeavour to avoid joining them and their friend Colonel Lemoine, as in that case we shall form too large a party, which we understand Buonaparte is averse to receiving. One or two he will sometimes invite to his table.

Leghorn.—Leghorn contains 60,000 inhabitants. In no town in Europe, excepting Poland, are there so large a proportion of Jews.

There is a quarter called "Jews Quarter", filled with this nation. The Armenian Jews wear the costume of the country—i.e. silk vests, long robes and turbans. The Greek costume also swarms in every direction. We were particularly struck by the appearance of the fine long street, which runs wholly

across the town, and by the large square in the middle of it. Every street in Leghorn is paved entirely with flag stones; the houses are generally six stories high, and constructed of white stone; canals run into every part so that the merchandise is brought by water to the very doors of the warehouse. It is altogether a very clean, bustling and pleasing town.

The manufacture of coral and alabaster are the most remarkable objects of native industry. The works of the latter surpass all imagination. Maxwell and Smith took us to the show-rooms of Signor Maccari, where we saw vases of four and even five feet high worked with the most admirable elegance and immense skill. The expression of the countenances of the figures and historical groups is preserved as in a picture. These beautiful articles, in the making of which 106 men are constantly employed, are very cheap. In drawing back to admire an alabaster bust of Wellington, I knocked down three small urns and they dashed to pieces. I was expecting to have to pay at least 5 or 6 guineas, when Signor Maccari respectfully hoped that I would not think 3 dollars too much for the damage!

We made calls of ceremony on the English Consuls and the Governor of Leghorn, which they politely returned. We next went to Mr Darby's, my banker, a good-tempered John Bull without any of the roughness of that character. He received us very pleasantly and offered to do anything for us, as did the Commandant.

The women of Leghorn are singularly fair in general, much to our surprise, for their neighbours of Provence are almost mulattoes. They wear a kind of white veil hanging from the top of their heads, and descending over their shoulders, which looks very pretty. Their earrings are generally of immense

size. The Tuscan men are a fine intelligent set of people. Their hatred for the French is fully equalled by that they entertain for the Austrians.

The return of the Archduke is not much relished here; almost every Italian I have conversed with seems to desire the union of the little States of Italy into one grand kingdom. They observe that they have qualities which would make them respected by the nations of Europe, if they formed one kingdom, but that divided as they are, they are always the slaves of some great adjoining power. The manner in which the English were received here last week was most gratifying to an English heart. It is a fact that the people ran in crowds and embraced even the knees of our officers. They feasted and fêted both officers and men in the most generous manner.

We enjoyed our dinner to-day exceedingly after roughing it in our boat. The Florentine wine is pleasant, clarety in flavour, and makes good negus.

September 16th, Thursday.—The voitures of Leghorn are like our neatest post-chaises, except that the driver's seat is attached to the body of the carriage; they are very light and are drawn by one or two horses. We started at 6 a.m. in one of these for Pisa. The gates of the town were just opened and lots of carriages of all descriptions were coming in. For the first three miles, we might fancy ourselves in England. The houses, hedges, and everything had quite an English air.

Numbers of cattle, called "Grey Friars", are grazing on the marshes. Large beasts, their flesh very good.

The last 7 miles of our 15 mile journey, we pass through the richest country I have ever seen, and here good cultivation has seconded the gifts of nature.

Corn is more attended to than vines and olives. Yet the vines cover the elms and other trees, and rich festoons of ripe grapes hang in the most luxurious manner from one tree to another. The Indian-corn harvest is over here, and the people are threshing out the red pods in their farmyards. Women thrash them in the full sun—we saw 8 thrashing together on one floor; they kept time singularly well; 4 up and 4 down. The road is admirable and at 8½ a.m. we arrive on the banks of the Arno. We were particularly struck with the elegant and comfortable appearance of the town of Pisa. It now contains 16,000 inhabitants, and recently, we are told, the population amounted to 150,000.

We breakfasted à l'Anglaise and then hired a valet-de-Place and start a-lionizing. Walking through the market, we were assailed by women with bundles of hay. Travellers buy their hay and corn in the market, rather than purchase it at the Inns. Immense numbers of priests were parading the streets, much more lively looking than those of France. There is a college here in which are at present 60 priestlings.

Preparations are everywhere making for illuminations for the return of the Grand Duke, which seems, however, to give very little satisfaction. The Austrian troops oppress the Italians and levy contributions à la Francaise. The idea of Italy forming one kingdom is very popular and universal in Tuscany, but alas this must still be the work of years and perhaps of wars. That it will take place sometime or other, I feel persuaded.

There is a depot of Galley Slaves here; they were walking about the town purchasing provisions, chained two and two.

The Place dei Cavalieri is remarkable for a statue of Ferdinand de Medicis, and a woman who serves as a fountain. Her arm is life itself.

The Church of the Knights of St Stephens is adorned with a beautiful porphyry altar, some good pictures and the banners taken by the Knights from the Turks in the Crusades. The horse tail is also hung as a trophy over the entrance door.

We then proceeded to view the four wonders of Pisa, which are all in one square. The superb Mosaic contained in the Duomo is truly wonderful, but this, the Baptisterio, Campo Santo and Campanile, are all well described in the handbook called *Compendis di Pisa illustrata*. In the house of a private individual, we saw the ancient armour of 300 men. About once in eight years is a grand fête, at which 300 men clad in this armour have a great combat on the marble bridge. They fight in two divisions, that of St Mary and St Andrew. They use weighty wooden instruments in the shape of a guitar, but longer, which, holding with both hands in the middle, are used as shield and sword. They advance in solid columns, attempt to break the adversary's lines and to make prisoners. The majority of prisoners gained, decides the victory. The combatants are generally countrymen of the environs.

We take leave of Pisa at 2 p.m., much contented with it and its inhabitants. They are a fine, active, intelligent and industrious set of people.

Leghorn.—On our return, we meet many large barrels of coffee which are going from Leghorn to Florence. Provisions are excellent and abundant in this country. On re-entering Leghorn we met a funeral procession: all the mutes, bearers and hired followers were clad in black robes and masked with crape over their faces. We concluded our day with a 6 o'clock dinner at our hotel.

September 16th, Friday.—I see specimens of modern mosaics this morning which prove to me that in

Italy at least the art has not degenerated. I write till 2½ from noon, and then dress to dine at Douglas's friend, Mr Frazer, a rich banker. Our dinner party consists of Mr & Mrs Frazer, Colonels Lemoine and Douglas, Major Maxwell and Captains Smith and Scott. The dinner was quite in the English style; joints, wine drinking with each other, etc. We were stiff at first but grew pleasanter afterwards. In the evening, several other Englishmen joined the party and stayed to supper.

Buonaparte.—Almost all of them knew Colonel Campbell and Captains Usher and Tower intimately, and we had a great many authentic anecdotes of Buonaparte. Captain Usher has become an enthusiastic admirer of him; Colonel Campbell considers him a very lucky man, of common talents. Buonaparte conducts himself with the greatest familiarity to both of them—he tells them to ask any questions they like relative to his campaigns and his plans. He said to Campbell, "Do you consider Wellington the first general in the world?" Campbell replied, "Among your Marshals there are so many who have commanded large corps and gained victories, that perhaps it is doubtful who is the first General." "No," said Buonaparte, "Wellington *is* the first General." Usher said to him, "Did you not, Sire, excite America to war with us?" "To be sure I did; I wanted to have all the world against England: had I conquered her, I would have conquered all the rest, but I despise the Americans, and I hope now, with all my heart, the English will beat them."

Captain Tower of the *Curaçoa* gave a ball on board his frigate, and invited all the respectable people of Elba to it, except Buonaparte. About 10 o'clock, as they were dancing, off came the Emperor in a boat to the *Curaçoa*, and said to Tower, "What

have I done that you would not invite me? But, you see, I've come without invitation." He did not dance but seemed to enjoy the evening. When the band played "God Save the King", he hummed the tune. We had many other anecdotes this evening concerning Buonaparte, but I must trust to my memory for preserving them.

September 17th, Saturday.—We make our final arrangements this morning relative to our Elba expedition. Colonel Lemoine, R.A., Major Maxwell, R.A., and Captain Smith, are to accompany us. No difficulties are made to our embarkation and we agree to start to-morrow. The Imperial Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany arrived at Florence last night, and his return is celebrated to-day in Leghorn by a royal salute from the Castle, by crimson and blue silks displayed from the windows, and by processions in which the colours of Tuscany and a portrait of Ferdinand are displayed to the multitude, to make them shout. But there is very little joy here at Ferdinand's return. The people's great wish is that Italy should be *one* kingdom. After visiting the insipid show of joy which existed not, I walked round Leghorn in one hour and ten minutes. Douglas and I dined by ourselves, and in the evening strolled out to see the illuminations, which in the best illuminated houses consisted of two candles in each window! French and Italian illuminations are contemptibly poor and shabby.

[*Note by the Editor.*—

I include the following letter among the Scott papers on account of its connection with the history of France at this period, and the description it gives of the state of that country at the Restoration of the Bourbons. It was found in a miscellaneous

collection of letters belonging to the Mann family, one of whom married George Moxon in 1808.]

Paris, 27 *April*, 1814. *Rue de l'Universite*, *Faubourg St. Germain.*

My dearest friend M——, whose kind interest and tender friendship accompanied me to the last, whose idea has dwelt on my mind across the waves, and to this moment, you will readily conceive what my heart felt but my lips could not utter, on quitting your fine and noble England and with parting with my true Friend. But you will wave my gratitude and gladly proceed to finish the romance. I hope you have received four lines which I sent from Calais, to inform you of our shipwreck and of the loss of my portmanteau, which you had so kindly guarded and which I shall probably never recover.[1] This was a vexatious circumstance as the contents are valuable. I was literally obliged to enter Paris without a change of shoes and stockings. After travelling post two nights and one day, I arrived at Paris about two in the afternoon on Monday, the 25th April. I separated from my companions in the rue de Paix, late the Napoleon. I had only my person to take care of and after bathing aux Bains Chinois sur les Boulevards, I walked to the Thuilleries. On entering the gardens fronting the magnificent Palace, all the past appeared like a dream and I burst into tears.

Although in dirty boots, soiled linen, unpowdered hair and agitated spirits, I took courage in both hands, and proceeded to the apartments of Monsieur, now Lieutenant of the Kingdom. In a quarter of an hour I was admitted to pay my court to His Royal Highness, who received me in the most charming manner, saying to those around him, "Did not I tell you, he would be among the first." Then to me, "I announced your return yesterday to your daughter and assured her that we had always depended on you." I then gave Monsieur an account of the preparations for receiving the King at Dover, and quitted him to wait on the Duc de Berri in the Pavillion de Flora. His R.H. was not at home, but I spoke to his Valet de Chambre, who burst into tears at seeing me and entreated me to stay, as the Duke would soon return to dress, being engaged to dine with the Sovereigns.

[1] Since recovered.

He took me by a private entrance into the Duke's chamber —I looked at his bed and placed my card on his pillow, I kissed his blue ribbon, laying another card on that, I took up his shoes and placed a card in each; these precautions, I used, not intending to wait his return, but he arrived, rushed to my arms and cordially embraced me. I kissed his hand, we both wept, but neither could utter a syllable nor had I power to thank him for an attention, never to be forgotten. When he passed through Rouen, on his way to Paris, four hundred ladies were presented to him; when Madame de Caumant was named, he said, "You have a husband whom we particularly love and respect, and whom I consider as my most intimate friend. Permit me to salute you by that title." She presented Madame La Contesse de Clercy, my youngest daughter, whom I have never seen, to whom he said, "Madame, you will have a great acquisition in a new acquaintance, allow me to embrace you." Judge, my dear George, how such a favour introduces me again into Normandy and how interesting to me and my family! Can we help loving such Princes?

The Duke charged me to be with him at ten the next morning, being obliged hastily to dress. I have seen him every day since. Yesterday, I said gaily, "Monseigneur, if I emigrate again, I will try to return first as I learn that you have embraced my wife in my absence." And now, my dear Friend, prepare yourself for the effusions of my heart. On quitting the Duc de Berri's apartments on the day of my arrival, constantly in tears, I crossed the Pont Royal and walked to University Street, to the house of Madame D'Auverville, my eldest daughter, universally allowed to be the most amiable woman in Paris. I dreaded, though I ardently wished this interview. I knocked at the door, it was opened by a servant who had never seen me. I asked if Madame D'Auverville was at home? She was, but could not see company, being engaged to dine with the Princess de Bethune. I bade the man inform his mistress that a gentleman was below, whom she would be glad to see. My daughter understood all; she flew down, with her sons, to my arms. "My father, my good father, oh Heaven, is it my father?" Her emotions were so violent as to alarm me; at length we mounted the stair-

case ; my daughter supported by her friends who were visiting her and myself by two grandsons. She remembered not her engagement with the Princess. The day passed in tears of joy and caresses. I did not leave her house but retired to rest, certain of not closing an eye. Hearts must be of steel, my friend, to resist such scenes as these, and I am yet only half way, expecting to-morrow the arrival of my wife and my second daughter, Madame de Clercy, who is near being a mother. What shall I do ? What will become of me ? I should never have remembered my eldest daughter, Madame D'Auberville. She is neither fair nor handsome but has very fine eyes, as fat as Mrs Bland of Covent Garden, full of wit, talks like an angel and smiles like one ; she is adored by everyone. At Calais and at Amiens, I met the Duc de Fleuri and the Prince de Sorés, who said to me, "You know not what you have to expect, what a treasure to recover in a daughter. She was at Monsieur's court two days before my arrival. He chatted with her more than a quarter of an hour, before eight hundred persons, who were that day presented." Thus passed the Tuesday, the Friday and Sunday since the restoration of the Bourbons. A little patience, my dear George, here is my daughter again. She has handsome apartments at Paris to receive her numerous friends and to educate her two sons, who are perfectly well disposed. They are fine boys ; the eldest paints in oils like Daniel, the second has military genius. I hope to establish them. My daughter has an elegant and comfortable house near Armiens, called Proussel. Madame de Caumont has also preserved her country house. I am invited to eat strawberries by both parties. All property seems exhausted : the King of Rome and his papa have pocketted everything to carry to Elba, and we have nothing left but the roots we can cultivate. The revenue exists still, but the tax-gathers of Napoleon carry off all. I cannot, my dear George, detail now the condition of France, its politics, its commerce and the effects of the disposition of mind, and the tone of society which I at first experienced—these shall be the subject of a letter to my friend Sansom. Do me the favour to impart the contents of this to him, to all your family, and to Mrs Norman, with my regards.

You will judge, my friend, that I have not yet been

barbarous enough to name my return to England, but I shall see you again after having performed my duties here. I have a thousand things in my head ; I am satisfied and I am not ; our Princes are admirable and we constantly hear "Vive le Roi", but there are figures behind the curtain and we see persons whose real sentiments we cannot discern. Monsieur is much altered, much fatigued. I own it pains me to have constantly before my eyes, the creatures of Napoleon. The Duc de Malte, first gentleman to Monsieur, met me yesterday, "but you are not cheerful—no, because I see Monsieur surrounded by bad company." Yesterday, at court, I saw all the Marshals of Nicholas ; they were gilded like my Lord Mayor's footmen on public days and as insolent. Nothing is to be seen at Paris but officers with whiskers of all colours, orders and ribbons without end. I met a man yesterday with the decorations of eighteen orders. I have seen our friend, the Duc de Cadore, our friend Beal will laugh. I yesterday heard upwards of thirty addresses, of which the greater part were merely matters of course ; this is natural, all those who made their fortunes with that monster are attached to him ; they grieve to abandon and find it difficult to resign him. The deputation of the National Institute was sublime. Monsieur replied to it in a manner most amiable and dignified. All this was curious and interesting. As my eyes are frequently bathed in tears, I seize, if possible, an occasion to laugh and to excite mirth in others. Yesterday when the Grenadiers defiled before Monsieur, there appeared at their head, a little Grenadier of four years old. I whispered to the Duc de Berri, "May not this little child be the King of Rome disguised ?" Now, my friend, you shall have a singular anecdote. Yesterday, as I quitted the Duc de Berri's apartments, I heard the sounds of drums, music and prancing of horses. I stopped under the gate, a carriage with white horses drove up like lightning. It was the Emperor Alexander arrived to visit the Duc de Berri, accompanied by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia. The Emperor bowed low to me, and made a motion that I should go up before them. When I perceived they were such good lads, I followed in my Smithfield boots, which Sansom used to laugh at, and witnessed the ceremony, which went off wonderfully well. I chatted

a great deal with the two Archdukes. Constantine, the elder, said to me, "You are happy, General, in having so perfect a knowledge of the English nation." They are both charming young men. You will scarcely credit, my dear George, that on Sunday, Monsieur dined with Calincourt at the Emperor Alexander's, and on Tuesday the allied sovereigns dined with Monsieur in the midst of phenomenal triumph.

Would you have me see these things without sighing?

Adieu, I quit you, for I am fatigued and must take the air for a moment. Here are two anecdotes that have not yet reached London. On the day of the battles of Montmatre and at the Barriers of Paris, where the young scholars fought so well, the people were quite calm and the Promenade going on as usual, suspecting nothing till they heard firing and a standard was hoisted, inscribed, "The battle may be seen here for six sous each."

Madame La Maréchale Ney was at Monsieur's court, and made many apologies for not being dressed more splendidly and being obliged to appear without diamonds, as the Duchesse d'Angoûleme does not wear any. Monsieur assured the lady that such a figure as hers required no aid of ornament. La Maréchale is everything, quite the fashion. The Emperor is in love and passes all his time with her, which I think very scandalous. My happiness is cruelly interrupted, my dear friend. The respectable mother of Madame Caumont, aged 87, is taken ill; fears are entained for her life, and her daughter cannot leave her. She is at Rouen, struggling between duty to a dying mother and inclination to fly to me at Paris. The situation of my unknown daughter compels her to keep quietly at home. Monsieur de Clercy, her husband, arrived yesterday to inform me of these circumstances. He is a most charming man, and introduced himself in a noble and affectionate manner. Again, my dear friend, adieu. Your letters will reach me by franking them to Calais, you have my address.

PART FOUR
1814 ELBA

Passport difficulties : Ferrajo : Colonel Campbell : Fellow visitors to Elba : General Bertrand, Grand Marshal of France : Not enough chairs for six visitors : We call on General Drouent : Still a shortage of chairs : The Fort, Harbour, and the town : Napoleon's residence : Carpenters and masons at work : Bare rock before Napoleon's arrival : An old stable for a Ballroom : Napoleon's 24 Cavalry : Anecdotes about the great Emperor : His fear of the mob : Maria Louisa and a little boy : Produce of the Island : Napoleon's Country-house : The new Palace of Fontainebleau : Pigs, cows, sheep and poultry : Napoleon learns English : His restless activity : Children salute him with reed guns : His dread of assassination : We meet Napoleon : Fat, awkward, but magnetic : His shabby clothes but smart appearance : Napoleon talks to us for 22 minutes : His many questions : He takes off his hat to us : We call on the mayor : Napoleon invites us for another chat : We arrive too late : Our last view of the great man : " Madame Mère " : We meet Napoleon's mother : We embark for Leghorn : The Tuscan and the Genoese people : Nervi by moonight : We are stopped by Brigands, but our swords frighten them.

September 18*th*.—Embarked at 8 a.m., but a difficulty about Lemoine's servants not having passports delayed us an hour in the harbour. Our felucca was very small. There were thirty-two passengers, and each person was obliged to remain during the whole voyage pretty nearly in the same place in which he first fixed himself. However, conversation and the view of the coast, well-wooded, though not so bold as that to the north of Leghorn, amused us fairly well. We made many speculations concerning our fellow passengers, and according to our fancies distributed pretty liberally among them the characters of spies, generals, and assassins in disguise. The dark designing countenances, military air, and gloomy reserve seemed to justify our suspicions: but we discovered nothing about them nor their visit to Elba. They were partly French, partly Italian.

We reached the entrance of the habour of Porto Ferrajo at 9 o'clock p.m., too late to be permitted to enter it, and were obliged to sleep on the bricks of the small health office. This arose not from any unnecessary severity of the police, but from the regulations established throughout the Mediterranean ports to prevent the introduction of the plague.

Elba. *September* 19*th*, 1814.—We were liberated from our prison at 6 o'clock this morning, and discovered that the bay we had entered last night forms a particularly secure harbour surrounded by rocky hills and valleys of vineyards. We were conducted

under a guard to the auditory and police office, where our passports were examined, and our possessions and object in visiting Elba demanded. The answer, "To see the country", was deemed sufficient, and we were told we might go to any part of the Island we chose.

We had just finished our breakfast at Roland's Hotel, when Colonel Campbell called on us. He is a tall thin man, about thirty-five years of age. He was most polite, but gave us small hope of seeing Napoleon, who has been some days absent from Porto Ferrajo on a visit to Porto Longone, where, Colonel Campbell says, he shows himself very seldom. Colonel Campbell introduced us to Sir Gilbert Starling and Mr Campbell, who came here for the same purpose as ourselves.

They have had an interview with Napoleon. They were standing near the gate of his Porto Ferrajo house when he entered. One of his equerries was sent to ask who they were. They replied, "English travellers." "You are not Americans?" "No, sir, English." "Then the Emperor requests you to walk in." He received them in what is to be the ball-room, conversed with them nearly five minutes about themselves only, and then dismissed them by saying, "Hé, bien!" and turning abruptly away.

Colonel Campbell next introduced us to General Bertrand. This man, lately Grand Marshal of the Palace of France, was obliged to apologise to us because he had not enough chairs to seat six visitors. His room was very small and furnished with two chairs and a deal table. It was ornamented with prints of the battles of Marengo, Lodi, etc. This personal friend of Napoleon is about forty; he has a peculiarly mild countenance, a broad projecting forehead and clear, keen eyes (he obtained the first prize at the Polytechnic school, and is reckoned a

very great mathematician). He wore a plain grey coat with only the Legion of Honour riband, looked extremely neat and not much like a Frenchman. His voice is mild, his manner engaging and gentlemanly. He enquired from whence we came, our professions, etc., and hoped we would command his services if he could be of any use to us.

From Bertrand's, we went to the fort of Porto Ferrajo, in which is situated Napoleon's principal house, also the houses of his chief officers. Here we called on General Drouent, lately General-in-chief of artillery, and commander of "that arm" at Dresden, Leipsig and Brienne. He is of high reputation in the French Army. He begged Napoleon that he might accompany him in his retreat, and is now commander of this fort. He, too, could not give us chairs to sit down, and apologised in a contented, unembarrassed manner. Drouent (not Drouet, the postmaster's son) is a cheerful, lively man, has a great deal of action, and skips about quite like a Frenchman. He asked us all many questions, and with Campbell and Sir G. Starling, accompanied us to the top of the fort, which is certainly a place of great strength.

From here we had fine panoramic views of the harbour, the town and the north of the Island. In the former a large fleet of small vessels may remain in perfect safety during the most violent storm; the town contains 4,000 inhabitants; the houses are fairly good.

Napoleon.—Napoleon's residence consists of a central building, thirty feet high, which contains two good rooms and a wing on either side, twenty feet high. In these wings are several small rooms, which are to be used as bed-chambers, except one, which is set apart for a study. The carpenters and

masons are still at work here. Napoleon has made a garden about seventy paces long and twenty or thirty wide at the back and sides of this house. Before his arrival this spot was an entirely bare rock: the earth has been brought from the valley below. We walked long on the terrace and imagined it would prove a favourite promenade of the Emperor. Near the house lately stood an old stable, which has now been converted into a theatre and ball-room. In front are the barracks which Napoleon has given to his Imperial Guard. He has at present 2000 troops on the island (600 of the Imperial Guards and the Corsican and Elbese battalions). Many French and Italians are said to serve in these.

His cavalry amounts to twenty-four. The Imperial Guards stationed in Elba are quite the flower of that corps; they wear the same dress as formerly. Napoleon's house is situated just between the citadel and the fort, so as to be well protected.

Campbell tells me the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian commissioners were in Elba only about a fortnight, and that he alone remains. "I am not constantly here," he said. "I have rooms at Leghorn, and sometimes live in Florence." I asked him if Napoleon appeared contented. "Yes," said Campbell, "the fellow has a heart of steel." "Is it true," I continued, "that in his journey through the South of France to Elba, he changed dresses with his attendants to avoid the mob?" Campbell: "Perfectly true. The people were violently incensed against him; he betrayed strong signs of fear and said to me, 'Under any circumstances, it is a greater effort of courage and fortitude to live than to die. There are many in France who would rejoice at my death, some who would be sorry. I have resolved not to destroy myself, and—I certainly *do* wish to preserve myself from the fury of the mob.'"

SILVER EAGLE FROM THE UNIFORM OF ONE OF THE IMPERIAL GUARDS, STATIONED AT ELBA 1814

Most of the Islanders think that Maria Louisa has been with him lately. A lady and little boy came over from Piombino, went immediately to the Fort, and stayed in Napoleon's house for three days, during which time he never stirred out. Campbell says the lady is a Pole whom the Emperor knew at Warsaw, and the little boy is reported to be his and her son.

Colonel Campbell recommends us to go to Porto Longone; he will send the vice-consul, Domenico Zacharia, with us and give us a letter to Baron Jermanouski, a Polish favourite of the Emperor and commandant of Porto Longone.

The vice-consul was unable to obtain horses for us, so we walked from Porto Ferrajo to Porto Longone. We had first to cross the harbour bay. We then walked through rich valleys covered with vines. The mountains are ill-cultivated, but I think might be made to grow corn almost from the summits. We often robbed the vineyards as we walked along; the grapes here are without exception the finest I ever tasted. The fish of the Elbese waters are numerous, varied, and very fine in flavour. Fowls, meat, eggs, butter, and flour are imported. Salt is obtained on this island in abundance. We passed many pans. About three o'clock we came in sight of Napoleon's country house. It is small and the furniture of one room is singular. The ceiling is painted with the signs of the Zodiac, the ornaments are all Egyptian, sphinxes, etc. In the centre of this room is a fountain and bath. The former is a miniature of that at St Cloud. Colonel Campbell calls this house St Cloud, Porto Ferrajo the Tuilleries, and Longone the Palace of Fontainebleau, and adds that Napoleon has so named them himself. Attached to the country house is an enclosure for poultry, cows, sheep, pigs, etc. Napoleon attends much to them, also to agriculture

in general. He says he is determined to become a farmer. He asked Colonel Campbell for the English newspapers the other day, and also for an English grammar. "I do not expect to speak very fluently, but I wish to comprehend the language," he added.

I asked Colonel Campbell if he thought the Emperor was fulfilling his promise to his Imperial Guards at Fontainebleau on taking leave of them, viz: that of writing the history of their campaigns during his retirement in this island. Colonel Campbell thinks he is not yet doing anything of the kind. He rises generally at daylight and takes an immense quantity of exercise; he rides about and explores every hole and corner of the island till all his attendants are tired, and then he will set out on another expedition with a fresh horse until his dinner hour. After dinner he will sometimes walk in his room for two or three hours together.

"In short," Colonel Campbell says, "he seems to prevent himself from thinking upon his former state as much as possible." He sometimes sleeps for a short time in his chair in the forenoon. He eats a great deal, is particularly fond of fish; drinks his wine and his water separate like the English—of the latter he consumes a great quantity. A few nights since he went to Ferrajo and said he should return to dinner at six. However, he did not come back until eleven, and his attendants concluding he would have dined and slept at his mother's house, devoured everything except a few sardines. The Emperor, to their relief, laughed at the incident and ate the sardines. Yesterday during his promenade he met a young soldier, a lad of the Corsican battalion, and asked him if he did not wish he were eating chestnuts in Corsica. Corsica is famous for its chestnuts. The lad replied, "I like better to serve your Majesty in Elba." The Emperor smiled and passed

on. The same evening he was much amused with some children who were playing at soldiers in the road. On the approach of Napoleon they drew up and saluted with their reed guns.

Porto Longone.—We reached the town of Porto Longone at 4 p.m. It is smaller and much inferior to that of Ferrajo. The fort is placed on a lofty hill above the town. Napoleon occupies a house on the fort. He is at this time fearful of assassination. Two Irishmen were sent out of the country ten days ago by General Cambronne, the Governor of the Island. Napoleon afterwards apologised to Campbell, but told him the General had suspicions about them on account of reports that there were assassins in the neighbourhood. At the same time he reprimanded Cambronne for sending them off so abruptly.

The vice-consul procured a house for us in the country near Longone. We were resting ourselves in it, when a beat of drums from above and a signal from Zacharia announced to us that Napoleon had gone out riding. Full of hope of meeting this extraordinary man, we walked along the road by which we understood he would probably return. We lounged about for some time in anxious expectation, and had sufficient leisure to contemplate the scene around us. The evening was delightfully fine and a perfect stillness prevailed. Lofty abrupt rocks on the one side, and the fort and bay of Longone on the other, enclosed the rich valley of vines in which we were walking.

Single guards or gendarmes were posted here and there at the turning of the lanes; my companions were all in their military dress and decorations, and as we were conversing with some sentinels, and viewing others in the distance, they all agreed that the entire scene reminded them precisely of a party

of officers visiting the outposts on the eve of some awful engagement. Our feelings were somewhat in unison with this fancy—for, at this moment, though in expectation of the fulfilment of our hopes, we all felt a considerable degree of awe in contemplating the circumstances under which we were now about to see the man who, two years ago, at the gates of Moscow, could almost have truly exclaimed: "I have subjugated Europe."

At length (in half an hour) six horsemen appeared on the hill about a mile distant, and the delighted Zacharia, pointing to some object, exclaimed, "Voilà Napoleon!"

The cavalcade consisted of an armed avant-courier, followed by Napoleon, then two officers abreast and finally the Polish lancers. Suddenly they wheeled off by another road and disappeared. For another half hour we remained in suspense, and began to fear Napoleon would not return until the evening had drawn in. But again the cavalcade appeared among the hills and this time approached directly towards us. We were in a lane about five yards wide; as the Emperor advanced, we drew back and formed a line on his right, standing uncovered.

The Emperor.—Napoleon stopped his horse short and touched his hat. The *first* impression on my mind was—Can this be the great Napoleon? Is that graceless figure, so clumsy and awkward, the figure that has awed emperors and kings, has gained victory on victory, and the sight of whom has been equivalent to ten thousand men on the field of battle. Surely, it is impossible? That countenance—it is totally devoid of expression, it appears even to indicate stupidity. Such were the thoughts that rushed through my mind, and though I soon found

reason to change my opinion as far as his countenance was concerned, I still think the figure of Napoleon unmartial, clumsy and awkward. His height appears to be about five feet seven inches, he looks about forty-five years of age, has a very large corporation, and his thighs are large—out of all proportion. Campbell maintains that, though very fat, he is a well-made man. My companions are all of my opinion. He wore a cocked hat low over his eyes, which in some measure contributed to give him the appearance of stupidity at first sight. His hat is very high behind; low before; its brownness seems to indicate that it has seen many a campaign; it bore a cockade of white and red. His military coat was green, faced with red; the skirt of it began to slope off from as high as the waist, above that it was close-buttoned; and as his neck is very short, one could scarcely see his black stock. He had two shabby silver epaulettes, a shabby star on his breast, as Commander of the Legion of Honour, and the three small buttons of the orders of the Legion of Honour, Réunion, and Iron Cross. Under his coat appeared a red sash—the grand cordon of the Legion. His waistcoat, breeches and gloves were white. His boots were old and shabby, his silver spurs were fastened with black buckles. He rode a small brown Corsican horse, with holsters in his saddle, and a dirty bridle and bit. Although his clothes were old, his person looked clean and neat altogether, for his gloves, waistcoat and breeches were white as snow. He leans very forward when riding.

While talking with us, his horse suddenly lifted its hind foot. Napoleon turned quickly round as if he was nervous. He took snuff once only during the interview, from a small black box on which were three white cameos. His hand was particularly white, his fingers small and tapering. His hair is black and

hangs down very long in candle ends (to use an expression more expressive than elegant) over his coat collar. His eyes are blue and small, eyebrows black and rather large, his nose and mouth handsome and of moderate size. His chin is not very pointed, his complexion is pale with a yellowish tinge, his forehead square and prominent. Zacharia noted the time he conversed with us. It was twenty-two minutes. He spoke quickly and incessantly; it was impossible to write down everything he said. I will relate nothing but what I recollect perfectly:

Napoleon to Col. Lemoine: "De quel régiment êtes-vous?"

Lemoine. "De l'artillerie, Sire."

N. "Ah! Ah! de l'artillerie. D'où venez-vous?"

L. "De Gênes, Sire."

N. "Spencer commande là à present, n'est-ce pas?"

L. "Oui, Sire." General Spencer had been at Genoa only ten days before this interview.

N. "Et Bentinck—il va venir à Gênes? Y aura-t-il longtemps avant son arrivée?"

L. (understanding him to ask if he (L.) had been long there) "Trois mois, Sire."

N. "De quel grade êtes-vous?"

L. "Colonel."

N. "Qui commande l'artillerie à Gênes?"

L. "Moi, Sire."

N. "Et vous n'êtes pas Général?"

L. "Non, Sire; nous n'avons pas autant de Généraux d'artillerie dans notre service que dans l'armée Française."

N. "Oh, bien; combien d'artillerie avez-vous à Gênes?"

L. "Deux brigades, Sire."

N. "De combien de canons?"

L. "De six canons chaque brigade."

N. "Ay! deux batteries; votre brigade est la même chose que notre batterie." Then to Colonel Douglas: "De quel régiment êtes-vous?"

D. "Du 79me, Sire, un régiment des Montagnards d'Ecosse."

N. "On dit (smiling) que vous n'avez point de culottes, vous. De quel grade êtes-vous?"

D. "Chef de Bataillon."

N. "Aye, Lieutenant-Colonel."

D. "Oui, Sire."

N. "Mais est-il vrai que vous portez des jupes?"

D. "Oui, Sire."

N. "Les avez-vous ici?"

D. "Non, Sire."

N. "Je voudrais bien les voir." (To Major Maxwell) "Vous êtes aussi de l'artillerie? De quel grade?"

M. "Majeur de brigade, Sire."

N. (To Captain Smith): "Et vous—vous êtes tous trois de l'artillerie," (adding) "De quel grade?" (answering himself) "Capitaine."

N. (to the writer, J.S.) "Et vous êtes-vous militaire? De quelle profession êtes-vous?"

J. S. "Je suis membre de l'Université de Cambridge. Je ne suis d'aucune profession à present."

N. "Quoi? Camerige? Camerige? Ah, oui, vous êtes jeune homme—vous serez homme de loi. Aye, aye, vous serez Lord Chancellie. Skine—kini—Erskine—est-il toujours votre Chancellie?"

J. S. "Pardon, Sire (I could not hear the latter question distinctly, but on his repeating Erskine's name, I answered) "Non, Sire, il ne l'est plus. Le Lord Chancellie actual est Milord Eldon."

N. "Eldon? Ay, Eldon—oui, je m'en rappelle."

N. (To Lemoine) "Vous amusez-vous à Gênes? L'aimez-vous? Est-ce qu'ils vous traitent bien, les gens de ce pays-là? C'est un beau pays."

L. "Oui, Sire, nous sommes là assez bien."

N. "Avez-vous là de pièces legères."

L. "Trois, Sire."

N. "Etes-vous de l'armée de Sicile?"

L. "Oui, Sire."

N. "Comment va-t'-il en Sicile? Vous avez là toujours beaucoup de coups de stilette? (accompanying the latter sentence with the action of stabbing with his hand.) Avez-vous été dans cette Isle auparavant?"

L. "Oui, Sire, 18 ans passés, je suis resté ici environ 4 mois, et nous avons été aussi en Corse et à Toulon."

N. "Ay—vous connaissez bien donc cette Isle—ay—avec Montresor—et Elliot vous commandait? Celui qui était nommé Minto dernièrement, je crois; qui est mort en venant des Indes." (Then to Colonel Douglas): "Etiez-vous aussi en Sicile?"

D. "Non, Sire, je viens de Bordeaux; j'étois en Espagne avec l'armée du Duc de Wellington."

N. "Ay, ay, Messieurs—vous avez fait de très belles choses là, en Espagne." (This was said very deliberately—he added something about "braves hommes", which none of us understood, with a calm air of approbation and content. Then, after a pause, to Douglas) "Etiez vous avec l'armée de Moore?"

D. "Oui, Sire, j'y étois."

N. "Vos soldats aimoient beaucoup â boire là. Le vin étoit fort capiteux."

D. "Oui, Sire, nous voyageons pour nos agréments et sommes venus ici pour voir l'Isle."

The Emperor smiled, and then turning to me said: "Comment trouvez-vous l'Italie?"

J. S. "C'est un très beau pays, c'est un superbe pays."

N. "Comment êtes-vous venus ici ce matin?"

L. "A pied, Sire."

N. "A pied! Tout le chemin à pied! Vous devez être fatigués—mais non, ce n'est pas loin."

N. (To Douglas) "Il y a aussi votre 48me Regiment qui est habillé en jupes?"

D. "Pardon, Sire, il y a le quarante et secondième."

N. "C'est à dire le quarante-deuxième," good-humouredly. "Etes-vous Anglois proprement dit?"

D. "Je suis Ecossais, Sire."

N. (To Lemoine) "Et vous?"

L. "Anglois, Sire."

N. "De quel province, de quel comté?"

L. "Je suis de la comté de Kent, Sire."

N. "Ah, ah, vous êtes nos voisins."

Napoleon concluded this conversation by saying, with an air of great politeness, "Continuez votre promenade, Messieurs, amusez-vous—au revoir."

He then took off his hat, made us a low and long bow, and rode on. All the natives within sight were astonished at his taking off his hat, for he has never done so to any one since he came to the island. Our landlord told us he never bowed to man or spirit, and Colonel Campbell assured us that he had never seen him take his hat off to any one. We followed him with our eyes as far as we could see him, and then sent our letter to Baron Jermanouski and called on the Mayor, where at his desire we put down our names. We then returned to the country house and found dinner awaiting us. Of course the evening was passed in mutual congratulations, and in comparing notes and opinions upon the Emperor's figure,

features, dress, manner and conversation. During the whole of our interview there was a constant half-smile on his countenance which gives one a feeling of confidence and ease. His eyes are remarkably expressive and quick, his voice is deep, his entire manner indicates great talent and he certainly inspires respect. My companions are unanimous in the opinion that he has more the appearance of a clever, crafty priest than of a hero. Indeed his figure is decidedly the reverse of heroic. We were so delighted with the reception he gave us that I must confess we drank "Napoleon" unanimously, in a bumper, on our return—a part of the afternoon of which, upon reflection, I feel rather ashamed.

September 20*th*.—Thanks to Napoleon and the fleas we did not rest much during the first part of last night, and consequently Douglas and I were sound asleep when Captain Smith came at six this morning, to tell us that Napoleon was about to embark on board his brig upon an excursion to Pianosa, but that he had ordered Baron Jermanouski to send for us to be introduced at the Fort. We instantly roused ourselves for this honour, but Maxwell took so long at his toilette that when we got nearly up to the Fort with the Mayor, we found Napoleon had gone down to the shore to embark. We posted after him. He was standing on the sands in the Barbarossa creek with his arms folded, exactly in the attitude in which he is drawn in the "Adieu Malmaison" picture. A letter was brought to him, he read it attentively, and then, with his hands behind him, walked up and down, apparently in deep thought, while his attendants were embarking the luggage and camp equipage.

Meanwhile we were descending the hill as fast as the Mayor could walk. Unfortunately Maxwell's

laziness and the Mayor's slow paces prevented our being in time for a second conversation. Napoleon was waddling down to the boat as we arrived. His walk is quick but exceedingly awkward and rolling —two attendants appeared to lift him into the boat, which is a small English gig, presented to him by Captain Usher. There was a barge and a larger boat in attendance, with awnings and cushions, but the Emperor preferred the plain little English row-boat. The Mayor says this was in compliment to us. As soon as he observed us on the shore, he pulled off his hat and politely bowed two or three times, smiling. His brig is a mile off; he is going on a party of pleasure for three days to shoot and amuse himself in the island of Pianosa. He takes with him four ladies of Elba and twenty or thirty attendants.

We believe firmly that if we had been in time for the formal introduction this morning, we should have been invited to make ourselves of the party. But we have been so fortunate that we ought not to lament anything; yet we cannot help abusing Maxwell. The brig of war, the whole fleet of Napoleon, is appropriately named "L'Inconstant". We remained a long time on the shore looking at the boat which bore this wonderful man away.

We now examined the Emperor's carriages with which he had driven down from the Fort. One was a yellow barouche drawn by four horses, light and neat; the other a small, green, shabby German calash, with a pair of horses by no means good—indeed there was not one strikingly good horse in the equipage. Three Mamelukes were on the beach, engaged in assisting the embarkation. They were dressed and fully armed in the Turkish style. About ten of these men are remaining in Elba. Rustan, the chief Mameluke, refused to follow the fortunes of his master and remained in Paris. Napoleon had

also requested Caulincourt to accompany him to Elba, but was refused. We remained conversing with Baron Jermanouski and the Mayor until the boat of the Emperor was out of sight.

The Baron, who displayed more of his inveteracy against the Prussians than we cared to listen to at such a time, invited us to breakfast. The Mayor told me that a short time since Napoleon wanted a road (which I was remarking to be new) to be made in two days. The poor Mayor said, "I am only a man of common-sense, please your majesty, I am no engineer, but I will do what I can." He had it completed in the time. The Mayor often dines with the Emperor, who is generally the gayest of the party. He plays cards a great deal, viz: Boston or whist; his stake is always low; he won eighty-five centimes the night before last, and then exclaimed "A présent, je suis riche; je finirai." He generally goes to bed at ten o'clock.

The following is the copy of a letter sent by the Mayor to the vice-consul at five o'clock this morning:

"Porto Longone,

"20*me* 7*bre*, 1814.

"Mons. le Vice-Consul,

"Je vous prie, Monsieur, dès que des voyageurs Anglais se présenteront dans la Comune aussi distingués que ceux d'hier soir, vous limiter simplement a leur demander les noms et la graduation s'ils sont militaires. Les intentions de S.M. l'Empereur sont de faire procurer a ces Messieurs tous les avantages dont cette Isle est susceptible. Ainsi l'entrèe du Fort est libre pour ces Messieurs; et Mons. le Baron Jermanouski, Commandant d'armes, auroit desire de les voir. Veuillez bien, Monsieur, vous pénétrer de la presente, et j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer avec consideration.

"Le Maire, GARSUN."

This letter will serve, if not for a favourable specimen of the Mayor's French, yet as a satisfactory indication of the Emperor's intentions towards us.

The iron mines of Elba have been celebrated since before the existence of the Roman Empire to the present day. We are of course curious to see them and all mount on horseback and start for Rio. The mountains are rocky and lofty; the roads very bad; the vines are always rich and abundant; some are drying raisins for exportation now. We pass near a hermitage inhabited by a long haired hermit, near to which is a beautiful spring. All about the mines the earth is of a dirty reddish hue, and as we approach nearer, we find the ground covered with glittering bits of iron. When we arrived at Rio, the sun shone so brightly that we were dazzled by the millions of little reflectors around us. These mines are deemed inexhaustible; iron is found in every direction, on the surface of the earth even, and a great proportion of iron is contained in the ore. Some gold is mixed with it, but there is not sufficient a quantity to be worth working. The only operation performed here is the blasting and exporting. 210 men and 76 jack-asses are employed in this work. All covered with red dust, they look more like inhabitants of another and a lower region.

After leaving the sea-shore we climbed a lofty mountain from which we had a bird's-eye view of Elba and Pianosa, and we took a last farewell of the *Inconstant* bearing the Emperor Napoleon. He might easily escape from Elba in one of those cruises —but where to go? Hereafter, perhaps, to revolted Italy, to erect her into an independent kingdom.

We returned to our inn at Ferrajo at 3 p.m. and immediately received a visit from Arrighi, bishop and vicar-general. This man, with his crimson stockings and straight-cut purple coat, appears to me the most

fawning hypocritical courtier I have ever seen, and is reported to combine in his person all the bad qualities of the priest and the man of the world.

Napoleon's mother, aged sixty-four, but looking twenty years younger, gay and lively, drove out in her carriage and four this afternoon. We had scarce caught a glimpse of her face. She still possesses the title of "Madame Mère".

After dinner, Campbell came and stayed the evening with us, and of course we had more conversation about the Emperor. He never gets enraged now except when he talks of Marmont, against whom he is exceedingly inveterate. He blames Soult, says he was a very skilful general but not desperate enough, too afraid of sacrificing his men. I observed to Campbell that it was extraordinary that so clumsy a man should possess so much activity. He allowed it was, but added: "He and Usher and I have often been scrambling up the hills together; Napoleon has tumbled down—we have picked him up—he falls perhaps again, yet he always gets along amazingly fast." I asked, "Is his health good?" "Yes, always; about the time of his coronation, he had a violent kind of cutaneous disorder. His favourite surgeon cured him by applying a plaster to him from head to foot, and he has had remarkably good health ever since."

Many other anecdotes of this evening I have not the leisure to record.

September 21*st*.—We embark this morning in an Elbese felucca, after seeing a parade of the guards and bidding adieu to Drouent and Campbell. Among the passengers on board was a man who was for three years aide-de-camp to General Moreau and was imprisoned with him in the Temple.

He conversed much with me. He is returning from a visit to General Bertrand, whom he describes as one of the most amiable of men—and I can well

believe him. He told the General he thought Napoleon would not remain long in Elba.

"Ha!" said Bertrand, "en verité, mon Dieu, je vous trouve bien drôle que vous croyez cela. L'Empereur est à présent bien content, beaucoup plus qu'il ne l'était auparavant—et je suis bien sur qu'il restera toujours ici."

He blamed Moreau's disputed act of patriotism or of traitorship, was imprisoned with him in the Temple, entered the French army as soon as he was liberated, has served much under Eugène Beauharnais, whom he applauds most warmly, as do all, both French and Italians, soldiers and citizens.

The wind was fair but faint. I went to the stern and sat alone, viewing the Isle of Elba, revolving in my mind the various fortunes of Buonaparte and congratulating myself on having made so happy a voyage to the beautiful Island.

We did not arrive at Leghorn till half an hour past midnight and were obliged to sleep on deck and witness some curious scenes till 6 o'clock.

Leghorn. September 22nd.—My present military friends have a wondrous deal of nonsense about them, which they think is becoming the dignity of a British officer, and accordingly were excessively indignant at having to submit themselves to the necessary regulations of the health office. Lemoine made a great row which served only to detain us longer. He is a very self-willed capricious kind of man and an old sinner of the first magnitude. We called on the Frazers to-day, and they as well as Mr Darby were delighted at our success and curious to hear every particular.

What with calls on the consul, writing my journal and arranging to set off for Genoa, the morning was filled up till five o'clock dinner. I see this morning a Capuchin Friar who has resumed his ancient

dress, the first I have ever seen. Talk with Smith till bed-time.

Friday, 23rd.—I was to start at 6½ this morning by a Genoese boat in which I had taken passage for Watson and myself, but all night and to-day we have had a truly equinoctial gale with torrents of rain, so that the boat is unable to set sail. I accordingly sit down quietly and write letters, buy books, etc. The storm continues, and at 12, Lemoine informs me he has finished all his business here and will set off by land with me and Smith to-morrow morning. To this I agree and arrange accordingly. We dine at 5½ and walk to the Lazaret afterward.

September 24th.—We set off from Leghorn at 6ä. We (Lemoine, Smith and I) travel all this day in post. In Italy, contrary to what is the case in France, post carriages are let as well as post horses. These carriages are generally a kind of open calash, in which there is plenty of room for three persons inside and one or two outside, in front. We had two horses only and with them travel about 7 miles per hour. The prices for posting per post, for 2 horses is 10 paolis, for a carriage and postillion 6 paeolis. Nothing more is given but if you offer an extra paoli to the postillion much time will be gained.

From Pisa we go through Pisa Baths to Lucca. The richest scenery imaginable adorns the whole country. The vines hang in festoons from tree to tree all along the road, while the maize and corn, hemp and seeds which fill the fields could not be more luxuriant. White marble is abundant here; every cottage has some specimen of it in its architecture and even the mile stones are of marble. To-day for the first time I see the vintage begun. The fair faced Tuscan girls were treading out the juice of the grape with naked feet in large tubs. I do not know if this is an improvement to the flavour.

Pisa.—Much hemp is grown. We see it to-day in all its different stages from green herb to hempen cloth. The peasants and their wives were cutting, drying, beating, combing, spinning and weaving it before their cottage doors.

Lucca.—We arrived at Lucca at 11. The Palace of the Prince is a very large but plain and solid granite building. The Church has been much plundered by the French and now contains nothing remarkable. At 9 o'clock we reach Spezia, having performed 76 miles to-day.

There is a singularly rapid change in the appearance of the people on coming out of Tuscany into the Genoese country. From being lovely, handsome and well-made, they become sluggish, ugly to excess, lazy and almost deformed. The change in the quality of their minds is as great.

Sestri. September 25th, Sunday.—We started on mules before breakfast. There is no carriage road from here to Genoa—our path lies over a branch of the Appenines. We had vile animals and met with gross imposition everywhere. We reached Sestri (32 miles) at 2 o'clock and here hired a boat to take us by sea to Nervi.

On the mountains from which we had just arrived, we met two curious figures—the one a pilgrim going to Rome. He was habited in a black robe and three-cornered hat, a leather girdle round his waist, a long staff in his hand and a traveller's bag for his provisions and an extra shirt. He accosted us, offered us snuff, told of his pilgrimage and asked for alms. The other was a mounted traveller who seemed a perfect Don Quixote. He wore a kind of helmet, immense Jack boots and Crispin gloves and brandished a 10 ft. staff. He rode sedately past us—we could not learn who or what he was.

We coasted along a beautiful range of villages and picturesque country. Having had no time for breakfast or dinner, we make our only repast to-day off bread and cheese, in the boat.

Our crew encourage each other by frequent exclamations, sometimes invoking their own peculiar Saints, sometimes calling out "For the Service of our passengers" or "For our Good Masters", "By the aid of the Madonna", and the like.

Nervi.—We landed in the pretty harbour of Nervi by moonlight at 10 o'clock, and intended to take a carriage for the remaining 6 miles to Genoa. But not one light was burning—not one person stirring in the whole town at this early hour, so we were obliged to foot it.

Banditti.—We had gone about two miles, when eleven armed men dressed as sailors met us. Ten had guns slung round them which they brought in front as we approached. The eleventh had a large Club. They stopped! Lemoine called out "Che, voghete voi?" in a firm voice, and Smith and he shewed their swords. The first man answered "Felice notte, Signori", and they all passed on. Our suspicions at the time have been since confirmed: they were a banditti party on a plundering expedition. The Moon and my companions' swords saved our purses, if not our lives. Not a little wearied, we entered Genoa at 12 p.m. English soldiers were every where on duty.

Genoa.—Lemoine insists upon my making his house my home here. It is a palace, and one of the most comfortable houses I have been in since I left England. Its rent only 15 dollars per month! House rent is very cheap everywhere in the town and provisions not dearer in proportion. We feasted on beef-stakes, champagne and claret till near two in the morning, to make up for the fatigues of the day.

PART FIVE
1814

Genoa : Michael Angelo's "Virgin Bearing the Dead Christ" : A City of splendid Palaces and Churches : Can England keep Genoa ? : 12 miles of wall : Extreme immorality : Father and mother murder son for his money : Michaelmas Day Festival : Appenines : Suwarrow and his runaway troops : Tricks of Custom officers : Napoleon's farm-house at Morengo : Turin : Swords, buckles, chapeau-bras and hair tied up in silk : The King's procession to Mass : Few pictures in the public galleries ; most taken by French generals : No sale for busts of Napoleon : Ascent of Mount Cenis, 6 hours by diligence : Road made to order of Napoleon : The extraordinary Pas, Les Echelles : The Entrance to Avernus : Lyons : The Rhone : The taking of Washington : Chalons : "No complaints allowed, by order" : Dijon, everybody poor : Troyes : Villages ruined by the recent fighting : Nogent-sur-Seine : Napoleon's encampment.

Genoa. 1814. *September 26th, Monday.*—After breakfast, Lemoine takes me to call on Sir J. Dalrymple, the commandant of the place. He is a stiff unpleasant Scotchman, is severe and generally disliked by the army. He lives in a splendid palace here. We went on to Major Williamson, in whose house is a magnificent room, the fitting up of which cost £30,000, 20 years since. It is small but the many large mirrors make it appear immensely large. I never saw such a profusion of gilding, but it is so disposed as not to offend good taste. However, it is a standing monument of the owner's folly, for all the other rooms in the house appear shabby in comparison.

I there met Major T. Gamble, who was well pleased to see a townsman. We went out to Albaro, where he explained all the manoeuvres and actions preparatory to the taking of Genoa in March last. Never did the French act with so little courage or skill. They abandoned, in a most precipitate manner, a long track of most difficult country, where a handful of men might have defended every post. After much talk we returned and dined at 6 o'clock at Lemoine's. Smith was also of the party.

September 27th.—Gamble called for me, and I rode Smith's horse with him to Fort Speroni. We visited the new mole, lighthouse and arsenal, and returned to Smith's to dinner.

September 28th, Wednesday.—After breakfast I visited the Albergo de Poveri alone. It is a fine

Institution, 1200 poor are in it but it is badly regulated; the members are not clean nor are their apartments. The sculpture of Michael Angelo, "The Virgin bearing the Dead Christ", is truly fine.

I have, hitherto, during the last three days, avoided saying anything concerning the superb city of Genoa, in order that I might sum up an account of it after I had thoroughly seen it; but to-day I have purchased an ample description of it which renders it unnecessary for me to say much.

Genoa may be considered to come under three distinct points of view, i.e. as a city distinguished by the fine arts in its splendid palaces and churches, and the paintings and statues it contains. Secondly as one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, and thirdly as one of the most commercial.

The population of the whole Ligurian State is 300,000. Genoa and its suburbs possess a third part of this number. The old senators and nobles have built the most magnificent houses for themselves, and Palladio was the chief architect.

As a fortress, I am seconded by a majority of military men that Genoa would be impregnable with a garrison of 15,000 men, and the good disposition of the inhabitants towards the besieged troops. If the besieged troops had the command of the sea, not all the powers of Europe could subject them. Notwithstanding this, I should be sorry to see England attempt to take Genoa for her own. She certainly has the power of keeping it now, and the common idea of the Genoese is that she will do so; but the Genoese like it not, and it would prove a certain cause of quarrel between England and France. Even the Genoese desire to see all Italy united into one kingdom.

Nothing can exceed the ability with which its fortifications are constructed and planned. The

outer wall is 12 miles long, and was built in 6 years between 1626 and 1632.

The inhabitants are extremely dishonest and addicted to low cunning. There is a proverb that it takes nine Jews to make a Genoese. As for morality, never did I know of anything so depraved. Every man from highest to lowest forsakes his wife for his mistress, and winks at his wife's retaliating upon him by having her Gallant.

Last week a young man, son of a Genoese Innkeeper, returned home, having got his discharge from the French Army. He had been 6 years away and had amassed a considerable sum of money. To surprise his parents, he resolved to come home incognito, and lodge a night at their Inn before making himself known. He talked with them in the evening for a long time, and hinted that he had a good deal of money with him and should pay them very liberally next morning. He went to bed. The mother proposed to murder the supposed stranger and succeeded in persuading the father to perpetrate the deed while the son was asleep. They were undressing the dead body when they discovered a peculiar mole which proved to them that it was their own son! The miserable father immediately shot himself; the mother was taken into custody upon her own confession.

September 29th, Thursday.—At 4 a.m. I leave Colonel Lemoine, to put myself into a voiture of four places, which is to convey me to Turin in three days.

We were obliged to wait at the outer gate a few moments on its opening. Throngs of mules laden with merchandise were waiting outside the town, and the rush for the gate afforded amusing scenes of bustle and confusion.

This is Michaelmas day and is observed here by most as a festival on which no work is to be done. As the daylight appears we see numbers in their best clothes going to perform their matin mass.

My companions were a merchant of Milan; another of Turin, and a Major in the Sicilian army. The latter fought under the Austrian banner until the battle of Marengo. Mr Herriman, secretary to Lord Nelson, G. M. Fox, and W. Bentinck successively, a very respectable old gentleman whom I met yesterday at Lemoine's, gave me an introduction to the Major, and consequently we became friends at once.

Liguria.—For the first 12 miles we pass through a series of villages. From Campo Marone we begin to ascend the Appenines mountain, Bocchetta. All the inhabitants of Liguria are generally ill-dressed and as ill-made. They are extremely ugly and maigre, male and female, and appeared very stupid. We descend till we arrive at Voltaggio.

During the whole of this day's journey, we were continually meeting numerous parties of mules loaded with corn and silk, which they are bringing from Piedmont to Genoa. These mules are shod with shoes projecting at least an inch beyond the hoof, all round. They say it is to protect the hoofs against the stones of the mountains.

At Novi are large depots of corn. It is the frontier town of Liguria. I was obliged to *row* the waiters on entering the Inn, most sharply, for inattention, and was afterwards treated with the utmost respect.

Travelling in Italy is not a good thing to improve one's temper, for it is absolutely necessary to *blow up* constantly and to *appear* at *least* in a violent passion—one gets no attention otherwise.

Novi.—Novi was the scene of battle between the

French on one side and the Austrians and Russians on the other in 1799. Suwarrow commanded the Russians, Meylas the Austrians. The French were defeated and retreated towards Nice. "Give me 4,000 Austrians," said Suwarrow to Meylas, "and I answer to you for taking Genoa." Meylas refused and Genoa was saved.

Suwarrow always took possession of places in the name of the King of Sardinia; Meylas in that of the Emperor of Austria. The jealousy between them was the main cause of the subsequent success of the French. The battle was fought on the large plain to the north of Novi, which was several times taken and retaken during the action.

The Major who tells me this also mentions that at the battle of Trebia, Suwarrow seeing his Russians following the example of the Austrians in running away, sat himself down on the ground as the French advanced, exclaiming, "So you will desert your General—then I *will* be taken." The Russians rallied to save him and consequently drove back the French.

Piedmont. September 30th, Friday.—We start at 5 and soon quit Liguria and enter Piedmont. Pozzolo is the frontier village. I ought to be well acquainted with it, for here we were detained near two hours by the rascally custom-house men. One of these green-coated gentry suffered our voiture to pass about 100 yards beyond the office of customs, walked by the side of us, and then stopped the voiturier and exclaimed that as the carriage had passed into Piedmont without being searched, it was lawful prize for the customs. This I resisted sufficiently to make them desist from all claim on *my* luggage, and to induce them to permit *me* to pass on. But unfortunately the Milan merchant had

some articles in his trunk which are obliged to pay duty on entering Piedmont—some stuffs, violin cords, and bottles of liqueur. The scoundrels of douaniers laid claim to all these as their own. He resented but much too mildly. They said at last we must wait the arrival of the Director, whom they could not wake so early! This part I took upon myself, and went to the window of this rough leader of the gang, and roused him up. He decided graciously in favour of the merchant, received the duties and a fee, and suffered us to pass. I gave him and his crew a few *compliments* and we set out again at 8 o'clock.

Marengo.—At 9½ we arrived upon the famed plain of Marengo. It is very extensive, has no hedges, but here and there a few trees. The village lies to the right of the road and consists precisely of six houses and a brick tower. Just before arriving at these houses, we see a square piece of ground (of 3 yards about) where there is still some rubbish left. Here stood the Pillar which recorded the victory of the French and the deeds of Desaix and Buonaparte. This pillar was totally destroyed six weeks ago by the Austrian troops.

Major M . . . was in this battle; he commanded a cavalry regiment, but he and his regiment were all on foot at Marengo. All the Austrian artillery was taken at Pavia; they had no horses left to mount their cavalry, and to complete their disaster, General Zack with 6,000 infantry deserted in the middle of the battle. The little farmhouse where Buonaparte laid his plans, and where he retired in alarm before the arrival of Desaix, still exists; it is about a mile from the village.

This field occupied much of our conversation and led us to talking of the Italian campaign in general.

From hence, we talked of the Austrians. My companions say the Piedmontese were oppressed equally by the French and Austrians, and know not which were their greater enemies. The poor Italians have reason to say the same at present. It is true the Austrian troops are now withdrawn from Tuscany, but she has for her Governor an Austrian Grand-duke. In Piedmont there are at this moment 8,000 Austrian troops. I fear Italy is still in slavery; she has only changed her masters and these are equally insolent and tyrannical.

The King of Sardinia has no son; his eldest daughter is married to the Archduke François, so that this kingdom too will probably devolve upon the ambitious house of Hapsburg.

The wish of the Italians to become one kingdom and to shake off all their petty tyrants seems universal. My Ligurian friend observed, "Alas, Sir, mention it not; I hope nothing from the Congress of Vienna. Poor Italy, dear Italy, I despair of ever seeing thee thyself," and he shed tears as he spoke.

The Congress is a universal topic of conversation at this time, but the more general opinion is that it will end in war.

Alessandria.—We dined at Alessandria, one of the most strongly fortified towns in Italy. It was *formerly* very strong, but Buonaparte began a fortification exterior to the former. It is not yet finished, and the Emperor Francis wishes to complete it at his own expense.

Alessandria looks more French than Italian. There is a fine large square in the centre of the town, on one side of which is the palace which Buonaparte purchased from a private individual and named "Imperial". It is a large plain building.

At 6 o'clock we arrived at Asti, where we sup and sleep. This is a long open town. The Bridge over

the Bilbo at Alessandria is covered with a roof and tiles. Our names and passports are demanded at all the fortified towns.

Poirino. October 1st.—We continue our travels and dine at the small town of Poirino. Meat and bread are now considered dear here, yet the price of the latter is 5 sous per pound of 14 French ounces, and for meat in the gross, 6 sous per pound.

The King of Sardinia is almost if not quite, absolute. He declares war, makes peace and makes laws even. There is however a body called the Senate, consisting of about thirty members, which has the power of annuling any law. It cannot debate, but every law must be approved and registered by it before it becomes valid. In other respects, this Senate is a Judicial body, divided into two parts—Civil and Criminal. The members are appointed by the King and removable at his will. The standing army of Piedmont is 30,000 men. There is also a force of 20,000 men on about the same footing as our local Militia, which may be called up upon any emergency.

The eldest son of the King bears alternately the title Prince of Piedmont and Duke of Savoy.

Turin.—We enter Turin by crossing the Po, near a beautiful new bridge of five arches, which is not yet finished. It is built of white stone, and is estimated to cost 2,500,000 francs. It was begun four years ago.

Turin strikes me as a very pretty city upon the first coup d'oeil. The Rue du Po is fine, so is the grand square in which is the Palace.

We drove to Hotel Dufour, where we obtained most comfortable lodgings. We arrived at 5 p.m., but I remain in all this evening and write and talk with the Major.

October 2nd, Sunday.—At 9½ I start a-lionizing with my valet de place. The Square, in which is the King's Palace, is opposite my hotel. Adjoining the Palace is a long even range of buildings in which are contained the houses of all the Ministers and Officers of State. At the back of these runs a gallery, in which the King goes under cover to the Grand Theatre. In the middle of the Square is the Palace of the Prince of Piedmont. On the right of the King's Palace is the Palace of the Borghese, where, under Napoleon's reign, lived his sister and her husband, Prince Borghese, who was Governor of Turin. This prince was much liked here, though the French generally were disliked.

Napoleon always kept the Royal Palace for himself, and has lodged in it several times since he was Emperor.

The Cathedral is small. It contains a superb closet for the King. We visited all the principal Churches. I scarcely went into any in which there were not advertisements, stating that plenary indulgence would be given on such and such a day to the souls that were in purgatory. Other boards gave notice of the same to the living, and others advertised indulgences, not plenary. To mend the matter, these notices to the people were generally written in Latin.

We next visited the College for the priests, where there are at present 300 young men educating for Holy Orders. The building is neat, contains a room for each pupil, a common room for study, a chapel and a hall.

At the upper end of this hall is a pulpit, in which one of the scholars preaches during the whole time the others are dining. This office is taken by all of them in rotation.

At the lower end is a most sensible machine.

It consists of a rope and pulley, and connects with the kitchen below after the manner of a well-bucket. By means of this clerical apparatus, the dishes are raised at once from the kitchen into the Hall.

All the streets of Turin are wide and straight. Those of the Po, the Doire, of Nice, and Mont Cenis, are very handsome. Most of the houses are built uniformly, and all have balconies and five stories. They are generally of white stone with tiled roofs. In some parts of the towns there are many good houses. That of the Prince of Carignano is one of best. It is of red brick, of a whimsical diamond architecture. This Prince is cousin to the King; he is only 17, but is a fine, tall, intelligent looking young man. The Archbishop's Palace comes next. He died three months ago and is not yet replaced. The palaces of two noblemen, one of whom has just gone as Ambassador to France and the other as Deputy to the Congress, are also good buildings.

The appearance of the people has wonderfully improved since I arrived within a few miles of Turin. The women are very pretty here in general and the men are fine, well made fellows; particularly those of the Piedmontese Guards. Yet one still sees a great number of deformed people, though not so many as at Genoa.

The population of Turin is now only 70,000, it formerly was 90,000.

The ancient costume is revived in Turin. No gentleman stirs out after dinner without his sword, buckles, chapeau-bras, and his hair tied up in silk behind. Indeed they sport the same costume from the moment they rise in the morning.

The priests are gay-looking men, do not wear a robe when they go out for their promenades (as is the case wherever else I have been on the Continent), and associate much with men of other professions.

Many handsome chariots, very English-looking, are driving about this morning; the horses generally are good but I have never seen more than a pair in a carriage. The King and Prince drive only a pair, except on grand occasions.

The streets are lighted up by lamps affixed to the sides and are numerously supplied.

The stands for fireworks erected for the arrival of the King 2½ months ago still remain.

They wait for the Queen, who is in Sardinia and is delayed (on dit) by pregnancy.

The King and Court go to Mass at noon. A little before 12 we go up the grand staircase of the Palace, and wait in the Salle des 100 Suisses, where the public are admitted to see the King pass. In a few minutes, the 100 Suisses make a passage with their halberts. The procession then moves from the King's Throne-room across the Salle des 100 Suisses to the Cathedral, by the Marble Chapel.

First came 30 State servants, two and two, clothed in scarlet and gold; next the Bishop and several clergymen; then all the military officers of the Piedmontese army now here—a very fine body of young men, clothed in dark blue with red facings, and gold or silver lace according to their regiments, the majority silver—there were between 300 and 400 officers at least. Next should have come the Foreign Ambassadors, but the only one now at Turin is the Russian Envoy who attended in his place. Then came the King's Ministers, preceded by some lawyers, and the King himself, having his Prime Minister, Count Vallese, on his right hand and Prince Carignano on his left. The Procession was closed by a detachment of Piedmontese Guards.

His Majesty is 55 years of age; height about 5 ft. 3 or 4 in. His right knee turns inward very much, and consequently he limps rather when walking.

His face is much like that of a Baboon, being very much wrinkled. This may arise from the almost constant smile or grin he has on his countenance. Notwithstanding all this, he looks to be a good dispositioned and tolerably clever man.

A woman threw herself at his feet as he passed and presented a petition. He received it with much condescension, but afterwards gave it into the hands of Count Vallese, a tall, raw-boned, sulky looking minister. This man sees all the petitions before they reach the eyes of the King, and if *he* disproves them, the King never knows anything more of the matter.

His Majesty rises at 9 and takes a cup of chocolate only; he applies to business till 12, when he goes daily to Chapel. He dines always at one, and at half-past 4 goes out for his hour's excursion on the Nice road in his carriage and pair. He sups at quarter past 9, and goes to bed at eleven. This King Victor Emanuel had four brothers, one older than himself, who bears the title of Prince of Piedmont. The elder Prince being averse to the cares of royalty, and having very weak eyes and much devotion, turned over the Crown to the present King, and himself lives a devout life at Rome.

From the Palace we walk to the Theatre, at which there are performances only during the Carnival. It is superbly gilt and lighted, and certainly deserves the distinction of being one of the first in Europe. The King's box is in the northern extremity. It communicates with a saloon in which the King may sit by his fire and see all that passes on the stage. This is very large. My guide has seen as many as twenty-six horses on it at once. From the windows of the theatre, we see the court of the College, alias Lycée, alias Academie. The pupils are in vacation. It is one of the most famed in Italy. From here we go to the buildings of the University,

which includes the Museum and the public Library. The Museum contains many articles well worth seeing, in spite of French rapacity, for the best things were concealed underground and are only just now come out of their hiding-places.

The Square of Carlo is very pretty, we cross it in going to the Arsenal. Cannon are still founded here. The French kept it under all they could, but it is now again filled with workmen in every department.

From thence I pass to the citadel, where I am refused admittance. It is an amazingly strong fortress, having outworks and redoubts in great abundance. The walls of Turin were formerly equally strong, having numerous outworks, covered ways, mines and sorties some way out into the country. All these the French blew up in the last Italian campaign.

We viewed the town palace in the interior, while the King was out upon his promenade. It is in a square form, the first storey a suite of 36 rooms, none of them large but all elegantly furnished. Almost every room was hung with tapestry inlaid with gold and silver. This gold and silver ruined the tapestries, for the French, in order to get the former, pulled the latter to pieces. There is however some fine Gobelin tapestry in one apartment. We afterwards came to the two picture galleries. Here *was* one of the best small collections in Europe, but many of the pictures were taken by the French Government and most by the French Generals. There still remain a few good pictures by Albert Durer, Rubens, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Paolo Veronese, Guido, Titian, and Raphael.

The King returned just as we had completed the survey of his palace. No one cried "Vive le Roi" as he passed, either at the mass this morning or to the promenade this afternoon.

I dine at 6. The wine is good. The bread made

in very small strips about a yard long, so as to be literally all crust; a dish called "fondus" is made of mushrooms, cheese, butter and flour and is excellent.

In the evening to the Theatre of the Prince of Carignano, and in going in I took the private instead of the public entry. The Prince was sitting in his box. I stared and looked foolish, and an officer politely told me of my mistake.

The theatre was crowded with ladies of most noisy and flirting manners, but of the first rank, and with gay officers, and *crossed* Statesmen and Generals.

I adjourned to the Coffee-room where the excellence and cheapness of the Ices astonished me.

Superga. October 3rd. Thursday.—I started from Dufours on a good horse at 7 this morning and rode to Superga. It consists of a church and building for 25 canons, placed on the top of a hill about 6 miles S.E. of Turin. When I had wholly ascended, the view was sublime. On the south the entire range of the Appenines, on the west and north the shining summits of the Alps, and on the east the fertile plains of Lombardy, even to Milan.

Returned to my Hotel and having breakfasted â la Francaise, we visit the Sculptor in marble. He has some fine pieces but they all related to Napoleon or his victories, and consequently his labour is lost and the poor man is in despair. Napoleons, Maria Louises, and Kings of Rome were in the background among the rubbish, and Kings of Sardinia occupied the half of the exhibition.

Seeing "Cabinet Litteraire" written over a bookseller's door, I went in to read the papers. "No Sir, we have no longer any newspapers," says the proprietor. "The first edict of the King proclaimed assemblages unlawful, and even reading-rooms come under the term of 'assemblages'."

I afterwards read with great astonishment the King of Prussias's decree, turning Prussia into a nation of soldiers, at the moment when the one hope was for universal peace. The Conscription, Droits-réunis, and constraints on social meetings were the most tyrannous and unpopular of Napoleon's Government, yet (to be candid) have not the Kings of Prussia, France and Sardinia severally adopted these very measures?

The Cabinet of Natural History is arranged in the building which was formerly the College of Nobles. This Cabinet is an admirable collection of minerals, vegetable and zoological, in all their branches. I spent two hours there with pleasure, and from thence I went to Bousanus, the sculptor in ivory and wood. This man has done wonderful things in his time. I regret I did not see him sooner, so as to have him take my portrait in ivory, for the cover of a snuff box for my father. He showed me some of beautiful workmanship and of great resemblance, and offered to do mine in the same way for two Louis, if I would stay. But I had already taken my place in the Diligence for to-morrow morning.

Suza. October 4th.—I started at 7½ this morning for Lyons, accompanied by a Turin priest, a Mr. Alpes, Genoese Civil Officier in French service, and Mr. Wightman of Queen's Oxford and Lincoln's Inn. The priest spoke not a word, but we other three conversed so constantly that our day's journey to Suza seemed one of the shortest, though it occupied us till 5 p.m. We walked over the field of Rivoli, and fought the battle again, dined at Saint Ambrogio, and walked through most beautiful mountain scenery before we entered Suza, an ill-built town at the foot of Mount Cenis.

At Supper, we met the travellers of two other

carriages coming into Italy. Wightman, my companion, let out that I had lately seen Napoleon, and I was surrounded instantly with all sorts of enquiries. One of the travellers had just come from taking the waters at Aix, where the Empress Maria Louise has been staying. She is in good health, he says, but has a melancholy air and sees no company. The King of Rome was not there, but an Austrian General was always with her.

Mont Cenis.—At 2 a. m. the diligence was in readiness and we begin to start up Mount Cenis. We took six hours to arrive at the summit and three hours in descending to Lanslebourg on the opposite foot of the Mount, about 32 miles from Suza. I walked the whole of it, and arrived at Novasesa ten minutes before the diligence.

The road of Mount Cenis, the grand passage from France to Italy, is certainly the wonder of the 19th century. The old road was impassable for carriages, almost so for horses, and even the mountain mules were often lost in an avalanche or a snow-pit. It was worse than the Pyrenean or Appenine routes, yet it was the best passage from one kingdom to another. Six years since, Napoleon gave the order to make a *good road* from Suza to the plains of Dauphiné, a distance of 150 miles. The Engineers made their surveys and plans. Almost the entire labouring population of Piedmont and Savoy was employed, and in two years the wonderful work was accomplished. Twenty-five houses of refuge were established on the mount at convenient distances. The tenants were paid 30 sous per day to be always ready to give assistance to the traveller, whether to clear the road of snow, or furnish fires, liquor and eatables to those who wanted them. The number of men who inhabited these houses was 72. But now all this track is under the

King of Sardinia, the pay of 30 sous is discontinued, and it is much to be feared that the road itself will fall into decay.

On the summit of the Mount (nearly) is the Lake of Cenis, reported to be of immense depth, in which are many fine fish. By the side of it a house called the Hospital, and some recently erected and fortified barracks, capable of containing 2,000 men, but now having a garrison of 24 only. Here is also a Church.

We dined in the village of Lanslebourg. The young fellow who waited on us was drawn for the Conscription last year. His parents paid 6000 francs for a substitute. This is not considered a very high price.

We continued our journey at 1½ p.m. and arrived at St. Michel at 5. I to bed and slept till 9½, when we continued to travel during the night.

October 6th. Thursday.—At daybreak we take coffee at Aigueville and travel on to Chambéry. We are now in France according to the Treaty of Paris.

Chambéry.—We dine at Chambéry. At the Inn was a little English boy, whose history was very mysterious. A week ago a gentleman who spoke English, but looked like a foreigner, brought the lad here. He said he was commissioned by his parents to find him a school, and that he would go to Geneva to look for one, leaving the boy in charge of the Innkeeper till his return, which was to be in three days. The man went off and has not since been heard of.

The boy calls him "Papa", whose name he says is D'Aprotis; his mother's name is Griffiths and so is his own. He came lately from Colchester, Bruges and Paris. His hat had the maker's name of "Litchfield" marked in it. He is a most interesting lad and very clever and contented, though he speaks no French. He wished to come away with me much,

and looked melancholy when I told him he must wait for Papa, but shed no tears. The people of the Inn think the stranger has left the boy as a legacy to them.

Les Echelles.—Wightman and I start at 4 p.m. At 10 we come to that extraordinary pass, Les Echelles. Here the road runs through a deep cavity, made in rocks of tremendous height by Charles Emanuel II in 1670. We have a less distinct but more horrific idea of the Pass called "la Grotte", from coming through it in the night. It seems worthy to be called the entrance to Avernus, and the figures of the assistants with torches, of oxen, and of old beggars around us added to the effect of this singular scene. We are now upon the point of quitting the Alps.

We travelled all night along an excellent road, constructed at immense expense and enclosed in every direction by sombre mountains of vast height. The sublimity of the scene was heightened by obscurity; we could not see down to the bottom of the gorge, and a mist veiled from us the streams whose dashing we heard among the rocks. At daylight we found ourselves in a large extended valley, very well cultivated but not remarkably beautiful.

Lyons. October 7th, Friday.—We cross the Rhone into Lyons, and are at breakfast at the Hotel de l'Europe at 11 o'clock. My first care was to find the Post Office, where I had the pleasure to find two letters from my father, of July 5 and August 5, and one from Page, of July 25th. I answered these, took a general view of Lyons before dark, dined and drank excellent Hermitage, and went early to bed.

Lyons.—We entered Lyons from the village, la Guillotière, sadly famous for its massacres in the

"Time of Terror". The French seldom speak of that dreadful period under any other appellation. The Rhone and Soane run through Lyons, and quays extend all along the former for the whole length of the city. The Place de Louis le Grand is extensive and has two sides, entirely newly built with taste and uniformity. These sides had been reduced to ashes by Jacobin fury in 1793. Napoleon encouraged individuals to build according to a fixed plan, by procuring their exemption from all taxes for 25 years. There are in Lyons 8 bridges over the Saone. The houses generally are six storeys high. Besides silks, it has manufacturers of velvet, artificial flowers, trinkets in gold and silver, and many tanneries. The town is bustling, and there is an appearance of richness in the number of well-dressed people on the promenades and squares.

The hackney coaches are open in the sides, but covered with a leathern canopy, somewhat on the plan of the Russian drowskis, having a long seat on which people sit back to back.

The Duchess d'Angoulême and Count d'Artois have lately been making visits to Lyons, and have been received with fêtes of every description. The Lyonnais seem really to love the Bourbons, but are discontented at the continuation of the Droits réunis, as is all France. The Austrian troops during their residence here in the Spring conducted themselves with the greatest hauteur and insolence. They also drank the wine of the inhabitants most lavishly, and gave the finest bread to their horses. They are detested.

In no place I have visited is the revolution so much talked of and lamented as here. They do not mend the matter, and glory much in the 62 days siege they sustained from the Conventionalist army in 1793. A subscription is now on foot for erecting

a monument to the memory of those who perished in that dreadful siege.

The speech of Claudius to the Roman Senate, giving the Lyonnais the privileges of Roman Citizens, was inscribed at the time on a brazen table. This table has lately been found near Lyons, underground, and is now placed in the Museum of the building of Abbaye St Pierre.

At the Church of St Nizier, we witnessed a marriage ceremony at the altar. The Priest gave the bride and bridegroom a long lecture before he performed the ceremony. He spoke on many every-day duties in very familiar but impressive language, and said the revolution had caused Frenchmen to disrespect the duties of husband and wife and of parent and child. He then said many prayers, asked if they mutually consented, sprinkled them with Holy water, consecrated the ring, covered them with a canopy, and declared them inseparable man and wife. Many civil ceremonies had previously been performed at the Hotel de Ville.

October 9th, Sunday.—Arrange about departure. We then take a pleasant walk to the junction of the two rivers, passing over the destroyed fortifications of the town, which kept the Jacobin army at bay for 62 days, and viewed the trickling grotto in which Rousseau spent a night to inflame his imagination.

There are two Theatres, and in the evening we go to the great one. At a Café we learn the news of the taking of Washington.

October 10th, Monday.—Start at 5 o'clock in the Post-boat upon the Saone—at 8, bread, sausages and fruit were brought on board for breakfast. Dine at one.

Mâcon.—Arrive at Mâcon at 6½ p.m. Day excessively cold. Numerous characters on the boat.

The most interesting was an Italian Colonel by name Castiglione (6th Regiment Lancers), who was taken prisoner at Borodino, and is just come from Petersburg by way of Vienna to Turin. Now going to Paris and London. Also an officer of the Imperial Guard, educated at Rugby, speaks English well and gives us many anecdotes of the Egyptian, Spanish, German and Russian campaigns, and of the character of the Marshals and Generals.

Chalons. October 11th, Tuesday.—Arrive at Chalons at 12½. We all dine together at table d'hote.

In the Diligence office, I saw a curious printed paper—"Since many persons here indulge themselves in comparisons and harangues of the most indecent and bold nature in the boats and coaches of this department concerning the late and present Government, the undertakers of these concerns invite Messieurs the travellers to refrain from such observations and to speak with becoming, respect of the Head of the State and the Authorities."

This is an English translation, as near as I can remember!

None of the Frenchmen with whom I have travelled since I re-entered France have any affection for the Allies and above all for the English.

A complete revolution in opinion has taken place since my first entrance into France. There was then much praise of the English and gratitude to all the Allies. This is now succeeded by a virulent jealousy and hatred. Many confessed to me to-day that the English are more disliked in France at the present time than at any previous period. The cause of this is that they are mortified at seeing the superiority and generosity of the English political character above their own, and this produces *hatred*.

Chalons is a pretty, cheerful-looking town. At

3½ take leave of Wightman, who goes straight to Paris, and set out myself in diligence for Dijon where I arrive at 2 o'clock.

Dijon. October 12th, Wednesday.—Rise at 8. I write up my journal and then to see the town. Its houses are low but neat-looking. Streets winding and tolerably wide, but it is not a cheerful place. There are no rich merchants, but a large proportion of Nobles, but these are poor men, just returning from banishment, who can contribute little to the prosperity of Dijon. The palace once belonged to the Dukes of Burgundy, then to the Prince de Condé, and since the revolution to the Préfecture. I visited the chief Hospital; it is unlike almost all the hospitals of France, a foundation begun and supported by private benevolence. It is beautifully neat and healthy in all its departments. It can contain 600 patients. Some old convents have been turned into barracks. I walked all round the walls of Dijon, which appear to have been formerly very strong, in three-quarters of an hour, and thence conclude that the town is three miles in circumference.

A mile and a half from the town is the Park, a fine wooded promenade. The Prefect, in spite of the remonstrances of the Mayor and people, cut down the finest of these trees. He was very unpopular, and was himself cut down upon the change of governments.

The Austrians were six months in possession of Dijon, and are disliked even more than the Cossacs. An honest countryman whom I met on the walls said, "But, Sir, our troops were worse than either the Austrians or the Cossacs when they were in a foreign country."

Monsieur the Count d'Artois has lately been here, when he was received with great enthusiasm. An

arch of triumph was erected for him to pass under. It is partly of stone and partly of wood, a work of much taste, surmounted by a car and two horses, large as life, and a figure of Peace presenting the Olive Branch.

We dine at 5 and drink superb Burgundy for 4 francs. The vintage this year has been very bad on account of early frosts. We leave Dijon at six. Our companions in the Diligence were a young French officer of the 35th Regiment, a Dijon tradesman, and a nondescript dashing Blood from Rheims. The tradesman knows Lord Aberdeen, and says he is a very clever young man. "Qui ne manque jamais de moyens."

The Emperor of Austria was a fortnight at Dijon, and shed tears when the bust of Napoleon was taken down.

Chatillon.—I am altogether disappointed with Burgundy. It is flat and unpicturesque. We travelled by night in the Côte d'Or, and at daylight were two leagues from Chatillon sur Seine where we arrived at 7 a.m., Thursday 13th. I ran over every part of it with Douglas, my companion, and he showed me the houses inhabited by Castlereagh, Caulincourt, Metternich and Nesselrode during the Congress. Castlereagh managed to pick out by far the best one. The inhabitants of Chatillon rejoiced greatly on their town being chosen for the Congress. This saved them from the horrors of war, for their town and four leagues round it were rendered neutral.

October 13th.—We breakfast at Chatillon and start again at 9, passing by the country house of Marshal Marmont, when quitting the town.

Bar sur Seine has suffered from the combats of February and March. The country here is flat and uninteresting, except for the share it had in the

battles of last Spring. Bar is an ill-built village. The Emperors were here some time.

Troyes.—We reached Troyes at 4 o'clock—it is the ugliest town I have seen in France.

Before we reached Troyes, we perceived the progress of the war by the trees cut down and vegetation destroyed by the bivouaching fires, and occasionally houses half destroyed by the balls. But from the tower of the Cathedral I beheld a grander scene of desolation. What struck me most was a village on the Vandoeuvre road, which has been destroyed by a combat which took place in it. Nothing now remains but the Church tower, and the shattered chimneys of the houses, all else is destroyed.

An intelligent lad, I came across, gave me a minute description of all the 3 grand affairs near Troyes, which tallied completely with what I recollected of them from maps and gazettes, and he showed me the small house of the Notary. "There lived the King of Prussia!" It was a white house with three windows in front.

He then conducted me to the principal street and pointed out the house which, at different periods, lodged the Emperors Alexander and Napoleon. The town itself is very little injured. All the inhabitants fled to distant woods or concealed themselves in cellars, haylofts, etc. When the Allies had gained possession, the people appeared again, and although they suffered from indispensable contributions, they all declare the Allied armies acted towards them with greater humanity than the French troops.

In spite of the quantity of wine said to have been consumed by the Cossacs and Austrians, we drank some excellent champagne at supper and had such a jolly evening of it, that at 10 o'clock my French companions called out most lustily "La tête me

tourne". They are good-humoured fellows, full of anecdotes, characteristic of the French.

Our Rheims friend leaves us here.

October 14th, Friday.—On quitting Troyes at 6 a.m, we pass through ruined villages for several miles. Some good houses have been destroyed, but the Cossacs and Russians seem to have committed no devastations but what necessity compelled. It was fearfully cold while they were here, and they pulled down houses to get wood for their fires.

Granges.—We breakfasted at Granges. All the people in the adjoining villages left them and lived in distant woods. A little girl told me she took her bed with her, but it was constantly soaked with snow and water. Still the people complain of no cruelties experienced from the armies. They always say, "They behaved pretty well here, but, Sir, if you go to —— (some other village) there you will hear what savages and ruffians they were; neither age nor sex arrested their violence and brutality." When you get to the indicated village, you hear, "No, Sir, they behaved pretty well *here*, *but*——" and as before constantly.

While horses were changing at Pont sur Seine, we visit the ruins of the splendid Chateau of Madame Mère, the mother of Napoleon. This house was wantonly (the only instance) destroyed by the Allies. It was one of the finest houses in France—nothing now remains but the walls and fragments of the stone staircase.

Nogent sur Seine.—Desolation still follows us as we approach Nogent sur Seine. The bridge of this town was blown up by the French as the Allies advanced. At Nogent, half of whose houses were battered or burnt down, the scene is very desolate.

At a Café, the people tell me that, in endeavouring to escape, many citizens were killed and the survivors had to make their way over the dead and dying.

North West of Nogent we ascend a hill. Here was encamped the Grand Army, the Guards, and Napoleon himself. It is a grand position. The Allies wisely did not attempt to attack it, but turned it by passing the Seine at Montereau.

We dined at Provins at 5. We had taken with us a very intelligent farmer of the country near Troyes, who furnished us with numerous anecdotes along the road.

PART SIX
Paris, 1814 *(continued)*

Paris at daybreak: The Gardes du Corps: Splendid young men in handsome dresses: I see the King: English newspapers: I meet Monsieur Castiglione: At Dwina, Borodino, Moscow, and taken prisoner in Poland during the disastrous retreat: Murat, the wonderful: He talks of Napoleon: The Baronne de Jalrass talks about Prince Eugène Beauharnais: Voltaire's *Oedepe:* Meaningless French politeness: A fat Englishman and a thin female: Robespierre and the Revolution: The Opera Comiqeu: I witness a sham fight at Clichy: The Duc de Berri in command: Ney, Berthier, Maison and other great generals: I say good-bye to Count Castiglione and leave Paris: My travelling companion talks of Napoleon, Ney, Berthier, and the fat Schwartzenburg: Napoleon's refusal to conscript all the servants of Paris: Wages and prices in Paris: Loaf sugar at 2/6 a pound: How the French make their excellent coffee: Shoes up in price from 5/- to 9/-: Sanslieu Cathedral: Saints with their heads still on: I hear many lies about Napoleon: The field of Cressy: Market day in Calais: Extraordinary military service in the Church: The Fortifications: Storm at sea: On the rocks, S. W. of the Shakespeare Cliffs: How the passengers behaved: The man who was drunk, and the old Frenchman who asked to be set ashore: Arrival at Deal: Welcome blankets: Breakfast at Canterbury: And so to London.

Paris. October 15th. 1814. *Saturday.*—We arrive at Paris by daybreak. I proceed instantly to Madame Gautier's, where I find I am well remembered and as well received. Wightman and Castiglione arrived yesterday. I am sadly disappointed at finding no letters from home.

During the morning I call at the Duke of Wellington's; the Post Office, where I have a specimen of confusion and perplexity in the Director and Clerks; at Perregaux, who has removed to No. 11 Rue Mont Blanc, and has now a most splendid establishment; and finish the morning by lounging at print-shops and spending money.

Immense numbers of English are in Paris; gay French parties are lounging on the Boulevards in the proportion of 10 to 1 to what there were in June. We dine at 5, and then adjourn to Café de Foi, which was crammed and appeared truly French—not mongrel as formerly.

October 16th, Sunday.—After writing till eleven, go to the Thuilleries in full dress to the King's Chapel. The Court appears much more gay now than when I was here before. The Gardes du Corps, which were not then organised, are now on duty. The Flower of France is concentrated in this Corps. I have never before seen such fine young men in France. The dresses are very handsome. Blue and red and silver lace in profusion; but laid on with much taste. The King, Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, Marshals Marmont, etc. and a splendid retinue were present.

The music was very fine. Haïs sung divinely. The King looked goodness itself when he bowed to the people, and Madame Royale was most interestingly dutiful in her curtesy when returning the King's bow to her.

Read English Newspapers at Rosa's, dine at Grignons excellently ; adjourn with Wightman to Cafés and the Cirque Ball in Rue St Honoré, where we admire the dance, and talk over a bottle of old Mâcon, of the interesting character of our new acquaintance, Castiglione.

Castiglione.—He is a man of much enthusiasm, mingled with deep thought ; he has led a dissipated life, but not a happy one. Even now, surrounded by pleasures, he sighs in the midst of them. The younger son of an ancient family, he was page to the Grand Master of Malta in his youth ; he then led the idle life of a man of rank in Italy, entered the French Service three years since, was at the Dwina, Borodino, Moscow, and was taken prisoner in Poland in the retreat. At Borodino he gained the Cross. He describes the passage of the 15,000 French Cavalry over the Dwina as magnificent ; they all swam their horses across.

Murat.—At the head, Murat cut a most splendid figure. He was dressed in yellow boots, white pantaloons, Spanish blue frock coat and Spanish cap with ostrich plumes, and was surrounded by officers superbly mounted and accoutred. At Borodino, it was pleasing to see the cool turn of Murat's head when a cannon ball passed him ; his countenance was full of quiet contempt when his horse was shot. This coolness had a fine effect on his soldiers.

Castiglione was also one of the 800, or Sacred Band that surrounded Napoleon during the retreat,

and was with him constantly during these calamities. He says Napoleon always appeared cool, which I can well believe. The Russians might have taken him at that retreat, he says.

Wightman observed that there was much resemblance in his (Castiglione's) character to that of Alfieri, the celebrated Alfieri. Castiglione said with a smile, "I am a very near relation to Alfieri."

[Alfieri, Vittoria (B. 1749; d. 1803). One of the greatest of the modern dramatists and poets of Italy. He became captivated by the Countess of Albany, the wife of the young Pretender, with whom he lived until his death.]

Eugène Beauharnais. October 17th, Monday.—At breakfast, the Baronne de Jalrass, who knows Italy extremely well, told me many anecdotes of Milan and Prince Eugène Beauharnais. Never was man more liked, more respected than this good, gallant and wise Prince. At Milan the theatres rung with applause whenever he appeared, not *French* but sincere *Italian* applause.

I occupy this morning at Perregaux' and Rosa's and in walking in the Thuilleries and on the banks of the Seine. It gives me pleasure to see that all the public works are continued with activity. The Change, the Thuilleries, Louvre, Quays, and Palace of Minister of Interior, are all covered with workmen.

October 18th, Tuesday.—Passed all the morning between reading and lounging, and dine at 4½ p.m. with Schwendler at Hotel de Nisnzes, where is a splendid table d'hote and good society. My Saxon friend is warmly attached to his king, and says all his countrymen are the same and that the wish for the old King's continuation in authority is universal.

Théâtre Français—S., a Swiss friend of his, and myself adjourn to the Théâtre Français, where

Voltaire's Œdipe was given, and the parts of Œdepius and Jocaste were sustained by Talma and Mademoiselle Rancourt. Rancourt is too old for Jocaste, and did not put enough fire into the part; at least all her fire was eclipsed by Talma. He pleases me to-night more than ever—I never saw him so natural; he was correct from beginning to end, and certainly deserved all the enthusiastic praise bestowed on him by an overflowing house.

I have long considered French politeness as meaningless. If true politeness consists chiefly in an endeavour to add to the comfort and diminish the inconveniences of others, the French are certainly the least polite people I have ever met, and they have no consideration for the feelings of others. Yet though I have long known these facts, I did not expect that a whole pit would rise up and stare and laugh, in the most noisy way, because a fat Englishman entered a box, with a thin female dressed a l'Anglaise; yet this most indecorous conduct *did* take place this night at the Théâtre Français.

I am now perfectly ready to leave Paris, and should start off to-morrow, but a letter from Wilkinson at Geneva intimates that he will be here about this time, and accordingly I shall amuse myself for a day or two longer and wait his arrival.

Robespierre. October 19th, Wednesday.—In my walk this morning I met Alpe, one of my companions from Turin to Chambéry, who rather annoyed me by an embrace in the middle of Paris. We walk together for two hours. Dine at Madame G.S. The conversation at table turned upon Robespierre and the absurdities of the Revolution. Two old chevaliers tell many curious anecdotes. Ducis (the author) considered Robespierre as a second Tacitus. One of the Cavaliers heard Danton exclaim, in

stentorian voice, as he was led past Robespierre's house in the Rue St Honoré to the Guillotine, "Adieu, Robespierre, c'est toi qui me suivra." Robespierre *did* follow in three weeks.

They consider Robespierre as a man of very mean talent; his person was short and ill-looking, he was pitted with small-pox, and had little expression of countenance. We next came to taxes direct and indirect, and our legislative member, Pozferè, and the loquacious Marquis de Valladoux, talked a great deal without seeming to know much of the matter.

Schwendler and I adjourned to the Opera Comique, where was given the second representation of Jeannot and Colin—the music by Nicolo of Malta, and beautiful music it is. The piece has no great merit in itself, but with Nicolo's aid and the captivating talents of Messieurs Martin and Le Sage, and of Mesdames St Aubin, Gavandau and Boulanger, it provided universal satisfaction.

Clichy. October 20th, Thursday.—After packing my portmanteau, I started for the plain which lies between the Bois de Boulogne, Clichy and Monceau, and the Paris barriers, to view the Sham fight. Arrived on this extensive plain, the spectacle was magnificent and animating in a high degree. The Garrisons of Paris and environs, consisting of about 20,000 men, were drawn up in hostile ranks. 10,000 on the Montmartre side were commanded by the Duke of Angoulême; 10,000 on the Neuilly side were under the orders of the Duke of Berri. The number of spectators on the plain and on the heights of Montmartre was immense. All the gay, all the idle population of Paris was present. The Parisian Bucks, who have considerably improved in the dresses both of themselves and their servants since I first came to France, cut really dashing figures, on their

long-tailed horses, caparisoned in the most brilliant manner. The carriages have also assumed more of English form and lightness since the Peace, and though very small in number, considering nearly all the carriages of Paris were there, they certainly cut a respectable appearance. I do not dislike the very long traces of the few carriages and four that appeared on the ground. The Duke and Duchess of Orleans were among the equestrian spectators.

An officer in scarlet General's uniform, surrounded by a staff, appeared in the field, and the report ran it was Lord Wellington. I eagerly rushed towards him, but to my disappointment found it was the Colonel of the Swiss Guards. I do not think his Lordship was there, but there were great numbers of English (well mounted). At ½ past 12 a cannon fired. It was the signal for the Angoulême wing to advance. The battle began and I attached myself to the right-most regiment of Infantry of the right wing of the Berri army, placed in front of the Monceau garden, and the Commanding officer consenting, I kept with the Voltigear and Grenadier companies of this regiment for nearly two hours.

The battle began by the left of the Angoulêmes attacking our right; our Swiss and Cuirassie skirmishers were driven in, our artillery repulsed the enemy for the moment, but their left being reinforced, our whole right gave way precipitately, the enemy pursuing at the *pass de charge*, till coming opposite our regiment, which stationed in flank was concealed by some haystacks, they were surprised by such warm flanking fire from us as made them halt. Our fire was well kept up, the remainder of our wing advanced, took some prisoners, and we regained our original positions.

In the meantime our left had then repulsed the enemy's right, and our centre had made some

advances. Our left pursued its advantages too rashly; we should have lost many killed, wounded and prisoners, had our enemies' guns been loaded with shot, for their centre opened a flanking fire upon our left, who were accordingly driven back; and at the same time our centre was so warmly received by the enemy that the Duc de Berri gave orders for the retreat of our whole army.

The retreat was effected in good order, we continuing to fire upon the enemy and manoevouring to prevent their outflanking us, which they attempted successively, in vain, both on our right and left. This retreat carried my regiment so far from Paris towards Neuilly that I was obliged to desert, in order to get my dinner at Quinze Vingts, to be in time for the 4 o'clock Diligence. The cannon continued to roar even after I left Paris, and I hear that after five hours fighting, the Angoulêmes were victorious.

The French troops of all arms execute their manoeuvres with great rapidity but with very little neatness. The noise and talking that prevailed among the soldiers astonished me much; the officers not only made no attempt to repress it, but even talked and joked with them at times. The men were all neatly dressed. All the Infantry officers wore half-boots. The Cavalry were mounted on fine horses. The Artillery was not served so quickly as I expected, yet they all praised the expedition of that arm. The guns are connected to the fore-part of the carriages by means of *ropes*. The whole affair showed much courage and ardour. The two Dukes, surrounded by a brilliant staff, riding to and fro to direct the manoeuvres, cut a warlike appearance. Ney and several Generals attended the Angoulême. Berri was accompanied by Berthier, Maison, etc. They rode near me several times, the ribbons, blue and red, over the shoulders and

stars and orders at the breast, all lighted up in the clear sun, made their wearers look very gay and chivalrous. Berthier is a middling sized, clever, keen looking man. He was in constant conversation with the Duke. I could not see Ney so well. He appeared tall and stout, and I think has rather an unmeaning countenance. A General near me put himself into a furious rage with his Etat Major, because an order miscarried. I thought he was going to sabre the poor young fellow. In fact all the persons engaged, or looking on, took part in the affair with as much earnestness as if it had been a real battle, which rendered it still more interesting.

Paris.—I took leave of Madame Gautier, of Count Castiglione, and of Paris at 4 pm. We were only two in the Diligence. My companion was an Englishman, but talked French with such fluency that I took him for a Frenchman. He came over to France in 1802, as servant to a French gentleman, and has been since detained as a prisoner of war. He has always obtained permission to reside in Paris and its environs, and has lived successively with three French masters of rank. He has hunted with Napoleon, Joseph, Berthier, Ney, etc., and shot with the fat good-natured Schwartzenburg. He is an observing fellow, and during our journey entertained me with many interesting tales.

He tells me Napoleon always rode desperately when he was hunting and generally took no notice of his companions. Joseph was a good-tempered fellow and loved wine and women much.

Berthier & Schwartzenburg.—Berthier and Schwartzenburg were very intimate; when Schwartzenburg was ambassador at Paris, they were constant companions on shooting expeditions—both excellent shots. In their grand parties each man had three

servants and an ass following him, to load, clean and carry game. There were also in the flanks of the sportsmen about 20 men who formed a half moon, and prevented the game from escaping at the sides.

Regnault.—Regnault was very often a guest with John Scutts' masters. This man was universally detested. He was an arrant blackguard, used to beat fellows in the streets, and once nearly killed his coachman with a pitchfork. He is a fine-looking man as to height and muscular strength, but has a ruffianly countenance.

Once when Napoleon was in want of good cavalry men, Regnault said, "There are 80,000 servants in Paris, the half of whom understand horses well; make a requisition for all the servants in Paris." Napoleon refused the proposal, observing that he should long ago have been guillotined had he followed all Regnault's suggestions. Regnault himself was near losing his life for this advice, for the news got known to the servants, and there was a conspiracy laid for him, which he avoided by retiring into the country till the storm had subsided. John says that though the Gazettes told a different tale, the true state of affairs was generally known in Paris.

Wages in Paris.—As servant (of all works) to one of the most dashing single men in Paris, John received as wages 400 francs per annum, his clothes, and two francs per day board wages. Afterwards, as coachman to the Prefect of Rouen, he had 500 francs and the same. But General Maison, Governor of Paris, gives only 400 to his first coachman. The highest Parisian wage John knows of is 600 francs per annum.

Food Prices.—The present price of bread in Paris is 18 sous per loaf of $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Veal as high as 18 sous per pound. Beef and mutton 10 or 11 sous. Sugar

keeps up its price since April. The best loaf sugar is 3 francs per pound, but very good may be had for 2 francs. Coffee is now about 32 sous per pound. John attributes the superiority of the coffee which is drunk in France above that in England to the fact of the French boiling it well once, then straining, and boiling it again with fresh coffee. Then boiling a third time with the milk.

Cloth, etc.—Cloth is dropped in price—a *good* coat may be had for 120 francs, the price formerly nearly 160. Shoes are raised in price from 6, for which I bought mine at Bagnères, to 11 francs. Boots are two Louis per pair.

John and I go on our journey, giving and receiving information, and, though a servant, I find him far from the least intelligent and well informed of my various companions during my tour. We travel all night, through the department of the Oise (having crossed that river) and the towns of Clermont and Bertueil.

Sanslieu. October 21st, Friday.—I wake in the morning and find myself near Sanslieu, in the Province of Picardy. This town is fortified by a wall and ditch, but the former having been knocked down in several places, palisades were erected last February and March, to preserve the town from Cossac Coup de Main.

I had plenty of time to survey the Cathedral, and what is remarkable is that all the Gentlemen and Lady Saints have got their heads on! There is at Amiens a Convent, the exterior of which I saw. It contains ninety-three Nuns, and is the only one preserved in Old France.

My Barber amused me with many false tales of Napoleon's madness in Elba and of his removal to

Malta, etc. I mention this as a specimen of the lies I hear every day on this subject. I let them run their length generally, before I knock them down with an "I was there; I saw" etc.

Abberville.—After breakfasting, we set out again at 11½ a.m, and for a long way pass along the banks of the Somme, which is bordered by pastures on which were grazing immense numbers of cattle, mostly black and dun. In approaching Abberville, there are some woods; but generally the country is open and the high ground all cultivated for wheat. This town is very strongly fortified; its high walls and broad ditches are still further strengthened by redoubts in various points. In entering and quitting it, one passes through two gates and over two drawbridges. It is not only secure against a coup de main, but might well stand a regular siege. We dined here at 4¾ p.m. A regiment of Infantry was on parade: very fine young men; all appeared between 18 and 25. No neatness in manoeuvres as usual.

I several times demanded its population, and (what is very unusual in France, for the inhabitants are generally very accurate upon this point) I received the most absurd and contradictory answers. I am accordingly left to guess; I suppose it about 20,000. The abbey church is the lion of the place. Like Amiens Cathedral, no longer the see of a bishop. It is of the rich Arabesque on the outside and the plain in the inside. Among its interior ornaments is a Christ dying, crowned with a "very gay garland of sweet blooming posies." The statue is of wood, and of the worst style. A lizard of immense size is hung up upon the opposite wall. I suppose it is there "ex voto".

During the night, we pass near the field of Cressy,

or Crecy, through the town of Montreuil in the Pas de Calais, and several villages, to Boulogne sur Mer (Saturday 22), where we arrive at 4½ in the morning.

We took coffee, and our conductor obliged me by stopping till 6 o'clock in order that I might view the town by daylight.

October 22nd.—Upon quitting the town, we pass by the ground where Napoleon established the camp of the *army of England*, and near it the skeleton of the tower he intended to erect in honour of the Establishment of the Legion of Honour. We are now 18 miles from Calais. During the latter part of the journey, the country is in a very bad state. Clay and thatched cottages of miserable aspect and the people looking poor. At the half-way village of Marquis were swarms of beggars, their insolence beyond everything I have ever experienced. I was obliged to use my stick—my stick which has been my constant companion from the day I left Bungay to the present moment, and has several times been a useful and eloquent friend.

Calais.—We arrive at Calais at a quarter before eleven. It is surrounded by fortifications of great strength. In approaching its gates, we cross a strong fort on our left, and afterwards through three redoubts, four gates and two drawbridges. It is stronger than any town I have seen since quitting Italy. Being market day, the numbers of people flocking in, is immense. The Market place, which is very large for a town the size of Calais, was completely crammed.

We drive to Maurice's hotel, in the Rue de la Prison, where the landlady, waiters, furniture, windows, doors, locks, beds, dinner, society and everything, are half French and half English; without having the essentially good parts of either system, for it is

a comfortless hotel. I dine at 1, with some Englishmen, who had rather the appearance of sailors, and a French merchant. As neither spoke the other's language, I was interpreter general.

I resolve to get some rest to-night, and upon starting by the 9 o'clock packet to-morrow morning. Sally out after dinner, go to the end of a long kind of jetty, which defends the entrance into the harbour and river, meeting lots of English people, and talk about Louis XVIII and droits réunis. A Douanier allows that these last are a great hardship.

On the Boulevards, which form a pleasant walk, converse with an old man, who explains to me with wondrous precision, which parts of the fortifications were constructed by Julius Caesar, which by Edward III of England, and which by the various French monarchs. He also pointed out the mines, covered ways, and showed the coast line of ramparts and redoubts on each side of the town. The coast was literally planted with cannon during the war; they are at present taken away. The Church is but little remarkable. Louis XVIII went to it immediately on landing, and fell on his knees and returned thanks. I finish my promenade by talking to a young soldier lad who was made prisoner at Leipsic. He says that in time of war they were much better off in Germany and Prussia than in France, for in the former they were allowed to take what they liked.

Church Service. October 23rd, Sunday.—An adverse wind prevents our sailing. At eleven I went to Church, where was exhibited a singular mixture of ecclesiastical and military parade. The Grenadiers of the 52nd Regiment marched into the Church with their band playing a waltz, preceded by those Knights of the woeful countenance, the Sappeurs, who bore their axes and leather aprons up to the

very altar. The Sappeurs and two Sergeants were stationed round the Holy table. The bands and drums came next and played merry tunes during the intervals of the service. The Officers and Grenadiers filled the nave of the Church. All the soldiers kept their hats on.

The priests then commenced the service, the boys clad in white sounded the consecrated bells. Where the organ should have accompanied the responses, the discordant drums roared through the sacred aisles. At the moment of the elevation of the Host, the Commandant gave the word to present arms. The clang of musketry and a flourish of trumpets gave the response to the prayer of the minister, and the people kneeled and crossed themselves to the tones of pipes and cymbals. At the same moment, the Sappeurs waved their axes over the consecrated Wafer, and the Leader of the Band proudly tossed in the air the emblem of his office.

The whole had far more the air of a Pagan sacrifice to Mars, than of a spiritual offering to the Deity of Peace. I was astonished that such consideration should still be given to Military privileges in *such* a place. This well accorded with the plan of Napoleon, whose great aim was to make everything military. He infused a martial air into the writings, dresses, theatres, buildings, and even the very religion of France.

It is little consistent with the peaceful mind of Louis to keep up these pernicious farces, and I am persuaded that such scenes as I have witnessed to-day take place without his knowledge. It may be well imagined that these accompaniments of the Mass did not add to the devotion of the citizen worshippers. In fact, there was during the whole service a terrible degree of coquetting, flirting and talking. This 52nd Regiment, like almost all those

that are left entire, consists of very fine young men.

I afterwards walk in the neighbourhood of Calais and examine its strong fortifications and its flat sandy shore. The wind continues high and adverse all day and prevents us starting.

French and English Women.—Numerous English flocking in, as well as foreigners going to England. The head-dresses of my countrywomen appear to me particularly ugly, and I must confess that the walk and air of a Frenchwoman is far more feminine and delicate than that of the daughters of Albion; but the latter bear the palm in prettiness of face and in delicacy of thought. If only the English damsels had the feet and ankles, sparkling eyes and easy walk of the French, they would be faultless. At dinner, I converse with an intelligent man of Geneva, an English Captain from Corfu with despatches, and a Signorina Buzzio from Turin. The two latter know the noble-minded Castiglione, the relative of Alfieri.

October 24th, Monday.—It was not till this evening at six that we have notice that the wind has veered; we were on board at $7\frac{1}{2}$ and out of Calais harbour at 9. Till 12 we steered with a favourable wind towards the South foreland. We were 64 passengers on board the packet, Nymph. There was squabbling for berths. I resigned mine to Signorina Buzzio and lay down on the floor and slept.

Storm at Sea.—At midnight awoke by reason of a table, candles and a heavy sick man rolling over me. Utter darkness and confusion. The rain fell in torrents, the wind from the S.S.E. blew a hurricane, and the waves incessantly dashed over the vessel and obliged half our crew to be at the pumps. Our vessel gunnelled so much, and the deck was so slippery with the water, that our crew "reeled to and fro like drunken men and were at their wits'

end." In this state we continued until near daylight, the Captain, ignorant of our position, unable to make his crew hear him on account of the roaring of the wind and expecting every moment that our vessel must go.

October 25th, Tuesday.—Day began to dawn and we hailed the light with joy—but our joy was very short-lived, for the daylight discovered to us the rocks S.W. of the Shakespeare Cliffs, bearing just ahead at the distance of a few hundred yards, we going about ten knots an hour. Had the discovery been made five minutes later, it would have been announced to us by the dashing of our vessel on the rocks. The Captain was astounded and knew not what to do. A Dutch skipper took the command—Captain Halley, R.N., worked hard and showed others of us passengers how to be useful. But it was some minutes before we could get the jib down and get the vessel round. We all expected our last hour had come. Admiral G, likewise a passenger, did not behave with all the coolness and energy one would have expected from a British Officer. He took off his boots in order to swim the better, and then seemed wholly occupied in searching for the best means of reaching the shore.

For my own part I thought of my father. I ran over the whole of my life in a glance as it were. It seemed to me the existence of an hour. I thought how insignificant are the affairs of this world, how absolutely nothing is this life. I prayed for forgiveness. These reflections and prayers passed (the whole in, I think, three or four minutes) and I was perfectly calm, did what I could to assist, and even amused myself in contemplating the effects of danger on the various characters around me.

A young Irishman, next to me, took off his great coat to swim ; he looked and talked very coolly though

he said expressively "Our travelling's done". A lady (wife of an officer returning with him from Spain by France) sat without showing any signs of fear. She occasionally spoke cheerfully to those around her. She looked scarce 23 or 24, and I almost adored her heroic conduct. An honest John Bull fellow who had been cutting his jokes and drinking too freely of brandy during the night, came on deck with the countenance of a man dreadfully appalled. He said, after a time "I am intoxicated! Good God, let me not die in this state." He spoke this in a tone of anguish.

An old Frenchman was so ridiculous as to cause us to smile even at that awful moment—"Capitaine, Capitaine," he cried, "do please set me ashore; I am too ill to go on! I cannot go on." Two young Frenchmen opposite me alternately prayed and swore. A young Flemand, the only one who was *gay* at the moment of impending death, joked and attempted impious witticisms, saying what a jolly party we were to go to the Devil together. All the rest were deeply awed; some were overpowered by fear and seemed incapable of thought, but there were scarcely two persons that expressed their feelings in the same manner.

At length after much labour the jib was lowered, the vessel came round, and we were steering from the shore. We then ran out some way and our apprehensions were diminished though not annihilated, for still the sea ran tremendously high.

We were unable to see anything of the Packet which had sailed with fifty more passengers from Calais last night at the same time as ourselves. We heard later that she ran into Ramsgate, after narrowly escaping wrecking on the Goodwin Sands.

Arrival in England.—The wind began to subside at 8, and at 10 to our great joy we arrived in the

Downs, and half an hour after set foot upon the shore of old England, at Deal. We got into blankets at the Three Kings Inn, while our clothes were drying and I instantly fell asleep.

At 1 p.m. to the Custom House, where the Officers were very civil, slightly examined my trunk and demanded no duty for the books and prints which I had brought with me.

We now began to find out the losses we had sustained in the storm. Mine were confined to my trunk being filled with salt water, and consequently some prints and trinkets spoiled. The heroic lady lost her Indian shawl and her hat. Signorina Buzzio her ridiculous purse. A French merchant his pocket-book and £150, which were in his great coat pocket and were blown overboard when he was stripping to swim. The Captain's loss in damaged sails was about £7; but we were all highly rejoiced and congratulated each other over a good fire and excellent beefsteak, porter and port—good English fare which we enjoyed most heartily. Bed at 9, after attempting to dry some things.

October 26th.—Started with some of my companions from Deal at 6. Reach Canterbury to breakfast, not without having been struck with the superior neatness of English cottages and country residences. Met the passengers of the other Packet at Canterbury. We dined at Rochester, were delayed two hours by the wheel catching fire and spring breaking. Tea'd at Dartford, and at 11 o'clock p.m. arrived at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, London, where I found letters, much to my joy.

I began my journal from this house on the 6th of May. Since that period I have made a delightful tour, which and the journal of it I have now concluded —October 26th, 1814. J. B. S.

PART SEVEN
1814 to 1828

Wonderful interest of my tour in France, meeting Napoleon and the other great actors in the recent drama : Lord Byron in the Senate House, Cambridge : I attend Divinity lectures : I am passed " Fellow Craft and raised Master Mason," 15th December, 1814 : Solicited to publish the journal of my recent tour, particularly my meeting with Napoleon : Typhus fever in Cambridge : My friend Altz dies, 10th March, 1815 : Napoleon's return to Paris : Riots in London over the Corn Bill : Peace with America : I go to Brighton : A charming watering place : I meet Lord John Townsend : I visit the mess of the 7th Hussars and meet Colonel Kerrison : The regiment sets out for Antwerp on their way to Waterloo in April : Napoleon again Emperor : I fall in love with Louisa Bohun : Alas ! we never met again : Epsom and the Derby Stake : 5000 charity children in St Paul's : By gig to Windsor and see the Palace : John Galt of " Ayrshire Legatees " fame : I leave Cambridge finally : Day of immortal glory for England : Wellington defeats Napoleon at Waterloo : Samuel Whitbread speaks in the House of Commons in favour of Vote of Thanks to Duke of York as Commander-in-chief of the Army : I tour the north of England and Scotland : Winter in Edinburgh : Inverness : I meet Sir David Baird : Musical Festival at Edinburgh, October, 1815 : Sadler goes up in his Balloon : Mrs Siddons as " Lady Macbeth," " Queen Katherine," " Constance," and other parts : Lord Webb Seymour : I see Walter Scott : I am much with Gallandet, introducer of Deaf and Dumb Schools in the United States : I talk with Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd : Marriage of Princess Charlotte : I quit Scotland : On July 11, 1816, I start on a new tour on the Continent : Two months in lovely Switzerland : I hear that Gibbs of Palermo had failed and shot himself, a serious money loss to my father : I spend the winter in Italy : Rome on New Year's Day, 1817 : The Holy House at Loretto : The fireplace where the Virgin is supposed to have warmed the Infant Saviour : I return to Switzerland in July : The Alps : The Cathedral at Milan : The Salt Mines of Saltzburg : Vienna in October : I meet the Prince of Parma, Napoleon's only son : Dresden : I study the German language : I meet Schopenhauer : Death of Princess Charlotte, 6 November, 1817 : Leipsig Fair : A frank description of Myself : I return to England, 22 June, 1818.

So cut off from France had Englishmen been, from the time of my birth to that of my landing in France, that this event produced on my mind and feelings more excitement than a visit to any other place on the Earth could do. It produced a singular lightness of spirits and gaiety, and an excess of attention and curiosity. Everything around me was so new, such a contrast was exhibited in costume, manners and customs!

The interest of this Tour was highly increased by the present state of France. So marvellous has been the late history of this country that it seems rather a well composed drama than a tissue of plain facts. The man who so lately ruled the far greater part of Europe with a rod of iron, which many even in England deemed it presumption to attempt to break, is now an exile in the solitary isle of Elba, and he who a year and a half ago saw the Capital of his ancestors occupied by a foreign force now rules in concert with his Allies, and magnanimously rules the destinies of Europe. To perceive the effect of these wondrous events upon the people who were most concerned in them, and to learn their present feelings, were among the prominent motives that influenced me to take this tour so much sooner than I had intended to leave England. To see also the combined monarchs of Europe and their generals and armies assembled together were further motives which tempted me to leave Cambridge, & begin at once my inspection of foreign men and manners. Thus did I write on the day on which I first landed

in France, and richly did my Tour afford to me every advantage which I had anticipated.

During my stay in Paris, I saw the assembled masterpieces of Painting and Sculpture, and thus received an important impulse towards right taste and feeling in these arts. I had near views of Louis XVIII and his brother (afterwards Charles X), and the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe); of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, and his brother Constantine, Nicholas (his successor) and Michael—of King Frederic William of Prussia and his sons; of the Emperor of Austria and a host of the Ministers and Warriors of Europe. I became acquainted with men of literature and science. I met the gallant troops of my own nation on their return from the South of Europe. I saw splendid Russian, Prussian and French Reviews.

But above all, I had an interview and personal conversation with *the* great man of the Age, with Napoleon himself, under the most favourable circumstances. I had too a delightful interlude of social happiness in the lovely vallies of the Pyrenees. I saw beautiful portions of the Appenines in their most pleasing aspect. I became acquainted with the glories of the Mediterranean Sea and Italy, and saw splendid remains of Roman architecture.

At the end of my tour, after experiencing a terrific storm in the Channel, I returned to England. My father joined me the following day, and I was chiefly with him in Town for one week. He returned to Suffolk on the 3rd November; I continued in London till the 7th. Saw Miss O'Neill for the first time, and was charmed with her acting.

On the 7th, I again dined at Emmanuel Hall and slept in my old rooms for the last time. Staunton took possession of them on the 8th, and I went into lodgings at Spencers, in Christ's Lane. I saw Lord

Byron in the Senate House, at the Election of a Professor of Anatomy to succeed Harwood, who died on the 9th November. I admired his fine dark countenance, expressive of good sense, acute sensibility and a melancholy train of thought. He was long in conversation with the traveller, Dr E. D. Clarke.

My prospect of ultimately taking orders was unaltered. I attended divinity lectures by Fawcett with that view. At the same time there was a prospect of the Local Militia being called out in May. "A red coat in Spring and a black one in Autumn will appear rather odd," said my father, and he encouraged me to travel more before I fixed myself as a Clergyman: advice which I was well disposed to follow.

On the 15th December, I was passed "Fellow Craft and raised Master Mason" at the Free Mason Lodge No. 515. I was told that Free Masonry would be of service to me as a traveller and a man, but I never entered the Lodge again.

From various quarters I received solicitations to publish the journal of my summer tour, and particularly that part which related to Napoleon. Edward Valentine Bloomfield, Dawson Turner,[1] and through him, Matthias, the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, were among those to whose advice on this point I had almost acceded. But on reviewing my journal carefully, I thought it wiser to resist the flattering requests of my many friends.

1815

Cambridge. February 20th.—I left Town, where I had been for the past month and returned to

[1] E. V. Bloomfield, b. 1788, d. 1816. A distinguished classical scholar. Published various works.
Dawson Turner, b. 1775, d. 1858, botanist and antiquary.

Cambridge. Attended Lectures and read miscellaneously. Holmes and Altz were much with me.

Typhus Fever. March 4th.—My valued friend Altz having been seized with a fever then so prevalent at Cambridge, became delirious on the 6th, ravingly so on the 8th, and died on the 10th. He was 25 years of age, strong as Hercules, and as vigorous in mind as in body. He was fourth wrangler of 1811. He was buried in the Antechapel of Jesus College, on the 17th.

Milliard of Emmanuel sickened of the fever and died on the 18th. I was much with him to the last. All who could, now left the infected Town and Colleges.

The fever was declared to be typhus. I went to London from the 18th to the 25th. Eight University men died the day I left Cambridge.

Napoleon.—Napoleon's return from Elba to Paris was the engrossing subject of every one's thoughts at this period. There were Riots concerning the Corn Bill in London, but the news of Peace with America was an agreeable variety.

Brighton. March 28th.—I went to Brighton and stayed at Chambers' Boarding House on the Marine Parade. At the Table d'hôte I found agreeable society—about sixteen in number, and all that vivacity, independence and diversity of character which forms the charm of a watering place party. My hopes of making a tour in Italy were deferred for a time by the renewal of war between France and England, and I think of making a journey to Scotland instead.

During my visit to Brighton I was introduced to Lord John Townsend. He was very polite and kind to me, but I saw that his motive was to gain

my vote for his son, Charles Fox Townsend, as a Candidate to represent our University in Parliament. I enjoyed his anecdotes but kept aloof from promises.

Colonel Kerrison.—Thomas Felton of the 7th Hussars introduced me to the mess of that crack Regiment. I was agreeably surprised at the quiet good sense and temperance of their society. Their Colonel, Sir E. Kerrison, showed me that kind civility and politeness which he always limited himself to with regard to any one who knew his father or his native town. He and his regiment set out for Antwerp on their way to Waterloo in April.

Meanwhile the Fever continued at Cambridge, and James and Edward Burroughs fell a sacrifice to it in one week. I had a slight attack of it before I came to Brighton, but change and sea air drove it away. My friends, the Bohuns, had returned from St Germaine en Laye in consequence of Napoleon's resumption of the Empire, and had fixed themselves temporarily at Rottingdean, near Brighton. From the 20th April to the 24th of May, I had "golden days". I became a constant visitor at their house; we walked, read, and sat in the sea caves together, and during Mr Bohun's temporary absence in London, I was installed protector in the family. Louisa was at this time a beautiful girl of nineteen. Sympathy was soon lighted up. Our excursion to Newhaven very nearly caused an offer on my part. I was held back only by a desire to travel and see more before I entered into a life engagement. When I parted from her on the 23rd of May, I fervently and expressively said, "In a year." "Yes," she replied with equal expression, "in a year." Alas! We never met again.

May 24th.—I left Brighton for Epsom races. Slept at Ashton, a village close by and enjoyed

with Gaussen, his wife and the Franks, the splendid views and assemblage and the excitement of the Derby Stake on the 25th. Was in London from the 26th to the 10th June. I visited the Marquis of Stafford's Gallery of Pictures; my preference for Italian above Dutch Art was already decided and has never wavered. I dined with Bainbridge, the Merchant in Bridge Street, and with the botanical Magistrate, Mr J. J. Woodward, then of Diss, formerly of Bungay, who was very kind to me.

I was present when 5000 children educated by charity in London were arranged under the Dome of St Paul's. The Princess Charlotte of Wales and the Duke of Orleans were there. It was a sublime scene. A dinner with my Brighton friends at Basinghall Street, and a very gay ball at Mrs Wright's in Cadogan Place, and a law talking dinner at E. Alderson's in the Temple were among the parties of the time.

On the 5th June, Sam Alderson and I went in a gig to Eton and Windsor, saw the splendours of the Palace and the interesting gaieties of the Surley Hall Regatta. On the 6th, on our way to Hampton Court, we fell in with a regular pugilistic exhibition between Knowle-witley and Scroggins at Mosely Hurst.

Raphael's Cartoons.—We were astonished and delighted by the Raphael Cartoons at Hampton Court, explained and illustrated as they were to us by the enthusiastic Holloway. On the 7th I acted as Steward to the annual Emmanuel dinner at the Free Masons' Tavern. The 9th, dined with my fellow traveller, John Galt, the novelist, of the *Ayrshire Legatee's* fame.

Cambridge.—From the 11th to the 14th I was at Cambridge, preparing with a heavy heart to leave the University finally. On Saturday, my father

and I went to Southwold. On Sunday it rained without ceasing, from 12 at night till 7 in the evening. *This* was the day of immortal glory to Great Britain. Wellington defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. The days of Agincourt and Cressy are come again! On the 21st we first hear at Southwold reports of the great victory. On the 22nd I drove from Southwold to Bungay, from Bungay to Southwold, and from Southwold to Bungay again.

Waterloo.—On the 23rd, we had the official account of the battle. Samuel Whitbread, M.P. for Bedfordshire, spoke in the House of Commons in favour of a vote of thanks to the Duke of York as Commander-in-chief of the Army, and on the 6th July committed suicide.[1]

August 3rd.—Set out for a tour to the north of England and Scotland which occupied to the 10th September. In Oct. commenced a University Course at Edinburgh, which continued till the following spring. My main object was to gain practical knowledge of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Mental Philosophy. For these purposes I attended lectures by Playfair, Hope and Thomas Brown, and took extensive notes.

Inverness.—While in Inverness, through my companion, T. Curtis, son of Alderman Sir David Curtis, I became acquainted with Sir David Baird, Bart,[2]

[1] Samuel Whitbread, b. 1758, d. 1815. Whig politician. Became intimate with Fox, and in 1805 conducted the attack on Lord Melville. He married a daughter of Earl Grey.

[2] Sir David Baird, Bart, b. 1757, d. 1829. Served with distinction in India and at the Siege of Seringapatam, with the storming party. In 1801 he commanded the Indian forces in Egypt; the following year served in the Mahratta War, and in 1806 commanded the expedition to Cape Colony, defeating the Dutch at Cape Town. Fought in the Dutch War and joined Sir John Moore in Spain. He lost an arm at Corunna, and on his return for a second time, received the thanks of Parliament and was created a baronet.

the celebrated General, and Charles Grant since Lord Glenelg,[1] M.P. for Inverness. The good Burgesses of Inverness presented the freedom of their town to the gallant General, and then, supposing eminent merits in myself from being in Sir David's company, they conferred the same honour on me!

Edinburgh.—There was a splendid musical festival at Edinburgh in October. 1000 were at the Hall, and 100,000 attended to see Sadler rise in his balloon. I had a great treat in the close of this year. Mrs Siddons, whom I had never seen before, performed all her best characters at the Edinburgh theatre, before retiring from the Stage, and I had then the luxury of seeing and hearing her as Lady Macbeth, Queen Katherine, Constance, etc.

My principal acquaintances at this time were Lord Webb Seymour, whose hints were very useful in the direction of my studies, Lord Alloway, the Scottish Judge, and his son Elias Cathcart, to whom the good Colonel Kelso (Bungay) had introduced me, the American Gallandet,[2] Alexander Gordon, and Galt. I saw Walter Scott and Jeffrey,[3] and the Archdukes Joseph and Louis of Austria, and was much interested by the exercise of the Sacrament Week, and by the Saturnalia of the hailing of the New Year.

1816

Edinburgh.—I continued till the end of April attending regularly the Lectures of Professors Hope,

[1] Lord Glenelg. Charles Grant, b. 1778, d. 1866, a British Statesman.

[2] Thomas Gallandet, a clergyman, b. at Philadelphia 1787, d. 1851, principally interested in the education of the "Deaf and Dumb." He visited Europe in 1815.

[3] Francis Jeffrey, b. 1773, d. 1850, a Scottish Judge and literary critic. Appointed Lord Advocate in 1830.

Playfair and T. Brown. I passed many pleasant evenings with the Alexander Gordons, and Lord Alloway, in both of whose families I was at home whenever I pleased. My friend, Colonel Neil Douglas, was some time in Edinburgh, to have a Waterloo ball extracted from his leg. I was also much with the benevolent and philosophical Gallandet, the introducer of Deaf and Dumb Schools in the United States. Among my acquaintances of a day or two were Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who told me "he was just then, as he was, stocking a new farm and publishing a new poem; and Charles Matthews, the comic actor, who after keeping me in perpetual laughter, told me with a serious sigh that he was often afflicted with nervousness and hypochondria.

May 2nd.—The day on which the Princess Charlotte was married to Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, I left Edinburgh on a three days tour to Perth. On the 8th I started Southward and quitted Scotland. On the 20th attended the Court at Carlton House, to congratulate the Regent on his daughter's marriage to Prince Leopold, with near 400 other members of our University in Academical costume. The fat but graceful and royal looking Regent was so surprised at our numbers, that he exclaimed in a half whisper, as he viewed us, "Good God!"

London.—I stayed in London, seeing "Spring Sights", and meeting my University and travelling friends till June 1st. I had my headquarters at Bungay, till the 10th July. On the 11th I started on a new tour to Belgium, the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy and Germany.

July 11th.—My father drove me to Scole Inn before breakfast, and I commenced a new tour. At half past eight we parted, I proceeding by the

Norwich coach to London, My father bade me farewell, and we looked at each other till the intervening trees cut off our view. I felt a pang at my heart on leaving him.

Belgium.—I entered Belgium at Ostend on the 10th, and quitted it near Liège on the 26th July. I was in Rhenish Germany from the 26th July to the 14th August. In Rhenish France for the following 3 days, and in Switzerland from the 16th of August to the 22nd October. I completed my delightful two months tour in Switzerland on the latter date, in full health and vigour of body and mind, and descended from the snows of the Simplon into lovely Italy.

Here my companions were two Italian merchants, who talked of commercial affairs in Naples. Being greatly interested, I asked if they had heard of Gibbs of Palermo, and to my consternation, they replied, "He failed and shot himself three months ago."

I felt that this catastrophe would probably complete the ruin of Glovers, and consequently cause immense loss to my father who has extensive business with this house, and ultimately to myself. I was depressed and agitated, but I had always known that great wealth was not essential to my happiness, and feared chiefly for my father. I had myself in readiness to start back for Sicily if letters from home required it, but such a step appeared to him useless, so continued my sojourn at Milan and Florence.

My travels in the North of Italy during the remainder of this year were very agreeable and advantageous to me, and I completed a most interesting year by entering Rome on its closing day.

JOHN SCOTT, SENIOR, OF BUNGAY.

1817

Rome.—My Roman life delighted me. My first residence there included January and the first 23 days of February. My journey from Rome to Naples was full of interest. I closed the 29th at Terracina, where I was full of thoughts of home and of my own past life whose duration this day amounted to 25 years. I have of late been so much in the habit of counting time in centuries at Rome, that this term of years seems a very speck invisible on the vast ocean of Time. But, alas! even in the space occupied by this speck, how much good might have been done. I was again in Rome from the 2nd April to the 13th of May.

Loretto.—On my way from Rome to Ancona, I viewed in detail the superstitions of Loretto. The effect on my mind had an enduring effect. The Holy House was full of pilgrims, who were anxiously and fervently kissing the bricks and sighing and weeping in the most piteous manner. There is an altar erected within the Apartment, and there is a division of it into two parts, by a wall at the upper end. In the division behind the Altar is a kind of sanctum sanctorum, with the fireplace by the side, where the Virgin is pretended to have warmed the Infant Saviour and God of the World.

Above, so placed as to be seen on the other side of the Altar also, is the famous Black faced Image of the Virgin and Child. Its robe of gold is adorned with jewels. The thought came to me, "Am I not surely in the cell of some ancient Grecian or Roman Temple?" Perhaps that is the Image of Diana of Ephesus. Is the worship I witness here a more enlightened and less absurd one than that of any idol of antiquity? Poor ridiculus man, art thou not

as blind and erring and idolatrous as thine ancestors who sank into death thousands of years ago ? "

The sudden great heat of May and other causes brought on a fever, which made me but an inattentive observer from Ancona to Bologna. I recovered, but was delayed by the dangerous typhus of my companion, Captain Pycroft. At Ferrara I was stopped for ten days and more, by the want of an Austrian minister's signature to my passport.

Swiss Tour.—On the 5th July I started from Milan on a new Swiss tour, which occupied me 31 days, and terminated again at Milan on the 4th August. It included 647 English miles, of which I performed 153 in carriages or boats, and 494 on foot, exclusive of my saunterings around my halting places. Many of my day's walks exceeded 30 miles, and included the most difficult passes of the Alps.

Lake Como.—After an awful storm on the Lake of Como on the 5th July, I slept soundly on the banks till 2 in the morning. I then found that the storm had completely subsided, the moon was shining brightly, and the now placid surface of the lake discovered a delightful tranquil view.

Nesso.—On the 6th, a procession was winding along the road about Nesso. As it proceeded slowly along with its banners and emblems, we saw it amid the trees, now lost it and again caught sight of it at a new and unexpected point. Males and females alternately chanted the stanzas of a hymn to the Virgin. In the romantic beauty of the view, & the softened sounds of music, there was a charm which suspended our conversation while we continued within sight and hearing, and inspired I know not what of calm religious feeling.

This was a much enjoyed tour. My verdict on the Swiss people at this period was that they were

honest, brave and free, and that after Englishmen they come first in my esteem.

The passage of the Gries mountain, 8050 feet, was one of the most difficult I have made.[1] This pass conducts across glaciers from Obergestelen to Formazza. The mountain is of a sugar loaf form, with its ridges running nearly perpendicularly. The sides were covered with snow, rendered so hard by repeated frosts that it was very difficult to obtain a footing on the surface, and such is the inclination that if the climber's foot once slips and he loses his balance, he must inevitably glide down—down. The mind recoils from thinking how far, and down what a precipice, yet this slippery surface must be traversed not for a few feet, but for ¾ of an hour's walk at least, and far away from any refuge, surrounded only by similar glassy snows, above, below, before, behind.

My guide, however, shows no sign of fear, and when this is the case I think it superfluous to have fear myself. He precedes, making a ledge for his footsteps by digging and sawing the snow with his shoes. I follow his example. Placed in the midst of such a perilious passage, it will not do for me to spend much time in contemplating the scene around. I have enough to do to mind my footing. I follow my guide, stopping only when the wind, which blew furiously down the hills, rendered it necessary to stop, to diminish its power upon us, lest it should upset us and set us asliding.

At length we gained a bit of barren rock, an islet in the sea of snows—grateful to us as ever oasis to the pilgrim, traversing the desert sands of Africa. But we have to embark again on a similar course before we reach the summit. At length, by dint of

[1] Previous to the construction of the present road by the Austrian government in 1823, it was difficult and dangerous. Marshall MacDonald, who crossed it in 1800, lost a large number of men.

patience and perseverance, we did arrive on the top of the mountain.

July 31.—Near Airolo, I met a Frenchman, who was astonished that I travelled alone. I agree with him in not loving solitude for a long time; but it is delightful to find oneself now and then in perfect Alpine solitude, to be free and unconfined, and at one's halting place to enjoy the conversation of the natives or of those one meets. Nominally alone, I have less of real solitude than those who travel in company of their countrymen.

Lugano.—Near the Lake of Lugano (August 3), shining villages and vineyards and groves dominate the scene on every side, save where a precipitous rock or a dark wooded hill intervenes to give a greater effect to the warmth and richness of the vicinity. Olives and almonds bore their fruit around us. The moment was most favourable. There was wind enough to refresh without disturbing, sun enough to illumine and give the most brilliant effect of light and shade without annoying. The waters were of a clear, rich, greenish blue; the scenery would not have disgraced the Isle which Tasso formed for the charmed retreat of Armida and Rinaldo.

Piotti, one of my companions, had been 27 years in England, an exile from his native valley.

Melano.—At Melano and Capo di Lago, we began to meet his old acquaintances, and all the villagers were in an uproar. "Piotti is come from England" was re-echoed from tongue to tongue, and we were surrounded by crowds anxious to recall the memory of his features, or to pour forth the full tide of questions and congratulations and news, faster than their tongues were capable of expressing it. The scene was interesting, but it was embittered by the observation of how many of his friends had sunk into the

grave. My mind turned away from the present scene and remembered how many of my own friends have departed, and, alas, may continue to depart during my absence from my native land.

Milan. August 4th.—In the evening I again walked in the dim solemn aisles of the Cathedral of Milan at twilight. There is a moral virtue in that building, for I never enter it without feelings of piety and reverence.

From the 4th to the 16th August, I remained at my good friend Richmann's, in the Contrada Moroni, reading, summing up old tours, and planning and preparing new German ones, and writing to father about Glover's miserable transactions in Sicily.

Milan. August 9th.— I attended the distribution of prizes for Works of Art at the Boera. I became intimate at this time with the Cavalier Hager, a learned but conceited Vienese Professor of Literature and Antiquities; two Poles and Gilbert Stuart Newton,[1] the American, who afterwards gained so much distinction as a Painter in England.

Tyrol. August 16th.—I left Milan on the 16th August. I was six days in the Tyrol. A little less beautiful and grand than Switzerland, still it delighted me greatly.

August 19th.—Cross the frontier of Italy, and as the carriage bore me over the frontier away from that country which it is probable I am destined never to revisit, my mind bounded back to the scenes which Italy had presented to it. Again from the Camaldoli and Vesuvius, I viewed the charming coasts of the Bay of Naples, hovered over the august ruins of Rome, glided through the splendid museums of the Vatican, the Capitol and Florence, admired

[1] His "Yorick and the Grisette" is in the National Gallery.

the vale of Arno and the rich plains which surround the Po, soothed myself in the gondolas of Venice, and re-enjoyed the pleasures of cultivated society on the promenades of Milan. In a panoramic glimpse, I viewed too the inhabitants of the sea and mountain-girt Peninsular; their vices and their virtues were arranged before me in perplexing contrast; but on them appeared enough of the good and beautiful in the grand and varied picture to render *that* a fanciful moment in which I pronounced the parting salutation, "Italy, farewell, and if for ever—still ever fare thee well." At first the rapid change from the warm glorious sun of an Italian summer to the clouds of a more Northern Autumn cast a chill over my bodily and mental feelings, and as a specimen of this I extract the following from my journal—

Brixen. August 22nd.—We went to the Cathedral. In its adjoining Cloisters are the tombs of numerous Barons and Bishops of Brixen and the Tyrol, their figures sculptured in marble repose, with many a long and pompous inscription of the titles and merits of those who have long ago been consigned to oblivion.

The sky was overcast with black clouds, from which ever and anon sounded tremendous peals of thunder—the wind rushed drearily through the damp, gloomy cloisters. The shades of evening thickened. "There was an air of horror in the scene which chilled the very blood."

In the yard without were the humble turf tombs of the poor, each narrow house surmounted by a Cross, inscribed with the name and virtues of the deceased. Relations were praying by the side of these graves, and were sprinkling them with Holy Water from the stone vases of the Churchyard.

It is curious to observe how the character of modern mythology changes as one travels from the

South to the North. There is a kind of grace and gaiety in the miracles of Italy; angels, virgins and saints are the sole actors. In Germany a miracle is more wild in its construction, more gloomy and horrible—the operator is not an angel, but a dragon or a giant or a demon.

Munich.—To Munich, where I remained from the 27th August to the 6th September, seeing buildings, museums, paintings, and studying German and making new acquaintances, Wentworth and Murray amongst others.

Saltzburg.—Wentworth, Murray and I left Munich on the night of the 6th September, posting in a Drowski. We reached Saltzburg on the 7th stayed there and explored the Salt Mines in this vicinity. On the 8th to Austria proper, and reached Vienna on the morning of the 12th.

I stayed in Vienna till the 13th October, lodging at the Kaiserin von Perlo Hotel, seeing all the galleries, museums, palaces, and everything remarkable in this Capital, and mixing in very gay Russian, Polish, English, Austrian and Hungarian society —much more elevated in rank than in morals.

On the staircase of the Palace of Schönbrunn, I saw the young Napoleon, Prince of Parma, only son of the Emperor. He turned round, bowed and said, "Je vous salue, Messieurs." He is fair, has long flowing light coloured hair, and was dressed in a tight fitting light blue jacket and trousers. He was a boy that one might notice as pretty, active and clever-looking, even if his name had not been Napoleon. He is now six years old.

October 15th.—This morning the ground was white with snow; the same day we had a warm evening —the afternoon foggy and damp. These extremely

sudden changes of climate are common in Moravia, still more so in Vienna. When out of humour with the climate of my own country, and fancying other lands more favoured, let me hereafter remember these extremes and be content at home.

We reached Prague on the 17th October and stayed there five days. I travelled with natives of the country from Vienna to portions of Moravia and Bohemia.

Prague.—We supped one evening at a country Inn, in the common room. It was a curious scene. All the guests of the house, down to the miller's man, carters and shoe-blacks, were assembled and eating and quaffing their good beer at the various tables.

For 14 days I had been living with Princes, Counts and Barons, Russian, Polish and German, and now was elbowed at my supper by peasants, and exchange compliments with a jolly pedlar as if fortune had placed us on a level. I love to run thus rapidly through all the notes of the gamut of society! The whole affords me a pleasure and harmony of which one portion of the scale only could never have rendered me susceptible. Among the lower orders here there is less rudeness of manner than in England or Italy, and much of personal neatness. These two facts take away the most serious drawbacks to the pleasure of mixing with this class of people.

In the groups were many young tradesmen, who by the Civic Laws are obliged to travel from place to place, and work in various towns before they may fix on one in which to practise their trade.

Dresden.—The remainder of 1817 was spent in the pleasant little Saxon Capital, with the exception of a four days tour in Saxon Switzerland, a singularly wild and beautiful district.

The Jubilee of the 2nd Century which had elapsed since the Great Genevan Reformation, by Luther and Melancthon, was celebrated at Dresden on the 31st October and the 1st and 2nd of November. Hymns, Prayers, Thanksgiving and Preaching formed the leading parts of this great Protestant Celebration; but processions, garlands and decorations entered into it more than they would have done in Switzerland or Scotland, in a festival among the disciples of Calvin.

My objects at Dresden were chiefly the acquirement of the German language, and the study of general literature. I frequented the German theatre regularly as an agreeable school, and the Italian Opera as an amusement—keeping up my Italian and my love for music. My chief companions were the learned but sceptical, vain, and half crazy Dr Schopenhauer,[1] Lieut: May of the Marines, Captain Higgins, Mr Galben and Mr Brooks, English travellers, Lieut: Hoskins of the English Navy, sophistical and radical but original and talented, and the amiable but wild Saxon Count Vitzthum. I was fully employed and generally happy, but at times the thought that my wandering pleasurable life was leading me further away from domestic joys, and therefore ultimately into solitude, cast a shade of anxiety over my mind.

Death of Princess Charlotte.—The Princess Charlotte of Wales died on the 6th November in giving birth to a stillborn male child. She was only 21 years and 10 months. In common with all British subjects, we at Dresden were cast down by this sudden blasting of the hopes of our nation.

I closed this year with a letter of affectionate and

[1] Schopenhauer, Arthur, b. 1788, d. 1860. German pessimistic philosopher. His great work, *The World as Will and Idea* (1819) was translated into English in 1886.

not injudicious advice to my young cousins, Sarah, Samuel and Charlotte!

1818

Dresden.—I continued to reside in Dresden during the first three months of 1818.

Leipsig.—On the 1st April, after a residence of five months, I bade adieu to Dresden and travelled with Germans going to Leipsig Fair. I tarried in this town till the 9th. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that all the manufactured articles which are objects of commerce in Europe, wholesale and retail, may be found in the Fair of Leipsig. This however is giving too confused a definition. Horses, cattle and the manufactured products of the earth are also bought and sold during the second week of the Fair. The number of French, Italians, Poles, English, and Jews here is very great. Of Greeks and Russians there are fewer than usual.

Great quantities of English goods, cotton, muslins, etc., are for sale, but in cloth, the manufacturers of the Netherlands, France and the Rhine country, and even of Lucatia and Silesia, bear away the palm and profit.

Berlin. April 12th.—Arrived at Berlin, where I passed 16 days seeing everything remarkable that it contained. I heard Lectures here from Professor Wolf,[1] on Homer, Savigny,[2] on Roman Laws, Lichtenstein, on Natural History, and Schleiermacher,[3] on Theology. I attended two sittings also at Dr Wohlfast's, the celebrated Animal Magnetiser. I was

[1] Wolf, C. F. (1759-1824), German critic.

[2] Savigny, F. K. German jurist; he was 32 years Professor of Law at Berlin.

[3] Schleiermacher, F. E. D. Theologian. He exercised great influence as a preacher and writer. (B. 1768, d. 1860.)

at a splendid Maskerade Ball given by the King at the Opera House, on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Frederica to the Duke of Anhalt Dessau on the 21st April, 1818. I left Berlin on the 28th.

Hanover. May 5th.—There is a school here called the Semmarium, where 500 children are educated, and at the same time young men are prepared for becoming school-masters. The whole are under one Inspector, who instructs the young school-masters himself, which instruction he sees is put into practice in the teaching of the boys and girls.

Nearly all the school-masters of the kingdom are furnished by this Semmarium; the institution is older than those of Dr Bell and Lancaster.[1]

Here follows a description of myself at this period, which I wrote to my old school fellow, Charles Colman: "I will give you my portrait. Six feet two inches high; black hair tolerably long, dark thick beard and whiskers down to the lower tips of the ears. Eyes dark brown and lively. Rest of aspect rather serious. Complexion a rather dark, palish mixture of red, white and yellow. Face traced with some lines of thought; thin in the lower part. This and the beard make me look older than I am. Figure, thin; gait upright, hips too broad in proportion; legs too thin. This machine generally clothes itself in blue coat with yellow buttons, yellow or blue waistcoat, and grey pantaloons, which descending very low make the long figure look still longer."

Holland. May 29th.—I entered Holland near Arnheim, and stayed at Amsterdam from the 31st to the 12th of June. On the 21st of June embarked for England. My impressions of the Dutch were not favourable on the whole.

[1] They founded a model school in England.

As the winds and waves bore me along among the low islands of Zeeland, from one land to another, so I thought am I borne from one period of life to another new and different one, upon the rapid, increasing current of Time. The thought was one which would have led me on to a long series of reflexions, but as the waves began to rise and fall with greater vehemence I could hardly move or think. I had thirty-two hours of suffering from most severe sea-sickness, and did not touch English ground until the afternoon of the 22nd of June.

PART EIGHT

1818 to 1826

My two years tour of the Continent only cost £616 : I join my Father at Ipswich : I decide against continuing my studies for the Church : On 24th August, 1818, I come into possession of my capital : Nelson Column erected in Yarmouth : I protest against the use of Latin on our monuments : 1820, June 6, I see Queen Caroline arrive in London : Prison Discipline interests me : I visit Newgate and other gaols : 1821, I meet Crabbe, the poet : Death of Napoleon Buonaparte : Coronation of George IV : 5 a.m. I am in the Gallery near West Door of the Abbey : Queen Caroline dies 19 days later : I return to France, February, 1822 for seven months : I return to England 13th September, 1822 : Elected a Life Governor of the British Institution, 30th October, 1822 : To Paris again in January, 1823 : Prince Leopold has his rooms above me : Vicomte de Chateaubriand invites me to an official Soirré : I become a member of the Circle de l'Europe : Pasta in "Otello," Talma and Madame Mars at the Francais : War between France and Spain : I return to England, 26th April, 1823 : Serious illness of my cousin Sarah : A broken love affair : I return to Italy at the end of 1823 ; for four months, and again in 1825, and remain till June 1826 : Buckingham House partly demolished and a new Palace erected for the King.

England. 1818.—My two years Continental tour cost me only about £616, and this sum included nearly £80 laid out for books, prints and other articles which I still possess.

Custom House arrangements, the times of the Orwell boats sailing, and the effects of my sea-sickness detained me two days at Harwich.

Ipswich Elections. June 24th.—I sailed up the lovely river and met my dear father at Ipswich. We stayed there till the 27th. The 26th was the General Election of M.P's. for Suffolk. Gooch and Rowly were elected. The day was to me a most gratifying one, the mere spectacle of such a popular assemblage, with the High Sheriff and various officers addressing them from the Hustlings, was very animating. But what rendered the whole tenfold more interesting to me was that in the assembled crowds, I met with the earliest of my acquaintances, my own fellow countrymen from all parts of the county, and that I was introduced to many more whom I had hitherto known only by name. I was in a continued glow of the most gratifying enthusiasm of recollections. Bands and dancing, laurels, canopies, waving flags, and a profusion of ribbons of the rival blue and orange, and shouts and huzzas gave an enchanting animation to the whole scene.

I had a little of the other side of the picture in the evening. Friends of Sir Thomas Gooch, a party of us, were assaulted by a violent mob, and my head and face were covered with blood, but nothing

serious. My father drove me in his gig to Bungay where we arrived at 10½ on the night of Saturday, ths 27th of June.

Bungay.—On the morning of the 28th, I found my uncle, aunt and three cousins in Waveney House, to which they had removed from Outney Cottage during my absence.

I *had* formed golden dreams, how at the age of 27 I would settle down, take Orders, cease to travel and fix myself in the country, with the society of a wife, and in the discharge of the duties of my profession, enjoy the happiness of making others happy. I have now great reason to fear that my opinions are too much at variance with those commended by the Church of England to allow me to become one of her ministers. I must therefore examine both myself and the doctrines of the Church further, before coming to any decision.

I communicated these sentiments to my father soon after my return, and resolved to set about that careful and persevering study of the Holy Scriptures in the Originals, which could, I felt, alone lay the foundations for a satisfactory result. The learning of Hebrew and the reading of the Bible and Testament and the best commentaries I could hear of, and the settling of my ideas as to the true meaning of the Scriptures, occupied me during the chief part of the next three years.

Cambridge.—I took the Degree of M.A. (with John Holmes and other friends) at Cambridge on the 7th July, and was a fortnight in London with Gilbert S. Newton,[1] the painter, John Musgrave, and John Holmes as my chief companions.

Whilst at home in August, I accidentally became

[1] G. S. Newton, b. 1728, d. 1835. His "Yorick and the Grisette" is in the National Gallery.

THE MARKET PLACE, BUNGAY SHOWING THE TWO MARKET CROSSES

From an old painting.

acquainted with my father's attachment to H.B. This surprised and vexed me at first, but I soon learned to esteem the object of it.

After my mother's death in 1811, my father made over her property to me, and on the 24th of August in this year, 1818, he transferred to my possession the capital of the allowance which he had nominally given me in 1812, with the desire that £12,000 should remain in the Funds. His confidence in me has always had the effect of making me prudent and economical.

Yarmouth.—I had taken lodgings on Yarmouth Denes, where my main pursuit was the learning of Hebrew, and where I remained off and on till July 1819. I had the pleasure of aiding in the establishment of a Savings Bank at Bungay about this time.

The Nelson Column had just been erected in Yarmouth—it was proposed to carve on the face of its pedestal a long Latin inscription. In a letter to the Editor of the Norwich Papers, I wrote to deprecate the continuation of the use of the Latin language on monuments, which I consider should be destined to convey information to all inhabitants of Britain, not merely to the man of liberal education, but to all classes of the community.

The last ten days of 1818 I spent with my father at Bungay.

Whilst at Yarmouth I had visits from my friend Capper, who was living at Ditchingham Lodge with the Suttons, Moxon, J. W. Wilkinson, R. Burroughs, R. Tunney, Chaplain of the Forces, Henry Gooch, Joseph Woods, etc.

The new Congregational Meeting House was built and opened in Bungay in August this year.[1]

[1] See Appendix, p. 235.

1820

London. June 6th.—See Queen Caroline arrive in London.

This Spring I attended many public meetings in London. I was very cosmopolitan in my tastes and feelings. Jews, Catholics, Caledonians, Churchmen and Dissenters came in for my personal and pecuniary assistance. Prison discipline was at this time a favourite subject with me, and I visited Newgate and other gaols. National finance in theory and practice also occupied much of my thoughts. Anxious to promote Science and Art, I commenced contributing to various Institutions connected with them.

1821

Bath. February to May.—I worked pretty regularly at the study of the Scriptures in the original, and made copious notes. I used to ride and pass the evenings with the Holmes (from Bungay), Laura Tuthill and Joseph Woods. Herbert Saunders, occupied about Pauper Colonies as a cure for pauperism, Archdall of Emmanuel, and the Rev: Humble Ward were my most frequent companions. At the house of the latter I dined on the 27th March, to celebrate the fourth birthday of his son (afterwards the wealthy and eccentric Lord Ward), a pretty boy who was fond of taking his seat on my knee. Through J. Woods' uncle, Mr Hoare, I met Crabbe the poet, and Mrs Shimmelpemmick, the authoress.

SATURDAY'S POST. July 11th, 1821.
Death of Napoleon Bonaparte.

This extraordinary man is no more! He has closed his mortal career, leaving behind him but the

name of one on whom the gaze of mankind was for 20 years more intensely fixed than on any that has found a place in the pages of history. His end, however questionable the justice of his treatment in his latter days, is a fine lesson of the vanity of what has too often been called greatness. Great as were his talents, and still greater his fortune, his departure will excite little sensation, but may do more to strip of their tinsel the Alexanders and Caesars of the world than any event that ever occurred.

Despatches were on Wednesday received from Sir Hudson Lowe, stating that the Ex-Emperor died on the 5th of May. His disease was cancer in the stomach, which had confined him to his bed six weeks; and its effects on his frame, as described by an officer who had frequent opportunities of seeing him during that period, were so powerful as nearly to reduce him to a skeleton, and to obliterate all traces of his former features. During the latter part of his illness, he frequently conversed with the medical attendants on its nature, of which he seemed to be perfectly aware. He declared it was hereditary, and that his father had died of the same disease. On examination after death, the stomach was found in a state of extreme ulceration, so that it appeared in some places perforated in large openings. His medical attendants gave it as their decided opinion, in which the physician who was called in coincided, that the disease was incurable, and that the climate had no effect in producing it. With regard to the body lying in state, and the general admission of the inhabitants of the Island to view it, Sir Hudson Lowe left it entirely to the option of Bertrand and Montholon, who both acquiesed in it, and even wished that it should be the case. Accordingly in the afternoon of the 6th, soon after the examination

of his body by the surgeons, he was dressed in his green uniform with green facings, and all his stars and orders. This circumstance appears to have given rise to the report, which is now ascertained not to be correct, that Bonaparte died in his military uniform. Though he is supposed to have suffered much, his dissolution was so calm that not a sigh escaped him, or any intimation to the bystanders that it was so near. He was 52 years of age.[1]

July 19th was the memorable day of the Coronation of George IV. I was at 5 a.m. in the Gallery near the West doors of the Abbey, and saw the doings of Queen Caroline. The subsequent Coronation Festival was one of the grandest sights of my life.

Father gave a feast to 300 labourers and their families and to other poor neighbours, in front of Waveney House. J. B. Wilkinson attended and said Grace. A Queen riot in the evening, when all the flags and laurels in the town were pulled down and destroyed, except those of my father, which were not touched.

August 7th.—Queen Caroline dies.

August 14th.—Meet Queen Caroline's wet, draggled and disordered Funeral Procession at Romford.

By the end of July, having finally settled *not* to be a minister of the Church of England, I had still to solve the question of what my future course of life should be. My father's large loss of property by the failure of Glover of Leeds, prevented my attempting to enter the House of Commons, which I should otherwise have wished to do. What I looked to with most favour was an independent life, partly spent in travelling, partly in literary pursuits, with a residence in the country, helping my poorer

[1] See Appendix, p. 236.

neighbours and advancing general education and civilization. *But* at once to resume the pleasures of travelling.

July 31st.—From London to Harwich with William Gee Roberts, my cousin. At Harwich met Samuel Scott and his companions, Utting, Shaw and John Doughty. They sailed for Holland on the 1st August, and Roberts and I went up the Orwell to Ipswich the following day.

Ireland.—In Ireland till the 30th October.

December 31st, London. Parks lighted by Gas.

1822

Paris. February 16th.—Dover to Calais. From the 26th March to the 29th August I was in Paris. I lodged at the Hotel Burbon, Rue de la Paix. I read much French, attended theatres, frequented the Courts of Justice, attended 20 lectures on Astronomy by Professor Arago,[1] and examined the architecture of the Parisian Churches, refreshing myself this hot summer by bathing both in the Seine and the Bains Chinois. I lived luxuriously, dining at Rocher de Cavealles, Grigons, and other first-rate Restaurants with my many companions. On the whole I cannot look back to the summer of 1822 with satisfaction, and the illness and depression I experienced in September were due partly to the dissipations in Paris, and partly to the change from a splendid hot summer to a cold damp Autumn.

Extract from a letter to my father :

It is singular that in two departments of France, between Calais and Paris, a system of setting stacks, barns and houses on fire, precisely similar to that

[1] Arago, Dominique Francois, b. 1786, d. 1853. Celebrated French astronomer and politician.

which disgraces Suffolk and Norfolk, has been prevailing for the last three months. In France, they have been less successful in detecting the incendiaries than you have been in England. To such a height is the terror of fire arisen that in the said departments almost every country house-holder has a watch on the alert all night. The object of the incendiaries is unknown. In other respects France is quiet.

Paris, 1st May, 1822.

August 12th.—Robert Stewart, Lord Castlereagh, Marquis of Londonderry, dies by suicide, committed in a state of insanity brought on by excessive exertion of mind.

August 29th. Paris to Rouen.—12 days afterwards the Cathedral of this town was greatly injured by lightning, the central tower and spire were destroyed, and the roof crushed in.

England. September 13th.—Return to England.

September 17th.—Father comes to see me for one day in London.

October 30th.—I gave £105 to the British Institution for the encouragement of the "Fine Arts", and was elected a Life Governor thereof.

My cousin Samuel went to St Omer from February 18th to June this year, to learn the French language. He returned to Bungay for two months and went back to France at the end of August.

1823

January 10th.—Dover to Calais.

Paris. January 17th.—For the next three months I lodged at the Hotel des Princes, Rue Richlieu. Prince Leopold had his rooms above me. Samuel Scott was at Valettys, Rue Louis le Grand. We

went most frequently on Sundays to the Oratoire.

Many objects of research were planned for these three months, but my time was much taken up socially.

The Comtesse de Thury showed me much kind attention, and through her I had a card of admission to the Séance Royale at the opening of the Legislative Chambers.

The Vicomte de Chateaubriand, then Minister for Foreign Affairs (to whom I had an introduction through Charlotte[1] Sutton, née Ives of Bungay), invited me to one of his grand official Soirées, where I met the whole Diplomatic Body and the leading Royalist politicians.

Cercle de l'Europe.—I became a member of the Cercle de l'Europe, where I made the acquaintance of the Duc de la Tremouelle, General Germould, Sir Neil Campbell, and many others. I used to invite my English friends to dine at this agreeable Cercle and many visited me there.

Opera.—At the Opera, Pasta delighted me in Otello and Tancredi; Talma and Madme. Mars at the Français. At the Odèon, Piotrucci improvised in Italian; and the Bishop of Hermupolis at St Sulpice in French, equally eloquent and perhaps equally sincere.

Madame des Etards gave nice social parties. I was introduced through Dr Thomas Young to Champollin, twin decypherers of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Helen Marie Williams soirées attracted many.

With Parsons, I visited Marshal Soult's beautiful gallery of Murillos, and conversed there with the Duc de Dalmattre himself. We also viewed the Gallery famed for Canova's Magdalena.

[1] This is the Charlotte mentioned in Chateaubriand's Memoirs, Part III. Page 74.

I attended some lectures of Jean Baptiste Say's [1] on political economy, and visited Burgess of Essex at Versailles.

At the Chambre of Deputies, the debates were exciting. I was there when Manuel made the speech which caused his expulsion.

War with Spain.—Meanwhile war was breaking out between France and Spain—a most iniquitous interference on the part of France. I saw the Comte d'Artois and his son d'Angoulême and Berri review the Royal Guards previous to their setting out for the *glories of the Trocadero*. There was no enthusiasm and no sympathy.

[Editor's Note: The following is an extract from a letter written by J.B.S. to his father, dated 12th February, 1823—Paris.]

"The King's Government and Parliament of France have quite determined on going to War with Spain. Seldom has a more unjust, impolitic and unpopular war been undertaken. The Spaniards in 1820 chose to alter their internal constitution; they have not in the slightest degree interfered with other nations, and now the French ministers break off all friendly relations with them and declare 'Unless you submit and adopt such a system of government as we dictate to you, we will instantly invade your country, with 10,000 men.' This undertaking is not more unjust than unpopular and impolitic. I have seen a good deal of French society of all descriptions since I came here, but have only met with three persons favourable to the war. I am persuaded that 99 hundredths of the 30 millions of inhabitants contained in France are against it. The safety of the French Royal family will, I fear, be very doubtful, when the troops are sent to Spain. The King himself is said to be averse to the war. Notwithstanding all this, the Ministers have completely prevailed, and the invasion of Spain may be expected to take place about the middle of March.

[1] Jean Baptiste Say, b. 1767, d. 1832. French economist.

"Samuel and I saw the Princes review the Guards on Sunday, previous to their departure for the Spanish frontier. They are fine troops, but both they and the people assembled received their Princes with *perfect silence*, with the exception of 30 or 40 officers, who shouted and waved their swords when the King's brother made a flattering speech to them.

"The King of England's speech, and the noble debates in both houses of Parliament, were received here with great and almost universal satisfaction. The King of France was so anxious to see them that he sent to Mr. J. B. Sharp here (who is in the habit of receiving expresses from England with extraordinary expedition) to forward to him the first English paper he should receive. He did so, and his Majesty read the whole of the speeches, even Brougham's, before any of his subjects knew of the arrival of the Courier. He then sent the paper to Villèle, his Prime Minister. Mr. Sharp told me this himself.

"I am of opinion that the Spanish War will ultimately lead to hostilities between France and England, but not till after the period of Samuel and my proposed return to you. Should any hostile intentions be shown, I am likely from my acquaintances here to have the earliest intelligence thereof, and in that case would return to your side of the Channel at once, so you may be quite at ease on that score, whatever reports you may hear to the contrary.

"I was at a magnificent party at the French Minister's (for Foreign Affairs) on Saturday—Ministers, Ambassadors, Princes and Marshals were in abundance. Chateaubriand (Mrs. Sutton's friend) did the honours with great politeness. Many intended Balls etc. are given up."

England. April.—I returned to England on the 26th April, a month sooner than I intended, in consequence of my Cousin Sarah's serious illness, and my father's trouble on her account.

England. June 1st.—After a visit to Bungay, I was in London from the 17th of this month until the beginning of August. Was elected a member of

the New University Club on the 19th June and dined there for the first time on the 25th.

Bungay New Catholic Chapel opened, Wednesday 18th June, 1823. Up to this time the priest resided at the Priest's House at Flixton, but the Flixton estate having passed into non-catholic possession, Father Fairclough, an assistant to the old priest, Joseph Scott, tried and obtained a suitable site in Bungay, for a church, through the generosity of the Duke of Norfolk, as it was felt that the town of Bungay stood more in need of the ministration of the Catholic religion than the village of Flixton. A public subscription was raised, and the work commenced in 1821 and completed in the present year.

Southwold. August 15th.—To Southwold with my cousins Sarah and Charlotte. The object of this visit was primarily to restore the broken health and spirits of the former. The object was gradually attained—Sarah had been carrying on an attachment, which was disapproved by my father and myself. She protested she would die if the engagement were not allowed, but after a time the resolution gave way and she wisely lived many years for another.

1823

Paris.—In November I returned to Paris, undecided whether to pass the winter there or to proceed to Italy. The fogs of the Seine are this year as bad as those of the Thames, and disincline me to remain in France & the longing to revisit Rome after an absence of nearly seven years, finally decides me to cross the Alps.

1824

Italy.—I remained in Italy until the end of April and returned to England in the middle of May.

England.—The eight months which elapsed from the 13th of May to the 18th December of this year were passed in England. I had seriously thought of fixing myself in some house of my own, but the house at Lexden not being available and my health indifferent, I again started for Italy; that land where the pursuits and mode of life and the climate & society had such a strong hold on my affections. I was in Italy until June, 1826, when I again returned to England.

1825

In the close of this year, one of the most disastrous of those so-called "commercial crises" which ever punished the over-speculating, gambling propensities of English merchants and traders, caused most wide-spread distress and ruin. Numerous banks failed and all were in alarm. My father firmly resisted the panic as regarded his own bankers, the Gurneys and Turners, and his own previous great losses through Glovers and Listers, were not materially added to.

Editorial Notes, from S. Scott's *Letters to* J. B. Scott. *Bungay, October* 1824.

"I understand that Broom Place is at last sold with 25 or 30 acres of land. Mr. Grout of Norwich is the purchaser, at I believe about £4,000. Mr. Grout is the proprietor of the silk manufactory at Yarmouth; he has already purchased a part of a meadow in Lizard Lane, Ditchingham, intending to erect a similar manufactory there. Poor Admiral Sutton!"

Bungay, 31st. January, 1825.

"I read your letter on the establishment of the Mechanic's Institute with great interest. Institutions of this kind are, I think, calculated to yield an important benefit to the country;

they will produce a combination of theory and practice, they will enlarge the ideas of our artisans & make them more expert workmen, and science being thus promulgated amongst practical men, we may expect the greatest advantages will be derived from their assistance. Had such institutions existed at an earlier time, we should not have been so long deprived of the use of the steam engine—the power of steam being known, it was only requisite for some ingenious man to invent a method of applying it. This was wholly effected by practical men, but their ideas being confined to the attainment of a single object, it was a long time before the machine was sufficiently perfected to be extensively employed.

"There is evidently, at the present moment, a great spirit of public improvement throughout the country. This arises from the abundance of unemployed capital, and for the purposes of its investment, schemes are every day invented. Among others is that of forming companies for the means of constructing rail-roads through various parts of the kingdom. One is proposed to be carried from London by Colchester & Ipswich to Norwich. There are various opinions as to its being put into execution. The line which has been chosen for its route does not appear to me to be judiciously selected. The convenience of public promenades was particularly noticed by me, in my recent visit to Lynn. This town, which was anciently fortified, is entered by one of its old gates, which exist in an entire state. The adjacent country possesses but few hedge-rows, and the ramparts are converted into public walks à la française: these circumstances occasion the town to assume quite a foreign air.

"Our first subscription Ball, on the 7th. inst. (Messers Bedingfeld and Mann, stewards) was generally considered as being a good one—plenty of dancing and people looking satisfied. We were accompanied by a party composed of W. & T. Worthington & a friend of theirs (Lieut. Trend) from Lowestoft & Mr, Mrs, & Miss Francis from Beccles. You will probably expect to be told that I am pursuing Latin with the assistance of Mr. Barkway; such however is not the case. Dancing and card playing have occupied so much of my leisure time that I have not at present ventured to place myself as his pupil. With united regards, Yours, S.S."

Bungay, 28th. Feb, 1825.

"Your letters of 19 Jan. & 1 Feb. are both received. On 2 Feb. Miss Butcher & Miss Johnstone drank tea with my Uncle. Next evening my sister & self went to the ball at Beccles, where we met Fred, Benjafield and Mr. Alder, his presumptive brother-in-law. On the 7th, F. B. came to Bungay and accompanied us to the ball here. On 11th and 14th I rode "Maybird" with Sir Jacob's Fox-hounds. He was much delighted, although he has since been confined to the stable with a lame foot (from the loss of a shoe & the clumsiness of the blacksmith) but he is now about again. A Mechanic's Institute is being established in this town. I am going to its first weekly meeting this evening.

"The Norfolk & Suffolk rail-road will not, I think, be carried into execution; the idea seems to have originated with individuals disinterested as to its ultimate utility, but who nevertheless would be gainers by its adoption—probably some of the opulent Iron masters. There is greater probability of one from Ipswich to Eye; and that Oulton Broad may be made into a harbour & the rivers Waveney & Yare be rendered navigable for vessels of 100 or 150 tons burden, to Norwich & Beccles. This plan is in contemplation by a strong party in Norwich—the amount necessary for its execution is already subscribed."

Bungay, 29th. March, 1825.

"In conformity to the directions in your letter of the 28th. Ult. from Rome, I opened the letter from Joseph Cook. It is dated "Cairo, Oct 7th. I found it to contain a very interesting account of the flourishing & rapidly improving state of Mohammed Aali's dominions. It gives no description of the Capital, but speaks of the Arsenals, Custom houses, Quarantine establishments, places for preparing rice and cotton previous to exportation at Alexandria & Rosetta, and of the Printing office and embryo University at Cairo. Also of a camp at the latter place, where the Pacha, having abolished the Mamelukes & the Albanian & Delhi Corps, is training an army, composed of his own subjects, in the European manner. Mr. Cook concludes by saying that he is about setting out for the upper country, and therefore if you should

wish to hear anything of antiquities or Hieroglyphics that you should write to him, directing to Malta, to the care of James Bell & Co. He expects to be absent from Cairo about 3 months & then go into Syria.

"On the 7th. inst. a meeting of the British Mechanic's Institute was held at the Assembly room, Bungay, for the purpose of electing officers to the society & to adopt rules for its government. I was called upon to preside as Chairman on the occasion. The meeting consisted of about 60 or 70 persons—principally masters or working mechanics. The object of the institution is to establish a library; to give information by provoking discussion on points connected with the arts and sciences; and when oppotunity offers to deliver lectures to the society, either through the means of itinerant professors or the voluntary aid of its own members. Courses of readings are about to be commenced both in mechanics and chemistry—the former by Henry Brightly and the latter by C. Childs. These circumstances seem to intimate that there can be no doubt as to its being firmly established, & I trust the example will soon be followed by other small towns. If this system becomes general, what must be its influence on all other classes of people in the course of a few years? It seems to me so calculated to effect such an important change in their habits & character, that the present is likely to become a very conspicuous epoque in English History.

"The sudden death of Willoughby Rackham has caused a great many surmises as to what will be the future plans of his widow. The decease of Mrs. Smith, sister of Mrs. Henly & John Ashby, took place a few weeks ago. Robt. Wilson has been disappointed by Sir Thos. Miller in the gift of a living, and is going to take the curacy of Ashwell Thorpe & an adjoining parish. Lieut. Worthington is about to proceed to Madeira to recruit his health. Notwithstanding the liberal policy of our government almost everything is rising in price. This is probably the result of the great advances made by the bank to the country, & also of the increased quantity of specie expected from Mexico & Columbia. May we not hence infer that the interest on money must remain at a low rate and that the investment in real property is desirable? United regards from all. Adieu."

Bungay, January 29th. 1826, *to* J. B. Scott.

"Since you left England, Buckingham House has in great part been demolished and a new Palace is being erected upon its site, for the King.

"The intelligence which I sent you from Lowestoft, of the decease of the aimiable but unfortunate Colonel Capper, was correct. Samuel Sutton, junr. is now on his road to Portsmouth, preparatory to his embarking for joining his regiment in Corfu. Colonel Capper was tutor to Mrs. Sutton's sons, and lived with them at Ditchingham Lodge. He was taken suddenly ill on Monday; Mrs Sutton sent for Miss Butcher to go to her on Tuesday, and I have just heard, that he is dead. (Sept. 9th. 1825.)

"1826, May 21st. Since I last addressed you, the period has arrived at which my grandfather has made his exit from this transitory state. He died on the 5th. of this present month—had he lived till the 14th, he would have run a course of 96 years. In this long career of life, I am fearful his habits and disposition and the disappointments and misfortunes which he met with, were such as would not enable him in his old age to derive much satisfaction or enjoyment in the contemplation of his former days.

"Charlotte has this year made fresh acquisitions in her botanical knowledge—this pursuit and her greenhouse occupations, seem at this time to occupy the greatest share of her attention."

PART NINE

1826 to 1828

My cousin Sarah marries William Collins Worthington of Lowestoft: My Father gives a dinner to 250 tradesmen and workmen, with their wives and families: Nearly 500 poor people finished the remains of the feast: At 7 o'clock 70 females partook of tea, while the children had cake and beer: I examine the Tunnel under the Thames at Rotherhithe: Murray agrees to publish my friend Burgess's essay on the "Roman Circus": Dr Clarke Abel, my old school-fellow died on October 24, 1826: At Xmas my father cut up and distributed 50 stone of beef to poor families: Not being well, I am bled by leeches and feel very weak: Lord Liverpool has a paralytic stroke, 17 February, 1827: I become a member of the Royal Institution, 24 February, 1827: I collect material for a History of Suffolk: Alterations to Waveney House the property of my late Uncle: News of Canning's dangerous illness, 7 August, 1827: George Canning dies of intestinal inflammation: Walking on the seashore, I see the "Aurora Borealis" for the first time, lasting half an hour: A gale follows: Captain Manby's life-saving Mortar apparatus: News of the Battle of Navarino, 11 November, 1827: Hire Mrs Sutton's servant, Elizabeth for my housemaid, at £8 per annum; tea and sugar found: Arrange to sleep in the Parlour and sit in the Library of my new house, they being the only rooms furnished: Primroses in flower, January 3, 1828: I attend the Levée of the Duke of Gloucester at Trinity College: Rain for 49 days minus 2, August 23: I am elected Town Reeve December 2.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BUNGAY.

From an old painting.

July 5th.—S. & I leave London, by Star, at 5, with Mrs Mercer and Mr Dundas. Dine at Ipswich and reach Bungay at 7 p.m. Find Father living in Uncle's Cottage; Mrs S. Samuel, Charlotte and Sarah in our old Bridge House. In the evening, much discussion about alterations of house and Sarah's approaching marriage with Worthington.

July 4th.—Worthington arrived last evening, and to-day converse with him and the other members of the family.

July 16th, Sunday.—Arrangements being made for marriage of S.S. & W.C.W.

July 22nd.—To Yarmouth. Call on Dawson Turner, Shelford and Captain Fisher and J. B. Wilkinson to dinner. Evening with the D. Turners, Rev. John Forster, Brightman, Mrs Gurney, etc.

July 25th.—Yarmouth to Bungay. 7 to 10 a.m., Worthington arrives to breakfast.

Aug. 1.—My cousin Sarah Scott married to William Collins Worthington of Lowestoft, at 9 a.m. in the presence of my father John Scott, myself, her brother and sister, Samuel & Charlotte, Mrs Charles Scott and Miss Hannah Butcher; at St Mary's Church, Bungay, by the Rev. Thomas Sword. Father gives a dinner in his garden at the Cottage, to between three and four hundred poor men, women, & children, afterwards.

The following account is taken from the *Bury Gazette*:

OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY REVIVED.

Bungay, Tuesday, August 1.—This morning was married at St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. T. Sword, W. Worthington, Esq. of Lowestoft, to Miss Sarah, eldest daughter of the late much respected Sam. Scott Esq. of this town. After breakfasting with a select party of friends the happy pair set off for Aldborough, amidst the blessings of the poor, to whom this amiable young lady was most dear, for her heart was "open as the day to melting charity." Bells ringing, guns firing, etc., expressed the joy of the inhabitants, and at 2 o'clock about 250 persons (tradesmen and workmen, with their wives and families) sat down to a most excellent dinner of plum pudding and the roast beef of Old England, provided by the lady's benevolent Uncle, John Scott, Esq.

The tables were spread on the banks of the river Waveney, in the garden of that gentleman. After these had eaten, and drank in good home-brewed to the "Health and happiness of the Bride and Bridegroom," the tables were still groaning with the weight of the feast. The worthy gentleman sent his servants to seek all the poor that could be found in the neighbourhood, old and young, grave and sad. Pleasure sat smiling in their faces, and gratitude sparkled in the eyes of all who witnessed this truly noble sight. Nearly 500 found a hearty welcome.

Music was heard and the lively dance began upon the lawn, led off by J. Scott, jun, and Miss Charlotte, sister of the bride, with about thirty couples of young persons; several martial airs were played by the town band between the dances. At 7 o'clock about seventy females partook of tea, the children had cake and beer.

Aug. 2nd.—Talk over of festivities of yesterday. Father to Shipmeadow House of Industry. Charlotte to Lowestoft. Mrs S. Scott, Miss Butcher and I dine with Father. Garden, pear gathering and apricots.

Holbrook. Aug. 4th.—Leave Bungay at 7 by "Star", Ipswich 12. J. B. Wilkinson meets me in his gig, and we go to Holbrook.

August 5th.—Examine J. B. W's improvements & we plan new ones. Dine at Archdeacon Berners. Miss Revans and Miss Brettingham at Holbrook.

London. Oct. 3.—Start from Ipswich for London by "Times" coach, arriving at my rooms at 9 p.m.

Oct. 4th.—To the New Post Office and to see Charles Roberts (my cousin) at the Tower. Vapour bath at Seaman's. Dine at University Club.

October 6th.—To Roberts, Deputy Keeper of the Records in the Tower, and there unpack my box of books from Paris. Go with F. Parsons and C. Roberts to examine the Tunnel under the Thames, at Rotherhithe.

Oct. 7th.—To the Tower to unpack a box of books from Pisa, and one from Rome, containing minerals. These with prints, plants, etc., to be moved to my rooms to-morrow.

October 11th.—Dr Hooker, and Edwards, the engraver, call. R. Burgess comes at 2 o'clock and we go to Murray's, with prints and drawings about publishing & engraving Burgess's essay on the Roman Circus. Evening to Haymarket Theatre to see Madame Vestris.

[Richard Burgess (1796-1881), biblical scholar, Prebendary of St Paul's, was educated at St John's Cambridge. In 1828 he was chaplain to the English congregation at Rome. He was a voluminous writer and amongst his chief works, *The Description of the Circus on the Via Appia near Rome, with some account of the Circensian Games* is mentioned as the first. It was published in London in 1828 and translated

into Italian in 1829 by Guiseppe Porta. (*National Biology*, page 312.)]

October 14th.—Murray agrees to publish Burgess's essay.[1] We return to the U. Club, and I examine & correct the dissertations. Leave London for home on the 17th.

Bungay. Oct. 19th.—Inspect alterations of house and garden.

October 24th.—Dr Clarke Abel, my old schoolfellow, died this day at Cawnpore. He accompanied Lord Amherst to China in 1816, as chief medical officer and naturalist.

October 27th.—Miss H. Mann married to the Rev. Gilbert Gilbert of Richmond.

December 23rd.—Father occupied in superintending the cutting up and allotting 37 st. of beef for poor families.

December 25th.—Father again distributing 13 st. more beef & giving dinners to poor dependants. Sarah and Worthington come at 1 p.m. Evening party at S. Scott's. Much mirth.

1827

Jan. 1st.—I have not been well since the end of October. Crowfoot and Garneys call and consult on state of my health and recommend bleeding by leeches.

[1] Burgess's Dissertation on the "Roman Circus" appears to have been illustrated by Pardini, published by Murray, and printed by Clowes. See October 6 and days following. Richard Burgess (1796-1881), biblical scholar, Prebendary of St Paul's, was educated at St. John's, Cambridge. In 1828 he was chaplain to the English congregation at Rome. He was a voluminous writer, and amongst his chief works, *The Description of the Circus on the Via Appia near Rome, with some account of the Circensian Games* is mentioned as the first. It was published in London in 1828 and translated into Italian in 1829 by Guiseppe Porta. (National Biography, page 312.)

January 2nd.—Very weak from bleeding of last night.

London. Feb. 18th, Sunday.—To Whitehall Chapel, Shelford preached. Hear that Lord Liverpool had a paralytic stroke yesterday.

February 21st.—Call on Pennethorne, at Nash's (architect) to see the plans and models of London improvements.

February 22nd.—In evening to Royal Academy, to hear Phillips' first lecture on "The History of Painting."

February 24th.—Become a member of the Royal Institution, on presentation of Captain Cook, and of the London Institution by purchase.

March 1st.—Try for a seat in the House of Commons to hear Canning's development of the Corn Laws—in vain!

March 5th.—Examine Gillingwater's M.S.S. for a *History of Suffolk*, at Christie's rooms. Find Dawson Turner there.

March 7th.—To the Tower, to ask Roberts about Clopton's Suffolk Collections. Examine Inquisitions, Post Mortems, etc., in Record Office. Catholic Question rejected in Commons, after two nights debate by 276 to 272.

March 8th.—Roberts breakfasts with me. We examine Clopton's Suffolk collections & Ipswich Charters at Christies. To Tower with him to verify extracts from former with the original Inquisitions & Post Mortems. I return to Christies and purchase Gillingwater's M.S.S. for Suffolk.

March 14th.—To Tower, to copy references from Calendarium Inquisitions, Post Mortems about Bungay. I remained in London until the 24th, when I returned home.

Bungay. March 26th.—Examine house, directions to Botwright about Waveney House. Set out ground in front of my house. Mrs Holmes calls, also Crowfoot and Garneys. The former and Richard Mann have their Busts taken at R. Childs'.

March 31st.—Fisher calls with the plan of the new Theatre.

April 5th.—Drive to Beccles. Sharpin, Portreeve, gives his feast.

April 12.—Extracting from Ashby's M.S. on *Suffolk and Bungay History*. Matthias Kerrison dies this morning at 4 o'clock. He had been ill for seven weeks and had eaten no solid food for 25 days.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1827 is the following announcement: "Suffolk, April 12. At Bungay, Matthias Kerrison, Esq., father of Major-Gen. Sir Edward Kerrison, of Brooke, Norfolk, by Mary, dau. of John Osborn, of Kirsted, in the same county. Born in an inferior station of life, and enjoying few of the advantages of education, Mr Kerrison had accumulated, by trade and good management, property of little less value than a million sterling, which is much of it invested in the fine estates of Lord Maynard and the Marq. Cornwallis. His own habits of life were of a very plain kind. He married in 1772 Mary, dau. of John Barnes, of Barsham, in Suffolk, and by that lady, who died in 1815, had other children besides Sir Edward."

April 18th.—Mr Kerrison's remains are being borne to their last earthly home whilst I write. He caught a severe cold in the early part of February, and having often recovered from indisposition without medical aid, he trusted in the powers of nature, which were on this occasion unequal to the task of restoration. He was 86 years of age. I am told that Denny of Berg Apton has taken the Bungay Staithe and

premises. [The Staithe House, in which he lived for so many years has been pulled down.]

Mrs E. Birch died at 10 min. past 4. this morning —a dreadful loss to her two unhappy daughters.

May 5th.—The Dowager Queen of Wurtemburg, sister of George IV, comes to England, after an absence of 30 years.

June 24th.—In the evening to St Mary's Church, and first see the painted glass copy of the Madonna della Sedia, and the Arms of the Duke of Norfolk, of the Bishop of Norwich, and the Convent, painted by Winter and put up in the east window there.

July 31st.—Occupied all day superintending the labourers, carpenters and bricklayers who are forming a new quay along the river in front of Waveney House, and putting up portico.

Aug. 7th.—News of Canning's dangerous illness arrives. Dine at Sucklings (Barsham) and then to Lowestoft.

George Canning dies of intestinal inflammation at 4 a.m.

August 14th.—To Brooke Hall, to inspect Holmes's new house, the walls of which are now raised to half their height. Sir Tho. & Lady Miller, E. Lyon and J. Winder and self dine there at 6—back at 9.

Lowestoft. Sept. 4th.—Samuel and I to Lowestoft. At 11, a foot and boat procession from the Market Place to Mutford Bridge with music, flags, and placards. Colonel Harvey makes a speech, and Crisp Brown commences the Lowestoft and Norwich Navigation Works, by digging out a barrow of earth on the north side of Mutford Bridge. Afterwards there was a sailing match. 6,000 people present.

September 8th.—In the evening I walked along the sea shore, by moonlight. Aurora borealis; it

was magnificent, and the first I have ever seen; it lasted ½ an hour, occurring at 8 points of the compass.

September 9th.—The *Encyclopedia Britannica* records, as the result of 23 successive observations in the Channel, that it always blew briskly from the S. & S.E. after an Aurora Borealis, and to-day the wind is from that direction and almost a gale. To Kirkley Church after bathing before breakfast. Cunningham reads well but preaches dully. Evening. I went to the Worthingtons. The servants read a text and he a sermon! I return to Bungay to-morrow.

Bungay. Sep. 13th.—10 to 12 from Bungay to Norwich. I engage a room at the Swan. J. Angell elected Alderman of Norwich, and was drawn round the Market Place by his partisans. Announce it to Mrs Angell.

September 14th.—Mrs Kingsbury assists me in buying table cloths and household linen, from Griggs. In the evening, to the Assembly Rooms, to the first evening party of the Bungay Band. Mr & Mrs Rackham, the Butchers, Hughes, Kelso, Sword, Barkway, Manns, Bewicks, Mercers, Samuel, etc., etc., present.

September 17th.—Pardini, my Italian friend, staying with me since Sat. 15th. Drive him to Flixton Hall, South Elmham Minster, and round by Homersfield to Bungay Common, where our "RACES", now again renewed after many years, take place. 4 to 5,000 persons present. Dine at 4 at Bridge House.

September 18th.—Call at Mrs. Kingsbury's, Suttons, etc. Father dines with us at 2. At 4 pm we take a chaise to Norwich and reach the Swan at 6. Concert at 8. Pasta, Caradovi, Zuchelli, Stephens, Brahams, Lindley, etc. Splendid.

Norwich. September 20th.—Oratorio at St Andrews Hall; The Messiah. Pardini was much delighted. Samuel joined us at dinner at 5. Evening Concert. Splendid company. 2,000. Terribly hot in the Hall.

September 22nd.—Take Pardini to see Caister Castle on our way to Yarmouth. After a vain attempt to get rooms at the York Hotel, we go to the Angel. Look round the town, and in the evening call at the Turners.

September 24th.—Leave Yarmouth and go to Lowestoft. I, chilly and feverish.

Sept. 27th.—Pardini bathes, and then we view the exploits performed with the Life-boat and Captain Manby's Mortar apparatus.

London. Oct. 14th.—Pardini and I left Bungay on the 2nd, stopped a night at Bury, and arrived in London at 6. last evening. To-day we have been to see Pennethorne, at Nash's. He showed us the immensely rapid alterations in St James Park.

October 21st.—I remained in London until the 21st, when Pardini left England, having been in this country, 19 weeks and 3 days. We rose at 6, and left my rooms in Leicester Square at 7. Embark on board the Calais boat, "Belfast", at ¼ to 8. I leave him at 8 and walk on the Tower quay till he gets under way, at 8.35. To the Sardinian chapel. Fine music and sincere devotion. In the evening to the University Club with Sir G. Tuthill.

October 28th.—I rise at 3½ pm; at the Spread Eagle by 4½. A fire in Bermondsey. Leave London by "Star." Call on Whiting at Ipswich and reach Bungay in time for tea. Find Father in good health and spirits.

October 29th.—Examine the long floor at Waveney House, now stripped of thatch and timbers. Father

dines with me at Bridge House. Charlotte seems better.

Nov. 3rd.—The idiot Tovell killed by a mill sail. My cousin suffering from much pain in her back, yet decides to go to Lowestoft, to Worthington's. Ann, her little niece, christened. Sponsors—Miss Hester Worthington, Miss Butcher, represented by Charlotte, and John Scott, by myself. A dinner party of 12 after. Spurgeon, Glaspoole, Pearson, Miss White, etc.

November 10th.—Preparations for new roof to long floor. Selecting grandfather's furniture for Waveney House—sorting articles also from Outney Cottage for the same. Tap a hogshead of sherry.

Bungay. Nov. 11th.—The news of the battle of Navarino, reaches Bungay to-day.

November 14th.—A lovely day. Father walks on the drive in front of my house. Fires first lighted there since the alterations. I, to Mrs Sutton's. Hire her servant, Elizabeth, for my housemaid from about Dec. 1st. at £8 per annum, tea and sugar found. She washes at home for herself. Mrs Sutton accompanies me back to Bungay. Turf being laid down along the side of the river in front of the house.

November 16th.—In afternoon drive to Brooke Hall. Dine and sleep there. Holmes purchased yesterday, 200 acres, from Clarke, of Berg Apton. Laura sings delightfully "Ah, no, we never mention her"; and French and German songs. Alexander Dykes, Esq. of Beccles, aged 77, married this day to Mrs Smith of Ellingham, aged 57. A dinner given to the tenants and tradesmen at the King's Head, Bungay.

WAVENEY HOUSE, BUNGAY. From a photograph.

November 17th.—Breakfast at Brooke, return home and dine. Mrs Holmes & Laura call and look over my house.

Dec. 2nd.—Mrs Camell, wife of Dr Camell of Bungay, dies this afternoon after 5 days illness only. Her complaint, gout in the stomach.

December 4th.—My house being cleaned in preparation of my entering it. Samuel starts for Lowestoft at 9½ with Peacock, who falls down and cuts his knees badly, near Beargood Hall, Bungay, S. returns and starts again at 11½. The annual Town meeting of Feoffees and inhabitants. J. Cooper goes out as Town Reeve and Sir E. Kerrison enters in office. I attend the meeting for the first time. 51 at dinner. Much toasting and hilarity. G. Pardini's birthday, now aged 27.

December 6th.—Quit the house of my birth. Bridge House, and commence residing in Waveney House, late my uncles, which was purchased from Mr Kingsbury in the year 1811, with the meadow opposite for 2000*£*. Arrange to sleep in the Parlour and sit in the Library, they being the only rooms yet furnished. Charlotte returned from Lowestoft at 3 pm. with Samuel and Miss Butcher. She was very tired, though better than we expected. Samuel's servant, George Catchpole, comes with them.

December 7th.—Finishing the Library. Mrs Camell buried. John enters my service and Ann comes as cook.

December 9th, Sunday.—Breakfast tranquilly in my Library, first meal in Waveney House. To St Mary's Church. Father, Miss Butcher, and myself, dine at Bridge House with Samuel Scott. All very happy. In the afternoon Charlotte goes out in her chair, in the garden, and comes into my house. Later, Samuel and I walk to the farm, evening to

Church. George Sandby preaches on "The Lord commended the unjust steward".

December 11th.—Walk to Butcher's Distillery at Earsham. View his "Still". Meet the funeral procession of the late Hon. Mrs J. Windham, formerly of Earsham, attended by Sir Windham Dalling, etc.

Preparations for dinner and housekeeping. Putting down carpets and stair carpets. Dine for first time in my house with Father, Miss Butcher, and the S. Scotts at 2½. Father stays till 4½ and the others till 8 o'clock. A pleasant day.

December 16th, Sunday.—Catalogue and arrange books. Calvery Bewicke calls. Dinner at 1¾ to Samuel, Charles and Walter Scott, Tomlinson, Richard Reeve, Gilbert, T. and H. Burton, and George Cracknell. We all walk to the farm and the back of Butcher's at Uplands. In evening, I show them coins and views of Rome.

Dec. 20th.—I continue arranging my books and giving directions to workmen about my house and garden. Gravel has been put down in front of the house, and iron hurdles are now being placed along the drive to protect the garden.

Bungay. Dec. 25th.—Sarah Worthington (who is staying with her mother), Sam. & I to Church. I stay to Sacrament and form humble resolutions. We all dine at Bridge House and are very merry. I play a rubber of whist with Samuel, Sarah and Miss Butcher. Then I return home and continue the arrangement of my books.

1828

Jan. 2nd.—Give a dinner to fifty workmen, carpenters, masons, white-smiths, stonemasons, cabinet-makers, painters, and labourers, who have been

concerned in the alterations and repairs of my house. It was held at the "Prince of Wales" public House, James Rant's.

January 3rd.—Garneys, Samuel and I start in chaise for Beccles. Dine at Crowfoots at 5½ with the Bohuns, Rev. Crabbe, son of the poet, Arthur Dalrymple and Ferrier. At 10 pm. to the Beccles Dispensary Ball. 112 present. Hon. Col. Woodhouse, C. Barclay, the Bacons, Gooches, Thurlow, etc. Home at 3¼. Lovely moonlight night.

January 4th.—First meeting at the "Tun's", to consider the establishment of a Dispensary in Bungay. Bedingfeld in the chair.

January 15th.—The Rev. T. Bewicke and I go from house to house, to solicit subscriptions for a medical dispensary. In the evening T. Utting tea's with me and recites some verses and begs my interest for their acceptance at the opening of the new Bungay Theatre.

January 16th.—Bewicke & I continue to go from house to house for subscriptions. Collect £55 per annum up to this evening.

January 18th.—Geo. Abbot, son of the late governor of Shipmeadow House, recommended by Dr Camell, breakfasts with me; he wants the office of a private tutor to a family and a degree at Cambridge. I give him a letter to Mr Hustler. Much water out on the meadows.

Jan. 25th.—Meeting of the Dispensary Committee. Bedingfeld, Bewicke, Camell, Garneys, etc. Garneys, Brettel, and Morris appointed as surgeons. Take Marston's house at £9 per annum.

Feb. 2nd.—Father's birthday—aged 72. He keeps it with much glee at my house, and gives a dinner party there at 4 pm. to W. & S. Worthing-

ton, Mrs Scott & Samuel, Miss Johnson, Miss Butcher, Crowfoot and Garneys. Party breaks up at 7, after a pleasant afternoon, and a full discussion of poor Charlotte's case (who was unable to join us). I sit with her afterwards.

February 3rd.—Sword preaches against taking physic on Sundays. A lovely day, warm sun and clear blue sky. Nuts in blossom generally and Weeping Willows in leaf. Primroses and Stellaria in flower, and Thrushes, Blackbirds, and Larks singing as much as Robins.

February 12th.—Garneys calls about Charlotte's case and meets Crowfoot thereon. Refuse invitations to J. Cooper's dinner and the Mann's evening party. The books of the Bungay Library, which has lately been dissolved, divided amongst the members at the King's Head.

February 16th.—Sir Astley Cooper visits Charlotte with Crowfoot, and declares that he is sure she will recover.

February 20th.—Walk on Broome Heath looking for stones, and home by Wainford Mills and the Watch House.

John Sutton comes to take leave, as he is starting for Paris to-morrow. Burton of Hedenham calls about the late Admiral Wilson's affairs. In the evening a Ball at Butcher's of the Grove. We dance Quadrilles, Reels and Country dances till 2, very merrily.

Bungay. Feb. 22.—Attend meeting at the Tuns, to subcribe for tickets towards the new Mail.

February 24th, Sunday.—Aged 36 to-day. Sword preaches on Wingfield's Charity [1] which he describes as "Candle ends and cheese parings and dropping his charity from the coffin"! We all dine together at Samuel's.

[1] See Appendix, p. 236.

February 28th.—Bungay New Theatre opened, and T. Utting's address spoken by Mr C. Fisher.

March 4th.—Dine at Mr Stones of Bedingham with H. Franklin, Mr & Mrs Howes, Mr & Mrs Chambers & Miss Miller.

March 12th.—I make preparations for 3 weeks absence in London.

London. March 13th.—Reach London at 6½ this morning. Visit National Gallery, where I first see Reubens "Peace doing away with War", given by the Marq. of Stafford. Examine alterations in St James Park with approbation. Dine at University Club. In evening to the Royal Academy. Phillips lectures on "Invention of Painting". Afterwards to Covent Garden Theatre.

March 16th, Sunday.—Breakfast at My Club (U.U.C). At Christchurch, hear Bishop of Winchester (Sumner) preach for the Deaf and Dumb. Dine at Phillips, R.A., at 5. Meet there Cook, R.A., Lough, a young sculptor of Milo, who looks about 25 or 26, Gunn and Charles Lyell, Miss M. Turner, etc.

March 19th.—Call at the Worthington's rooms in Margaret St, Cavendish Sq, where they are staying, but only find his mother, sister Charlotte, and brother Henry. In evening to a soirée at the London Institution.

March 22nd.—J. R. Lane, painter from Rome, makes a long call.

April 2nd.—Capt. Fisher goes with me to introduce me as a candidate for the Athenaum.

Bungay. April 5th.—London to Bungay by "Star". Find Charlotte much improved in health, Father also, and very cheerful. I enjoy the return to my quiet home.

April 8th.—Call on Miss Johnson, Mrs W. Rackham and J. Ashby. In evening to a concert at Mr Mann's. D. & C. Fisher, W. Mann, J. Angell, Wharton, the Misses Butcher and E. Revans play Haydn and Mozart delightfully. Supper, etc., till 1 o'clock.

April 9th.—Unpack books, etc. Dine at Chambers, with Gen. & R. Meade, and Majors Forster & Travers.

April 12th.—The Rev. Horace Suckling, Rector of Barsham, dies this morning.

April 16th.—By Hogg's coach to Brooke at 7½ to breakfast. View J. Holmes's house & grounds and the new farm purchased from Clarke. Call at Lord Nevill's. At dinner meet Gen. & R. Meade, Dr Proctor, Mr Peach, M.P. for Corfe Castle, R. J. Fellowes, Jer. Ives, J. B. Wilkinson, Long, of Dunstone, Ed. Holmes, etc. Discuss the question of what is a remunerating price to agriculturalists.

April 17th.—In Mr Holmes' gig to Bungay for breakfast. Plant 400 Hollies (three rows) behind my house. Samuel dines with me at 5. Evening, theatre, Othello (David Fisher), Desdemonda (Miss Fisher), for the latter's benefit.

April 18th.—Finish arranging topographical works brought from London. Dine at the Grove. Meet the Meades, Mr & Mrs Dykes, Mr & Mrs Day of Beccles, & Miss Ferguson, Travers, Franklin, Mr & Mrs Holmes, Miss Bidwell and the two Miss Franklins, etc. (20)

April 19th.—Father gives dinner, and in evening to theatre.

April 27th, Sun.—Samuel & Charlotte aged 24 this day. Dine at Samuel's. I give spoons as birthday present. In the evening we walk on the Common

& the Bath Hills. Nightingales singing boldly. Dinner at Gen. Meades, Earsham Hall.

May 6th.—Call at the late Rev. H. Sucklings, Barsham. See Richard but not Mrs S. Call on Colonel & Mrs Anderson, at their house opposite Butcher's.

May 11th, Sun.—Samuel and twelve boys from Barkways school dine with me at 2 pm. Father comes in to see them after dinner. All walk round by the Bath Hills and Bath House and cross the Waveney.

May 14th.—Bungay Fair. "Invention of the Holy Cross."

Charles Scott & I to horse and cattle fair. Bedingfeld, Lord Nevill, Bewicke, Lilistone, Sheriff, Farrs, Wilson, Kerrich, etc. there.

May 28th.—Write letter to Peel on alteration of the criminal law.

June 9th.—A new Bury, Bungay, Beccles and Yarmouth Mail—two horse—starts this day. It comes in a ¼ before 9. am, i.e. ¾ sooner than the late mail cart, & returns at 5 pm, 1 hour later.

June 13th.—Admiral Sutton calls with news of his son. A letter from Sir Astley Cooper, in which he says "Charlotte out of tune but no wires broken". I with Charlotte on the Common till 8. pm. She seemed rather better though weak & oppressed by the heat, but soon after her return she was seized with head-ache, rigor & tremor, which lasted all night and was not undressed until the morning.

June 14th.—After being informed of Charlotte's severe & dangerous condition, I drive to Beccles for Crowfoot, and find he has gone to Lowestoft.

June 17th.—Charlotte continues severely ill & weak. Bungay Botanical Society hold their annual

meeting at the Fleece, & exhibit species of native plants there.

June 24th.—Thomas Angell, of Norwich, married to Miss Plowman of Bungay.

June 27th.—Father makes a bridge over the Waveney from his garden to the meadow. Charlotte getting better.

Cambridge. June 29th, Sun.—Arrive at Cambridge at 7¾. Occupy my old (founders) rooms at Emmanuel. After breakfast go to St Mary's. The Duke of Gloucester & a vast congregation present. Fine anthem by Matthews. View the magnificent new parts of King's College. Evening promenade on Walks behind the Colleges, and afterwards hear the anthem at Trinity Coll. Chapel. The Duke and an immense crowd attend.

June 30th, Mon.—To the Duke of Gloucester's Levée at Trinity College Lodge at 10 a.m. He asked me if I was leaving Cambridge directly after Commencement, and on my replying "Yes, on Wednesday, for Suffolk," he inquired "For what place?" "For Bungay, my present residence, 14 miles from Norwich." The Duke: "I know that place well; they were very kind to me there. I passed many pleasant hours in Norwich."

July 1st.—Christopher Wordsworth, nephew of the Poet, recites for four prizes, Tennyson, for Greek ode, Harland on "State of medical knowledge."

The Duke of St Albans takes his degree of D.C.L. Dine at Emmanuel. In evening to concert at the Senate House—Sontag, Caradovi, Stephens, etc.

July 2nd.—Breakfast with R. Mann, etc., in Jesus College. I call on the Master, Thackery. Dine at 3. Leave Cambridge at 4½ and reach Bury at 7½.

Bungay. July 3rd. Arrive at Bungay by mail at 7 p.m. Heat extreme. 82.

July 10th.—Drive Miss Butcher to Walpole.

Walpole. July 12th.—Rains incessantly from 7 am. Miss B. & I detained at Mrs Philpots all day.

July 13th.—Still raining without ceasing. At 8½ Miss Butcher & I leave in Mrs Philpot's carriage. The roads under water in many places & the hay washed out of the fields. We arrive at Bungay at 10 and have breakfast.

July 27th.—Father's old servant, Webb, dies this morning of inflamation of the lungs. Worthington comes the following day and with Garneys dissects the body. Harvest commenced in many places in the neighbourhood.

Aug. 2.—Rain, as daily now for a month. Drive to Brooke. Mrs Holmes & John show me over their house. He has just returned from Scotland and explains to me Sir H. Stuart's system of transplanting trees.

August 3rd, Sun.—To St Mary's Church. Howarth (Mann's friend) does duty. Hear of Barnham, Park Lane—Fox's—being burnt down.

August 5th.—To Lowestoft at 9¼. Bathe in sea, then to a Repository at the Bath Room, for the benefit of the Dispensary. £40 taken. Bacons, Chesters, Wilsons, etc., there. Wine at Worthingtons with Mrs Glasspole.

Aug. 10th.—Marcus Butcher preaches at St Mary's, Bungay.

August 11th.—William Corder executed at Bury, for the murder of Maria Martin.

August 12th.—Finish reading Corder's trial. Childs

brings two busts of him home, having been to Bury for that purpose.

August 15*th*.—Water has risen in the Waveney 4 to 4½ feet since yesterday morning. It crosses the Earsham Dam & comes over the gravel walk in my garden.

August 16*th*.—I believe it did not rain at Bungay to-day; if so, it is the first day on which it has not rained since the 4th of July.

August 23*rd*.—At length after 49 days, minus two, of rain, the weather becomes clear, warm and summer like.

August 27*th*.—Polly Doughton, known & esteemed by all school-boys who have been educated at Bungay during the last 50 years, as the cheerful, benevolent, and talkative seller of fruits, cakes and tarts, at the shop at the corner of the Market Place near the Church-yard, dies (unmarried) after an illness of 4 days. The only illness she ever had.

Aug. 31*st*.—Polly Doughton buried at 5 pm. Dumb peel rung for her.

Sept. 3*rd*.—Bungay Races. I drive on at 1 am. Col. Wilson & J. J. Bedingfeld, Stewards. Stay on Common till 5 pm. Very pleasant. 8,000 to 9,000 persons present. Wilson, Butcher, Birches, Sandby, Bedingfeld, Forster & about 40 others dine at Ordinary, at the King's Head. Evening, Theatre.

September 10*th*.—To Wrentham, to the sale of the late Rev. Charles Cornwallis's goods by auction. I bid £36/15 for Curtis's Botanical Magazine, but it was sold for £37/6 and £6 for auction duty to the Rev. T. Barne.

September 11*th*.—From 1 to 3, with Rev. Thomas Sworde, Mrs Sutton, the Misses Johnson and Forster,

FLIXTON HALL, NEAR BUNGAY.

The seat of Alexander Adair, Esq.

to R. Child's to see his casts of heads & to talk of phrenology.

September 24th.—John Reynolds, formerly a cabinet maker & Headborough in chief constable of this town, son of the Reynolds who once kept the King's Head, dies in his cottage near the Pound, aged 70.

September 29th.—Mrs Thomas Farr of Beccles, sister of the late Sir T. Gooch, dies this day.

Oct. 13th.—To Lowestoft. Breakfast with Worthington, and view the meadow he has purchased and paintings by Mr Stannard.

Call on the Rev. C. P. Bruce, who returned on Saturday. His father died last month & Alexander Adair has given him the living of St James.

October 25th.—Admiral Sutton calls to say he has qualified for Suffolk Magistrate. The Hon. & Rev. Ed. Clifford, Benedictine monk, after having been priest of the Catholic Chapel at Bungay about 18 months, leaves; being appointed to a mission near Liverpool. He is in his 26th year & is a pleasant man, attached to his religion, & more fond of making converts to it than was agreeable to some of our lazy pastors of the Church of England. While in Bungay, he resided at Ditchingham, in the late Captain Day's house.

Oct. 27.—Thomas Hunt, hosier of Lower Olland St, died in the night of the 27th, aged 84. An honest, benevolent, quiet man, whom I remember as long as I can remember any one.

Richard Brettingham, formerly of St John's, Ilketshall, & lately of Mendham, dies this day aged 69. As a farmer & land surveyor, he possessed considerable experience, but being indifferent to making money, he was not fortunate in his worldly

affairs & speculations. He was honest & independant, a lover of science, in the mechanical part of which he had considerable knowledge & ability. He was very fond of architecture & was well versed in English History & in travels generally. Was fond of society, anecdote & discussion, even to the extent of being considered a gossip by some of his friends. But he was generous and cheerful, & though, in common with most of his acquaintances, I have sometimes thought his visits rather long, I have passed many an hour in his society with interest and enjoyment.

Brooke. Nov. 8.—Have been staying with the Holmes, and after looking over the new house & garden, I leave at 1 pm. On the hill west of Gooches, Peacock takes fright at a chimney sweep and sacks, and runs off; the right hand shaft breaks, & after half a mile of great danger of being overturned I stop him with my voice at the new brick-kiln. Am thankful that presence of mind did not forsake me. I had sent John with Peggie mare to take Ann Beare & her mother to the Norwich Hospital. In starting from the Flixton farm, Peggie also runs away, and was ungovernable to the entrance into Bungay, where men stopped her safely.

November 14*th.*—I drive in gig, cleaned and repaired, to Henry Wilson's, at Kirby, & then on to Crowfoot's of Beccles, taking John with me.

November 17*th.*—Thomas Gower, farmer, late of Flixton, dies aged 80. "A man," says the Ipswich *Journal*, "who did justice, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God."

Nov. 18*th.*—Drive to Mutford. New bridge and docks just completed, then on to Lowestoft and examine Worthington's Museum.

November 20th.—A Mr C. Edgars calls to ask for the history of Bungay, for Lewis's *Topographical History of England.* He stays and tea's with me.

November 24th.—At 7 o'clock this morning, my venerable friend, John Ashby, departs this life. He was in the 75th year of his age. He was a religious man, being a member of the Society of Quakers—a good botanist & local antiquary. He was mild, temperate, benevolent and cheerful. He had, for several years, suffered from a diseased liver & latterly from epileptic fits & great debility.

Dec. 1st.—Attend a meeting of managers of the Saving Bank, to amend the laws and audit the accounts.

December 2nd.—Elected Town Reeve, and succeed Sir E. Kerrison, 52 present.

December 13th.—About this date, Sir E. Kerrison sells all his late father's property in Bungay to Mr Bryant, including the Navigation and the Public Houses.

December 18th.—Bungay Corn market which has previously been held from 3 to 7 pm from this day held from 1 to 3 p.m.

December 20th.—My gardener, James Baker, taken ill of fever this day, & confined to his bed from which he rises no more. He died on the 29th.

December 30th.—Arrange with Garneys about dissection of James Baker.

December 31st.—Send John for Worthington, from Lowestoft. He reaches Bungay at 1½, and with Garneys (in the presence of myself & young Ebbage) dissects poor James's body. It was with considerable difficulty I overcame the prejudices of James's mother & sister against dissection; but they yield wisely on its being represented to them that it does no

harm to the dead & benefits the living. The result of the examination is satisfactory. All those who see the body, which is exteriorly not at all disfigured, will have their prejudices dismissed, as to dissection. From Saturday, the 20th to the 27th, his complaint was billious fever ; on the latter day, his condition, not yet satisfactorily explained, changed to what medical men call " Metastasis ". The fever diminished and subsequent congestion in the brain took place, and in 48 hours killed him. I refused an invite to a ball at Sandby's on account of James's death. Worthington & Garneys dine with me and the former stops the night.

And so terminates another year, which to me has been one of unusually good health, to my father of better health than the preceding, and to my cousin Charlotte, of some though slight improvement. Whether I have made much mental progress, I am compelled to doubt. Morally (I think) I have gained, not so much in principles as in the power of regulating my conduct according to those principles, more & more convinced that the purest happiness of mankind, arises from the exertion to benefit others. I hope & pray that I may become more useful to my fellow creatures. Anger & peevishness of temper are great obstacles to one's promoting the happiness of others ; the most benevolent intentions guided by the soundest of judgement are insufficient, if irritability or fretfulness of temper be suffered to predominate. Such a condition generally arises from two causes—Bodily indisposition and too great self-love. Care & prudence will diminish the one & self control will correct the other, & steady & active employment of time will still further effect much in mental acquirements.

APPENDIX

BUNGAY VOLUNTEERS

Bungay, *April 26th*, 1798.

We whose names are hereunto subscribed do agree to enrole ourselves as a corps of Infantry by the name of *LOYAL BUNGAY VOLUNTEERS* to consist of one Captain, one first Lieutenant, one second Lieutenant or Ensign, three Sergeants, three Corporals and sixty privates, viz.

FRANCIS BEDINGFIELD, Esq. *Captain.*
JNO. COOPER JUNR. *First Lieutenant*
vice ROBERT SHERIFFE resigned
DANL. BONHOTE Esq. *Second Lieut.*
vice COOPER promoted

etc. etc. etc.

Copy from Town Reeves Book

1799.—This was the era of British Volunteers. Bungay like other towns had its red-coated officers. Regular troops, too, were often passing through and remaining in it for a few days.

June 4th.—The Volunteers celebrated the King's Birthday by dining at the Old Theatre.

1803.—Three companies of Volunteers enrolled and formed into a Battalion under Major Peter Foster.

1804.—The Battalion marched from Bungay to Lowestoft for 14 days' garrison duty.

1813. *April 4th.*—The Bungay Volunteers were this day disbanded; all dread of Napoleon's threatened invasion of Britain from Boulogne having subsided.

1810.—The old Bungay Corn Cross was taken down. It was sold by public auction on Thursday, June 14th, and taken down on the Tuesday and Wednesday following.

3 tons, 2 cwt. 3 qrs and 20 lbs. lead, £78-18-3.
Wood and iron £57.

It was called " the Corn Cross " from its being formerly used to place corn in for public sale. Its form was a regular octagon.

The following lines were written by an inhabitant on taking it down.

Of an old neighbour I lament the loss ;
Absurd, cries Folly, it was but a Cross.
Cross or not Cross, all subject to abuse is,
But this same Cross had its peculiar uses.
Beneath its roof thousands were bought and sold,
Whilst grains of wheat produc'd their pounds of gold.
From its high top the faithful honest vane
Foretold the soft descent of genial rain.
Tho' girls and boys would chase their round and round,
Our Ancient Cross still stood its sturdy ground.
Proudly it stood erect, e're I was made,
A friend to honest industry and trade.
Shelter'd the stranger, hous'd the houseless poor,
And to the beggar opened wide its door ;
Enabled many a poor and humble whight
To sit secure and dry by day and night ;
The soldier here his weary bones has laid,
Who ne'er of death or danger was afraid ;
Here watched the baggage he with care did bring
And chaunted loyally " God save the King ".
Then as he wandered to his cheerless home,
He Bless'd the friendly hand which rear'd its dome.
But now because it seems both old and rotten,
Its former services are now forgotten ;
Yet had they painted well its ancient face,
Longer it might have shone with youthful grace ;
For 'tis well known to sinner and to saint,
That Age's furrows are concealed by paint.
But when 'tis gone what numbers will repine,
And the old Cross be prais'd as Cross divine.
Thus many a hero, victim of a lie,
To gain a name must be content to die ;
Then as his foes behold his humble grave
All mourn the friend they would not strive to save.
So will some feel who see the vacant place,
Where this old Cross has stood through many a race ;
So may it prove till Time shall have an end,
With those who will not prize a useful friend.

June 1810.

Three steps led up to the interior of this Cross, which contained the town "stocks", showing six holes for three prisoners.

An old drawing of this is in my possession.

E. Mann.

The sinking of a well for a Town pump, on its site, was commenced in 1812. It stands in the centre of the Market place.

1810

Mr. Joseph Windham was very ill this year at Earsham Hall. He went to Norwich to be under the care of Martineau and died there in September, aged 71. He was a distinguished scholar and antiquary.

1811

Claret is now becoming a less fashionable wine; for as it is a French wine, and the purchase of it drains us of our gold and silver, many families in the first circles have resolved not to drink any more until the state of exchange is again in favour of England, and it is expected their laudable example will be followed throughout the kingdom. J.B.S.

It appears to have been usual about this time at dinner parties to have a few bottles of port succeeded by numerous bottles of claret.

February 28th.—The old Workhouse, which abutted upon the Alms Houses near the Common, was sold by the town (for the redemption of the Land Tax on certain estates belonging to the town) for £255 to Charles Brightly, who converted it into a Printing Office. Two years previously he had been joined by John Childs, who later married Brightly's daughter and became a partner in the firm which was known as that of John and R. Childs. This firm was amongst the pioneers of cheap literature, and it was through them, with the help of Joseph Hume and other Members of Parliament, that an enquiry was made into the existing King's Printers' Patent for printing Bibles—the result being that the scriptures were sold to the public at a greatly reduced price.

Chateaubriand in Suffolk, and his patron, the Rev. John Clement Ives.

In 1774 there lived in Bungay, a clergyman of the Church of England, John Clement Ives, who was vicar of Ilketshall, St. Margaret. He bought the venerable mansion in Bridge

Street which had been for many years the residence of Lady Harriet Boyce. This he pulled down, and erected a new house on the site, preparatory to his marriage with Miss Williams in 1777, which, with the adjoining premises, he occupied until his death. He was remarkable for his knowledge of Greek and mathematics, had been in America, and is reported to have been one of the hardest headed men of the day, which was saying a good deal in those times. It is said he could drink almost anybody else under the table. There is a story told that when the Duke of Norfolk was his guest, in Bridge Street, they drank four bottles of Port after dinner, with the result that his Grace went to sleep in his chair. On awaking he apologised to his host, who immediately replied, " Not at all, your Grace, whilst you have been asleep, I have drunk your health in a Bottle of Madeira."

There is another tale of Mr. Ives, when he was staying in London. His bedroom adjoined a sitting-room where a party of young men were having a banquet. They were so hilarious that the old clergyman could not go to sleep. He rang for the porter and sent a request that they should be a little quieter, so as to enable him to get some rest. " Let's have the old boy in," was the rejoinder, and upon the porter delivering a polite message to that effect, Mr. Ives put on his dressing gown and joined them. They all took wine with him, thinking the old man would soon be overcome, but he continued drinking with them until they were all asleep or under the table. He then rang for the attendant and ordered him to bring a bed-candle, saying, " The gentlemen are quite quiet now, so I will go to bed."

In May, 1793, Chateaubriand emigrated to England, where he endured every hardship and great poverty in London. One day when he and two or three other émigrés were reduced to their last shilling, a friend named Pelletier read in a Yarmouth newspaper that a society of antiquaries was going to undertake a History of Suffolk, and were in want of a Frenchman capable of deciphering some French Manuscripts of the twelvth century, which were among the Camden papers.

The rector of Beccles (Mr. Bence) was at the head of the undertaking, and to him application was to be made. " Voila votre affaire," exclaimed his gay and once starving friend. " Be off directly ; you can decipher these dusty old papers." Three days later, after various enquiries, Chateaubriand set out for Beccles, where he was received most kindly and

was presented to all the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and amongst them Mr. Ives of Bungay, the Rev John Mitford, & others.

In his memoirs, he tells us " Their family consisted of his (Mr. Ives) wife, still young and agreeable in person, mind, and manners, and an only daughter, Charlotte, about fifteen. Having been introduced to the family, I was better received there than anywhere else. We drank after the old English fashion, and remained two hours at table after the departure of the ladies. Miss Ives was an excellent musician and would appear again at tea, and charm away the infectious drowsiness of the old clergyman. Leaning on the end of the piano, I would listen to her in silence. During the Winter of 1793, having had a fall from my horse, I remained for some time at Mr. Ives's house, and was nursed by the wife and daughter."

He goes on to describe the gradual falling in love with Charlotte, and she with him ; the satisfaction of the parents and the distress and consternation when he confesses he is already married. He left them immediately after this and set out on foot to Beccles and took the mail to London. He did not return to France till 1800.

In the year 1822, Chateaubriand being again in England, and then the French Ambassador at the Court of George IV, he relates that a carriage stopped at his door one day, and his servant said an English lady requested to speak with him ; he told him to show her up and Mrs. Sutton was announced.

" I saw a lady in mourning enter, accompanied by two handsome boys, of about the respective ages of sixteen and fourteen, also in mourning. I advanced to meet the stranger ; she said in an almost inarticulate voice, ' My Lord, do you remember me ? ' Yes, I recognised Miss Ives ! The years which had passed over her head had still left spring there. I took her by the hand, made her sit down, and seated myself by her side ; I was unable to speak—by all that I experienced, I felt how deeply I had loved her. After a time she said to me, ' I am in mourning for my mother ; my father has been dead for several years ; these are my children.' She covered her eyes with her handkerchief. She soon continued ; ' My Lord, I speak to you now in the language which I tried with you at Bungay. I am confused, pardon me. My children are the sons of Admiral Sutton to whom I was married about three years after your departure from England. But at present I have not self-possession enough to enter into any

details. Allow me to come again.' The next day I called on Mrs. Sutton and found her alone. Then there began between us that series of 'Do you remembers' which recall a whole life. She had come to London to request my interest in favour of her children. I hastened to Mr. Canning and Lord Londonderry; they raised difficulties but made promises, however, in such fashion as court promises are made. I saw her again three times; at my last visit, she told me she was about to return to Bungay. She then gave me a small parcel. 'Do not be offended,' she said, 'if I do not wish to keep anything of yours,' and she began to weep. 'Farewell, farewell, remember my sons, I shall never see you again.' I returned to the embassy, shut myself up in my room, and opened the packet. It contained only a few insignificent notes from me, and a plan of study with some remarks on the English and Italian poets."

There is no mention in the memoirs that Chateaubriand and Mrs Sutton ever met again, but about this period he returned to France and became Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Villèle ministry.

The large and lofty room on the first floor of the old Bridge Street House is said to be the one in which the Ives allowed Chateaubriand to give French lessons to his pupils, during his stay with them in the winter of 1793. There is a water-colour painting of the older part of the house, looking towards the river, still in existence, the work of Charlotte Ives, in the year 1800. The house, at this time, was approached from the high-road from Beccles to Bungay by a long serpentine drive, through the grounds, and also from Bridge Street, Bungay.

Mr. Ives was a singular man, seldom seen in the town of Bungay. When he went to his parish of St. Margarets, he used to go by the garden, get into his boat and so down the river and then to church. He died at the house in Bridge Street, the 14th Jan, 1812, aged 68—suddenly in his study after breakfast, whilst Mrs Ives was with a sick neighbour. He was buried at Ditchingham, Norfolk.

Charlotte, his only child, married Samuel Sutton, who afterwards became an Admiral, and lived for many years at Ditchingham Lodge, until the year 1831, when he sold his house to Captain Travers for £2750. Admiral Sutton died at Woodbridge, in June 1832; Charlotte, his wife some years later in 1852. They are both buried at Ditchingham.

As the friend and patron of Chateaubriand, when an

émigré in England, the above details relating to both of them may be of interest. They are collected partly from Chateaubriand's own memoirs, and the rest from recollections that have been handed down by members of our family. I find Chateaubriand mentioned in J. B. Scott's letters, as Charlotte's friend, and it was through her that he had an introduction to the Minister for Foreign Affairs (Chateaubriand), and was invited to one of his grand official functions.

In the MSS. Dept. of the British Museum is the Commonplace book of this John Mitford, of Benhall, near Saxmundham, and in it is this note:—"Mr. Cattermole, stationer at Beccles, remembers Chateaubriand there. He came down to decipher and translate some French M.S.S. with a companion—very poor. Went to the Public-house for their pint of beer for their dinner. Had lodgings next door to where Mr. Crowfoot lives, looking on the Churchyard. As they became poorer, moved up to the attic floor—much noticed by the Rector, Mr. Bence, and other gentry. Thus it was that Chateaubriand became acquainted with the Ives.

Captain Sutton sold the late Rev. C. Ives's house in Bridge Street, Bungay, to Richard Mann, for £2,600.

1813

The benevolent Mr Webb passed five days at Bungay. His quarters at the King's Head were regularly besieged, and constables were called to keep order. He gave away an immense deal of money, especially to boys. Some he bound out to trades, with £15, £20 and £25 each, and in one case £36. To several boys he gave £1, £2, £3, or even £5 each. At the end of his visit, he is said to have spent, or left with his bankers for charitable purposes, £1,500. This philanthropic stranger did the same at Yarmouth and Norwich, November 3rd, 1813.

1818

A new spacious Congregational Meeting House was built and opened in Bungay in August of this year.

It seems certain there were Dissenters in Bungay as far back as 1699, or even earlier; but previous to that date the congregation worshipped in a barn. In 1699 a meeting house was built at the cost of £233 16 0.

In 1777 it was enlarged, and in an old note the building is mentioned as standing on the site formerly occupied by one of the wayside Crosses, of which there appear to have been three in Bungay, besides the two in the Market Place, the Corn and the Butter Crosses.

1819

July 26th.—At Pedang, in the island of Sumatra of a violent fever incurred by fatigue, aged 37, Joseph Arnold, M.D. & F.L.S., formerly of Beccles; who, after having circumnavigated the globe and visited the most remote regions in the pursuit of natural history, fell at last a victim of his intense ardour for that science, the love of which had led him to accompany the Hon. Sir Stamford Raffles to the above pestilential Island. (Obituary notice.)

The postage of a simple letter to London at this time was 9d., and if the smallest scrap of paper were added 1/6 as double letter.

1821

Private Samuel Fiske, now in his 72nd year, a fine, hearty old man, six feet two in height, a native of Mettingham, the adjoining parish to Bungay; enlisted into the 20th Regt. of Infantry, the 8th February, 1813. He was in France in 1814, went thence to Ireland and was quartered at Waterford. In 1818 he was sent St Helena and officiated as one of the eighteen bearers who bore the Emperor Napoleon to the grave, May 8th, 1821. From St Helena he went to Bombay and returned from the East Indies in 1829 and was pensioned off at a shilling a day.

Wingfield's Charity.

In 1593, Thomas Wingfield devised £170 to be laid out in the purchase of a rent charge of £10 a year, and directed that out of the same the following payments should be made: £5 per annum for the help of necessitous people in Bungay; 10/- for an anniversary sermon; 40/- a year for raising stock to be lent in small sums to tradesmen; and 10/- to be bestowed on his funeral day, yearly, in good cheer, for such of the feoffees as should be present; and the residue to the use of two poor scholars in Cambridge.

The old parish record, entitled *Wingfield's Account Book*, commences the year after Wingfield's death, 1594, and gives many interesting details of the town of Bungay, amongst others the name of the Ministers of St. Mary's Church who preached the yearly sermon, the Premier Feoffee, late called the Town Reeve, a note of the great fire of Bungay in 1668, and other items.

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